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Through Combat

314th INFANTRY REGIMENT

U.S. Army Military History Institute
Carlisle Barracks, Pa. 17013

In Appreciation

No history of the 314th Infantry would be complete without an expression of appreciation of the other units, and personalities in the 79th Division who contributed so much to the successful operation of this regiment.

Leading this list stands Major General Ira T. Wyche, our combat commander, and Brigadier General Leroy H. Watson, our occupational commander and their respective Chiefs of Staff, Colonel Kramer Thomas and Colonel John A. Gloriod. Following closely are the officers who successively functioned as Assistant Division Commanders: Brigadier General Goffrey P. Baldwin, Brigadier General Frank U. Greer, Brigadier General George D. Wahl, and Colonel M. Fickett. Neither do we forget the members of the Division General and Special Staffs, nor the Division Artillery Commanders.

To our sister regiments, the 315th Infantry and the 313th Infantry, goes our thanks, as it does to the 79th Reconnaissance Troop, 79th Signal Company, 304th Engineer Battalion, 304th Medical Battalion, 79th Quartermaster Battalion, 904th Field Artillery Battalion, the 79th Military Police Platoon, and the Tank, Tank Destroyer, Chemical Mortar and other attached organizations. But we live in everlasting gratitude to the following units that habitually constituted "CT 4":

311th Field Artillery Battalion
312th Field Artillery Battalion
Co. B, 304th Engineer Battalion
Co. B, 304th Medical Battalion
Co. B, 749th Tank Battalion
Co. B, 813th T. D. Battalion

Without your help this history could not be written!

Colonel Warren A. Robinson, Commanding Officer 314th Infantry Regiment.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 314TH INFANTRY:

The history of our regiment has been written in this book long after the fighting ceased. It does not tell the complete story. A book many times its thickness could not do that. The story of the Falcon Regiment is written on the fields, the valleys, the hills and the forests of France and Germany with the blood of the dead and wounded, and the sweat of those who lived. The history is complete in detail and will linger on as fear in the mind of Germany and as gratitude in the heart of America forever.

In deeds, not words, is the history of the 314th Infantry written. We are proud of the accomplishments of our fine regiment. It is a story of American men who gave their all that the country they called home might live.

I desire to express my appreciation to each individual for the part he played in making final victory possible. Some contributions were large, some were small, but the combination makes an epic of a brave regiment of a grand division that was given an important mission to perform, and performed that mission in the highest tradition of the United States Army.

May the comradeship, the self-sacrifice and the devotion to duty displayed while wearing the Cross of Lorraine never die. May your lives and the lives of those around you be richer for this experience.

W. A. ROBINSON
Colonel, 314th Infantry
Commanding

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ACTIVATION

The cadre pulled into Camp Pickett, Virginia, on the 15th day of May, 1942. The men who were to form the 314th Infantry Regiment came out of the 12th Regiment of the 4th Motorized Division. They were a handful of men, a company commander, first sergeant, supply sergeant, mess sergeant, and two cooks per company and a non-com for each platoon. Yet, from that handful, the 314th was to grow into a combat unit in which, at one time or another, upwards of ten thousand men would serve.

Those were the dark days of the war for the United States. With Pearl Harbor scarcely five months past, the Japanese wave of victory rolled on across the South Pacific. On May 6, nine days before the 79th Division's cadre stepped off the train at Pickett, Corregidor fell, and, on the other side of the world, Rommel readied his next Libyan offensive that would drive almost within sight of Alexandria. Off the Virginia coast, only 260 miles east of Camp Pickett, the northbound American tankers slid across the sights of German submarines like tin ducks in a shooting gallery, and each night the sky was bright with flaming oil; each day the bodies and litter came floating in. With the Germans closing in toward Sevastopol, the most visionary must have had difficulty in seeing ahead to an invasion and reduction of Hitler's European fortress. Most of the men who were to storm Cherbourg, breach the Siegfried defenses and slug their way across the Rhine, were still walking the streets and country roads in civilian clothes.

On June 15, 1942, the 79th Infantry Division was formally activated in a ceremony held on the parade ground at Camp Pickett, with Major General Ira T. Wyche as its commander and Brigadier General Geoffrey P. Baldwin, its Infantry General and Assistant Division Commander. Among the members of his staff that day was Lt. Col. Warren A. Robinson, G-1, who was later to lead the 314th throughout its long and perilous combat career. Commanding the 314th in those first months was Colonel Henry J. Matchett.

With so scant a cadre of trained soldiers, Camp Pickett in those days seemed to be populated mostly by "acting gadgets," complete with white armbands, as the search by trial and error went on for men equipped to fill the hundreds of specialized jobs in the regimental T-O. The camp was almost as new as the men, and much of the early weeks was spent in setting up the grounds and walks for the outfits to follow—that was to be an old 79th custom, it developed—but there was plenty of time left for close order drill on the parade ground in the broiling Virginia sun.

The new officers came in about that time to supplement the company commanders. Some of them were reserve officers, but most were graduates of Officer Candidate Classes 11, 13 and 14 at the Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga. They had a busy time keeping one jump ahead of the students in their daily lectures, and the Benning alumni must have wondered when the book work ended and the fighting part began.

The regiment's first road march with full field equipment came up about that time. It was a stunt to try men's souls. They headed out of camp at 1300, just as the camp was beginning to fry in the August heat, 3300 potential riflemen, but less than 2900 came back. The others wilted along the roller-coaster route, one dip near the end of the eight-mile stretch winning the name of Death Valley as the inert stragglers piled up in it. They might better have stuck it out the first time, as those who failed to finish had to undergo the agony treatment all over again a few days later.

The basic training schedule kept up its dizzy pace. Lectures—there were thousands of them—close order drill, calisthenics, marches, inspections—the poor, frazzled civilians were finding the Army rough. But teams were beginning to form, unit pride was growing in each squad, each platoon, each company, each battalion. Every company already had its jesters, and a few hooks budded on the sun-tan sleeves; friendships were forming that would last all the long way to the Rhine and Eastward Ho.

Instead of sun and dust there was rain and mud now, but the change was hardly an improvement. It was time to be thinking of going on the firing range, and the long dull hours of nomenclature and disassembly gave place to longer, duller hours of dry-running and triangulation. Once the range work was finished, the red flannel drawers were packed away with the other equipment as the 79th prepared to move to Camp Blanding, Florida, near Jacksonville, but not near enough. With the change of station came a change in commanding officers for the 314th, as Colonel Matchett left for a War Department post, and Colonel Charles W. Hanna took over.

Preceded by an advance party commanded by Brigadier General Geoffrey P. Baldwin, the Division made the move to Florida by train during the latter part of August and the early days of September, 1942. Blanding was a two-division camp, with the 29th Division occupying one sector of it and the 79th moving into the other, from which the 36th (Texas) Division had just left for Carolina maneuvers.

Now began the 17-week ordeal entitled "MTP" (the Mobilization Training Program), featuring small unit problems, tactical training, disciplinary drills and marches. Evenings, while the pupils rested, the officers and non-coms went to school. Each day the companies went over the obstacle course and took a half-mile run or a forced march, training that was to have some point when the regiment went on a fifty-mile road march down the beach road toward St. Augustine. These were the same men who had

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suffered through the first eight-miler at Pickett, but this time, while there were plenty of blisters, the companies came back at full strength.

The division was far enough into its training now to merit inspections, and the inspecting officers were not slow in arriving. When Major General Lucas, the III Corps Commander, came through, the motor pool crews had even the spark plugs gleaming for him, but the MTP proficiency tests were not so easily prepared for. The inspectors, whose job it was to check the impact of each phase of the training program upon the trainees, were surprised to hear that the mortar now came equipped with a trigger, and that the M-1, as light as it might look, actually weighed 37 pounds, but most of the answers stayed closer to what it said in the field manuals.

There was also an inspection, not soon to be forgotten, by Lt. General Ben Lear. A great believer in body-building exercises, the general especially fancied the burpee, that intricate combination of squat tag and the push-up, thirty-three of which could come close to laying any unfit company end to end. He was also the instigator of a disciplinary drill called "Forward, Halt and Salute, March," which was practiced that week on every hand, although the practitioners who fought through La Haye du Puits and Foret de Parroy are now a little vague on just how many counts were involved.

Another bright feature of the stay at Blanding was the spontaneous (it says here) singing program, which was as dear to the heart of General Lear as the following eyes of his soldiers when his party waltzed down the line. His enthusiasm for community singing caused the division to be formed on the parade ground to sing "This is the Army, Mr. Jones." In case there was any doubt remaining in the minds of those present, and for the benefit of the less musical, evening classes were held in the company dayrooms until all were letter-perfect in the lyrics. It was also SOP to sing Mr. Berlin's anthem on every road march, and as the columns wound out among the dunes, the private rooms and telephones they sang of never seemed further away.

Training continued on the ranges, and the regiment went out on its first night problems. Some of the original men left on medical discharges, or as candidates for OCS, and the 314th received a batch of 500 replacements, which was quickly formed into a provisional training battalion under the command of 1st Lt. Walter J. Jung, Jr., and given a brief, intensive training to bring them up level with the "old men." Some of those "old men" would soon

Upper: American troops were always ready to lend a helping hand to homeless refugees, such as the Alsatians shown above. Center: "Supermen no longer." Nazi General Sattler, Deputy to Gen. Von Schleiben, and his aid, leave a conference after their surrender to American Forces which liberated Cherbourg, 29 June, 1944. Lower: Officers of the 314th listen carefully to instruction which was to play such a great role in their military future and the future of the Regiment.

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Upper left: Major John Kurdy on top of Fort De Roule facing Cherbourg. Other photos show war-torn Cherbourg before and after the liberation.

go out as training cadre themselves for the 86th Division at Camp Howze, Texas.

It wasn't all a training grind, of course. There were week ends in St. Augustine, Jacksonville, and the WAC Center was just down No. 1 a piece at Daytona Beach. The first furloughs and leaves were given out at Blanding—ten days plus travel time. And Kinglsey Lake, where they had those sessions of clambering down cargo nets and learning to undress in the water with full packs and shoes on, could be a romantic spot in the moonlight, with the proper, but not too proper, company.

The six months at Blanding were used to good advantage. In that time, everyone had worked around to the niche he was to fill in the regiment. Many of the 2nd lieutenants from Benning had traded their gold bars for silver, and the acting noncoms now had the stripes to go with the jobs. Both officers and men had gained the foundation of technical knowledge that was the indispensable prerequisite for the field training to come with Tennessee maneuvers.

TENNESSEE

The 79th boarded the trains to the Tennessee Maneuver Area the first days of March, 1943. A day before they left Blanding, the men went swimming, but it was snowing when they hit Tennessee. That change in the weather alone typified what maneuvers were to be. The orderly, semi-civilian comforts of garrison life were gone. From now on the training was to be under conditions as close to the harsh, unsheltered realities of combat as the maneuvers directors could make them, and the Tennessee climate and soil was on the side of the directors.

The maneuvers were unit problems, arranged on a progressive scale, from the battalion level through regimental combat teams to the final divisional maneuvers against the 81st Division. The 79th was to make a habit of fighting its sham battles with the 81st. Three thousand miles west, they did it all over again in the California desert.

Before the problems, though, came the hard labor of setting up the bivouac areas in the Mud Hill sector, outside Murfreesboro. In the beginning, there were trails winding up the wooded hills, but a few days of Tennessee winter changed that. When it wasn't snowing, it was raining, and the trails were soon impassible to vehicles. To fix that, road building details were organized, fifty or sixty men a day,

to lay a corduroy road across the mud, but meanwhile the companies' rations and water had to be hauled up by carrying parties.

For men who had recently been training, if not basking, in the Florida sun, the heating problem was a major one, growing more drastic as the first restrictions on what thickness of tree could be cut down for firewood were tightened to a prohibition against cutting any. But as rough as life seemed in the bivouac areas, it got rougher as the battalions moved out on their first problems. Each problem was followed by a break of two or three days, but most of the breaks were used up in moving into position for the next problem. For chow, there were those wonderful, soggy bag lunches, consisting of one each peanut butter and cheese sandwiches, and every time the kitchens set up to serve a hot meal, it was time to move out again. "Eat it now," they told you, "and chew it later."

With all the confusion and discomfort, though, came the know-how of command and development and movement of troops in the field. The Cumberland River was crossed under simulated combat conditions, conditions that got closer to combat at times than the authorities had planned, as the boys took to using force to make the prisoners stay prisoners and the casualties admit they were dead, while the umpires waved their variety of colored flags and argued endlessly over superiority of fire-power. When one Cub pilot made the mistake of flying too low over the embattled ground troops, one of them scored on him with a well-directed rock, evoking a directive that there would be "no more throwing of rocks at planes." "Or baying at the moon," one GI added.

The official maneuvers did not begin until April 21, 1943, and by then the weather had changed. The cold and mud had dried into heat and dust, and the road marches lengthened. Twenty-five miles was a fair day's travel, and anything under fifteen was like ambling down to the Service Club for "coffee and." The foot-sloggers who were to tramp across the face of Hitler's Europe were laying the groundwork now. After each phase, there was a critique at Director Headquarters, where the unit commanders heard the same complaints each time: the men were bunching up, march discipline and water discipline were poor, lighted cigarettes had been seen at night, sleeves would be rolled down and helmets, with chin straps fastened, would be worn at all times.

The simulated war began with the first battles at Bell Buckle, Bug Scuffle, and Fudge Around, names that were a lot easier to remember and spell than places like Reipertswiller and Niederschaeffolsheim would later be. Mixed in with the Reds and Blues, you'd find an occasional Tennessee farmer, out scouting for his wandering livestock; wire cutters, it seemed, were altogether too plentiful. Relations with the civilian population were not often strained, though. More than one successful patrol sat down to a home-cooked chicken and biscuit dinner in a friendly farmhouse, and a man could even get some laundry done, if he were sure the war would hold still for a day. The most welcome sound in those weeks was the recon plane's siren signalling the end of each phase.

There was one break everyone would remember, when units of the division were pulled off maneuvers and shipped to Atlanta and vicinity to guard the railroads for a day while President Roosevelt's train went through. The 314th had a sector just south of Chattanooga and the Intelligence and Reconnaissance platoon put its amphibious jeeps in the Tennessee River to keep anyone from floating dynamite down on the bridges, (and incidentally to fish.) Rumor hounds had the 79th headed for port, but nothing came of it, the troops turned back again to the hills of Tennessee. And there were other breaks, of course; passes to Chattanooga and Nashville which served as a sort of refresher course in how the other half lived. But the moment everyone had looked forward to came on June 19, with the orders for a motor move to Camp Forrest, Tennessee.

The 79th replaced the 80th Division there. After four months in the wilderness, it was a treat to get back to garrison life again, with a clean room and a soft bed, and go down to the movie house or the PX of an evening. Furloughs and leaves were given out again, this time to 50% of the regiment in turn, and for those not on furlough, there were more passes to Chattanooga and Nashville. There were also inspections, training in village fighting and the reduction of fortified positions, more work on the range and a crawl through the infiltration course under overhead fire, but after Tennessee maneuvers, nothing short of combat itself would seem too rough.

It was at Forrest, too, that the 79th received a new assistant division commander, Brigadier General Frank U. Greer, just returned from the fighting in North Africa where he'd been in command of the 18th Inf. of the 1st Division. For men who sometimes grew disheartened at this playing at war when the battlefront was so far away, his arrival was a reassurance that the 79th would get its share.

DESERT MANEUVERS

Field-hardened veterans now, the 314th boarded the trains August 5 for the 79th Division's next stop on the AGF training circuit. The destination was Camp Laguna, in the California-Arizona Maneuver Area, and although the regiment went west on different rail routes, most of everyone's trip seemed to be spent in getting to the other side of Texas. The Lone Star delegates had a busy time explaining how the trains could cover so much of a state without hitting one of those good parts of which they were always bragging, but the critics hadn't seen Arizona yet. Compared to Camp Laguna, the baldest section of Texas was a garden spot.

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It was a long train ride, and small fortunes changed hands in the non-stop card games en route. Outside of that, and sprucing up the cars for the daily inspections by the train commanders, there wasn't much to do but wait for the KP's to bring your next meal down the aisle. The more romantic had to keep that impulse under control, as anyone caught slipping his name and address to some local beauty along the way was likely to be hanged by the neck until dead, or so it seemed at the time. To break the trip there were stops for exercise, and in the larger towns women volunteer workers met the train with coffee and doughnuts.

As the men detrained on the 9th and climbed aboard the waiting trucks, the heat was terrific. Even the cacti looked wilted, and most of the new arrivals were in favor of keeping the trucks right on rolling when they pulled up at Camp Laguna. The camp was spread across the sand dunes, hemmed in on every side by bare, forbidding lava rock mountains. For living quarters, there were floorless pyramidal tents, by no means air-conditioned, which had to do for everyone from the General on down. The sanitary facilities were nothing to remind you of Kohler and Kohler being the homely box type, and each battalion had one showerhead allotted to it, but none of this would have been hard to take in a reasonable climate.

As it was, though, the heat seemed to intensify each day, till the mercury was crowding 130 deg., and always there was the wind, sifting the desert sands into your bedding, your mess-kit, and the barrel of your M-1, blowing through the company streets like blasts from a coke oven's open door. Such extremes of climate took a good deal of getting used to, and a careful acclimatization program was set up to minimize the danger of heat prostration. Salt pills had to be taken regularly, and the first training was held down to close order drill and some short marches, with lectures to fill in the gaps. As the men grew more accustomed to the heat, the training was stepped up until it was time for platoon compass problems.

Every platoon in the division had to run that sixty mile course, over a route set up by its battalion. It took six days and nights, moving along a given compass course by night and holding up on the objective during the day, living on water and rations cached at each objective. A desert can be a confusing place, with each sand dune looking like the last and few landmarks to go by in the treeless wastes. To complicate the problem, there were enemy patrols to dodge, and whole herds of rattlesnakes to avoid trampling, but worse than either of these was the Choya cactus. It had a way of reaching out to spear you as you passed. The needles were sharp enough to pierce a GI shoe, and a man who took a false step in the darkness and blundered into one looked, and felt, like he'd just gone two out of three falls with a well-developed porcupine.

There were other preliminaries to the actual maneuvers. The battalions had their own firing problems, attacking a position set up by another battalion, with all the supporting weapons of artillery, machine guns, and mortars firing overhead. Intermingled with such exercises were less military activities, of course. More than one Hollywood celebrity appeared in the 79th's open-air theatre, and those who preferred to seek their own entertainment had only a short trip to Mexico, with its unrationed steaks, its tequilla, and its bullfights. The boys had a way of cheering for the bulls instead of the matadors, which didn't help to cement friendly relations with our neighbors to the south, but the bulls must have appreciated the good wishes.

The maneuvers themselves, which were scheduled for the first two weeks in November, centered in the Palen Pass region, where an elaborate network of defensive fortifications had been built into the red rock canyon walls. The 79th moved by truck to the jump-off camp some 30 or 40 miles southwest of Glamus, and took off for Palen Pass from there. That first blackout move was one to bead any sane man's forehead with sweat, even in the chill of the desert night. The convoy swung around precarious hair-pin turns through clouds of silt and sand so thick you couldn't see the blackout lights of the truck ahead, with two-hundred foot drops where a road shoulder normally would be, but the vehicles got through.

The two phases of the maneuvers, each consisting of an attack through the strong pass positions against the defenders from the 81st Division, were divided by a four-day break, during which the unit commanders fought the battle of the critique, explaining the differences between the way it was supposed to have been and what actually happened. Both officers and men had learned a lot since those first days in the Tennessee hills, and these desert maneuvers, both in objectives and execution, seemed to make much more sense. To increase the resemblance to combat conditions, the 314th had its first extended diet of "K" rations. The boys thought they were pretty good. They would learn to repent that good opinion before the war was over.

The desert training had served to thin out some of the less fit, and those who were left settled down to complete the AGF's latest requirements for units headed overseas. The transition and close combat courses had to be fired, and the grenade court was loud with exploding grenades. Officer and enlisted replacements arrived at Laguna to bring the regiments up to combat strength. Their arrival was an omen of the division's future, and the men began to wonder which way they were headed, to the ETO or the CBI.

In early December, the orders came to move eastward to Camp Phillips, near Salina, Kansas, and the big police-up, by now an established custom

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Upper left: 314th takes a much-needed rest in a small French village. Upper right: Advance on the battlefield was a slow and tedious process. Lower left: A wounded soldier being brought back from the front during the advance on the Mourth River, 22 September, 1944. Lower right: Many 314th heroes gave their lives in our fight to preserve our way of thinking.

of the 79th, began. With the desert floor picked clean, the outfit boarded the trains on December 4 for another of those quick weather changes, as Kansas went in for the old-fashioned winter, with plenty of snow and a prevailing wind as cold as Laguna's breezes had been hot.

Camp Phillips, despite its accompanying frostbite, seemed like the Hall of Wonders after the primitive accommodations at Laguna. The post had prefabricated hutments, showers, PX's, shows, and the wartime boom town of Wichita was within easy weekend travel range. POM was the big thing at Phillips—Preparation for Overseas Movement—and shots had to be given, dog tags had to be stamped, teeth fixed, riflemen qualified, and final-type physicals completed before the 314th and its brother regiments could be considered ready for the ships. In addition to these preparations, there were unit firing problems on the schedule, and a good deal of experimental work went on with the War Department's latest wrinkles in winter equipment, trigger mittens, beanies, shoe pacs, winterized shelter halves, and such. Each item's serviceability had to be studied and reported on, and many of them were later to become standard issue.

Another group of reinforcements joined the regiment from the 42nd Division, then stationed at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. One major change in personnel occurred when Colonel Hanna left the 314th, was replaced as regimental commander by Lt. Colonel Warren A. Robinson, who was to lead the 314th from Cherbourg to the Rhine and through the Ruhr. Once the AGF airplane tests had come and gone—every man in the regiment had to be able to flash-recognize thirteen common Allied planes—it was time for the last leaves and furloughs home, and the packing and crating began.

That was a hard-working period for all hands, but the 314th's morale was never higher. The preliminaries were over now. This was the main event coming up next. All the times you'd been handed that "This is garrison, but in combat—" line. Now you'd have a chance to see for yourself what a war was all about, and the lecturers could blow that "Wait till you see combat" stuff out their barracks bags. In the excitement of pounding nails into crates and stenciling the shipment code number 6002 on your duffle bag, you forgot the agony and boredom that would come with combat, you even forgot to be properly scared.

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CAMP MYLES STANDISH

On March 22, the 314th departed Camp Phillips for the war, going by way of Camp Myles Standish and the Boston Port of Embarkation. The train ride east was like all the others, with the poker games flourishing and the KP troupe dragging the stew jugs down the aisle three times daily in the wake of the paper plate distributor. This was new country for a lot, the furthest north or east the 79th had come in its twenty-one months of training, and the hills and fields outside the train windows were just coming alive again after the northern winter. Maybe it did look kind of bare, the Easterners had to admit—this time, they were on the defensive—but give it a couple of months. In June you wouldn't know the place.

Standish was designed to process troops for shipment as fast as the ATC could run the boats into Boston harbor, and the days there went quickly. Shipping rosters had to be hammered out, clothing and equipment received a final check for completeness and combat serviceability, a handful of replacements came in from the casual pool to fill the last-minute gaps in the rosters, and the companies filed past the medics for that one more once-over-lightly physical. Each time you got your head up, it seemed, someone was giving you another security lecture on what you could and could not—mostly could not—write or talk about, and the company "exec" officers braced themselves against the first deluge of mail to be censored.

With passes to Boston rumored to be in the offing, the regiment snapped through the processing several days ahead of schedule. The passes, when they came, were only good till reveille, and Boston hadn't the facilities for knocking yourself out that New York offered to the units at Kilmer and Shanks, but it was nice just to feel the pavement of an American city underfoot once more. There was no way of telling how long it would be until the next time, but you knew it wouldn't be soon.

Forty-eight hours before sailing, the division was restricted to the camp limits. Telephone service was shut down altogether, and all mail had to be submitted to the company censors. Time was running out. Almost before you knew it, the calendar read April 6, you were stumbling out the door of your hutment under the steadying impost of OD's, steel helment (with your passenger list number chalked on it), rifle, full field pack, and your "A" duffle bag. The wonder was that you didn't have the "B" bag on the other shoulder, but some nameless humanitarian had arranged to have them shipped separately.

Upper left: Mike Obradovich of Wire Section, Hq. Co. Upper right: Lt. Junior Kaufman, Company G, killed on the way to Cherbourg. Center: Preparing a meal in the Bein Woods, December, 1944. Lower left: If you must you must—Lt. John D. Cunningham. Lower right: A favorite poster displayed at Camp Phillip, Kansas.

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The train ride to the docks didn't take long, two hours or so. It was a silent journey for most. This was home you were leaving now; and some, more than a few of you, were never coming back. The memories you took with you—that last furlough home and the worry in your mother's eyes that no smile could hide, that last big night on the town with the missus, or the baby grinning at you from his crib, too young to know what it was all about—they'd have to last you all the way. These others in the car with you were your friends, the men you'd trained to fight beside, but you weren't thinking of them then.

Out on the pier, the companies lined up in roster order again and waited for the word to load, the only bright spot in the grimness being the coffee and doughnuts the Red Cross girls brought down the line. The regiment was assigned to two ships, with the 1st and 3rd Battalions, Regimental Headquarters, Anti-Tank, and Service Companies sharing the U. S. S. Cristobal, and the 2nd Battalion and Cannon Company boarding H. M. S. Strathmore. The company commanders stood by at the foot of the gangplank to make sure nobody got left behind.

The Strathmore was an English ship with an Indian crew and formerly had been on the run from Liverpool to Bombay, while the Cristobal had done peacetime duty as a banana boat on the South American trade routes, and now was manned by Merchant Marine personnel. Neither of them compared too favorably with the Queen Mary, on which the advance party had crossed to Glasgow, but those aboard were sure that even the Queens couldn't have had more rules to get in your way.

The standard operating procedure had been set forth by the Transportation Corps, which had a sort of floating permanent party aboard. ("What a racket," the infantrymen said enviously. "Who did you have to know?".) There was a rule against smoking after blackout hours, no trash or cigarettes were to be thrown over the side for enemy submarines to trace, life preservers were to be worn at all times, and the daily inspection of quarters were more rugged than Saturday mornings in the States had ever been. "Abandon Ship" drills, which were held twice a day, brought the companies clattering up the companionways to their appointed stations, only to turn around and go back down when the loud speakers blared their familiar instructions to "return to your staterooms and compartments." It was at least three days before the land-lubbers could do that on their own, with each stairway looking like the next, and some spent hours groping about the innards of the ship before the rescue parties found them.

To pass the time, there were calisthenics, a half-hour per compartment, which proved that the man who wrote the field manual for the deep knee bend had never figured on the roll of a ship at sea; there was also waiting for the call to sweat out the chow line twice a day, and staring out across the blue at the other ships in the convoy or at the upper deck, where, it was rumored, nurses had been known to appear. Meanwhile, the indoor sportsmen were in the thick of non-stop poker games that put any of the statewide contests to shame, halting only for meals and ship drills. The detail lists for KP, blackout guard, and trash disposal were a topkick's nightmare, with enough names for a small ship's roster; and the sickbook would have had a heavy play, too, if the seasickness victims had been able to get that far from their bunks. In the more drastic cases, it was hard to tell where the OD's left off and the skin began, and there were others, who, if they were not exactly sick, did nearly get their tongues wrapped around the propeller at times.

For the diversion of the more seaworthy, the Navy staged a succession of submarine alerts, at least two of which were not dry runs, as the convoy escort was credited with one confirmed kill and two possibles. Alert procedure called for all transport passengers to go below when the crew was called to battle stations, but the Cristobal's guests soon put a stop to that. Clinging to the rigging and any other vantage points, they ignored all orders, requests, and pleas of the loudspeaker man to return to their compartments, and the disgusted transport commander at last gave orders to leave them be; the action continued with the loudspeakers now pointing out where to watch. They were a rum bunch in the skipper's book. Other outfits had been glad to go below at such a time to make their peace with the Lord, but all this crowd seemed to care about was shooting crap and watching the guns and depth charges go off.

It was good news for everyone, KP's, card players, invalids, and all, when the lookout spied Ireland on the horizon. Maybe people had paid plenty for an ocean voyage to Europe in peacetime, but they hadn't made it in the crowded hold of an Army transport, on two meals a day, with the uneasy knowledge that there were more than a few German submarines lurking about to improve their batting averages. The convoy split up off Ireland, and the Strathmore, with 2nd Battalion and Cannon Company aboard, swung north to land at Glasgow April 16, while the rest of the 314th headed into Liverpool on the Cristobal, docking there on the 17th.

Once again, it was time for one of those 79th Division police-ups, and while the officers received a briefing on how the men were supposed to behave in England, the men stood on deck throwing cigarettes and coins to the pier below to watch the dockhands scrimmage for them. That, it developed, was one of the things they weren't supposed to do, but it was the first hint of the purchasing power of the PX ration in tobaccoless, candyless, soapless Europe.

The compartments having passed inspection, the boys climbed into their pack harness and wrestled their duffle bags up the narrow companion-

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ways to the gankplank, and down to the pier, where the pint-sized English trains stood waiting. England had quite a pitch to it that first day.

UNITED KINGDOM

Mid-April was late in the pre-invasion day, and there was little room to spare in the United Kingdom, between the camps and the vast supply dumps. Without space available to close in a regiment, let alone a division, the 314th had to divide itself between two tent areas, one of Goldborne Park, near Newton-le-Willows, halfway between Liverpool and Manchester, and the other at Tatton Park, near Knutesford, some twenty miles away. The tents at Goldborne Park were pegged down on what had been a golf course in more carefree days, and there the 1st and 2nd Battalions set up, along with Regimental Headquarters and Service Companies, while Tatton Park, one of the large and venerable estates of which England had so many, accommodated Cannon and Anti-Tank Companies and the 3rd Battalion.

As the supply sergeants and their details fell to work uncrating the organizational equipment and drawing other critical items issued only to units overseas, the line men prepared to put the finishing touches on their combat training. There was hardly time left for much, but the riflemen and gun crew got in some weapons firing, and each rifle company platoon took a fifty-mile tactical map march with full field equipment, picking up rations at objectives along the route as they had on their desert meander. The most valuable training came in the officers' artillery observation course, held on a miniature range, and many a hard-pressed platoon leader and company commander would later be thankful for the knowledge he'd gained there.

The English money took a good deal of getting used to, and so did the English, but the 314th learned quickly. From the beginner's stage, when you thrust out a fistful of assorted coins at the innkeeper and let him take his pick, you could soon tell the difference between a half-crown and a florin. By then you'd also learned that a village pub, like the "Bull's Head" next to Goldborne Park, was the local lodge, a place to have a quiet glass of half-and-half and play a few games of darts, and no relation whatever to the rowdy juke joints in the army post towns back home. The beer's alcoholic content would have suited Mrs. Boole's WCTU standards, but it had a way of multiplying inside you, which made for a wakeful night, if not a very boisterous one. Only the early settlers could remember when there had been Scotch for sale.

All this time the invasion tension was tightening over England, as the mountainous supply piles grew higher and the hospital trains rolled into place on sidings near the ports. At one assembly, the officers and first-three-graders heard speeches by Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., Maj. Gen. Troy H. Middleton of VIIIth Corps who had commanded the hard-hitting 45th Thunderbird Division in the Italian fighting, and the 79th's own Major General I. T. Wyche. General Patton led off the speakers, and, as always, he was a hard man to follow on the platform, as his famous brand of brimstone oratory, while it was nothing for a family newspaper, was just the sort of blunt locker-room talk the men had wanted to hear. It was here at Goldborne Park that Lt. Colonel Robinson received his promotion to Colonel and the silver eagles to go with it.

The invasion plan, as first formulated, called for the 79th to remain in reserve with Patton's Third Army until it was time for the breakthrough out of Normandy on to the plains of France. The fidgety Germans across the channel changed that, however, by moving in a new division for maneuvers in the Carentan area, close by the actual invasion beaches, and the allied high command, to counteract the added enemy strength, switched the 79th from General Middleton's VIII Corps on loan to the VII Corps of General Lawton "Lightning Joe" Collins, which was slated to play a major part in the liberation of Normandy.

This change in plans came suddenly, and, upon the news of it, the 79th Division moved first to assembly areas near the Southern coast, from there to the concentration area on Lord Mountbatten's estate, on the outskirts of the great port of Southampton. The next move would be the big one, across the choppy waters of the Channel, and the 314th hurried through its ultimate preparations. Vehicles were waterproofed, and rosters, pared down to the absolute minimum of combat personnel, were made out for each transport craft. In the bottle-green pyramidals, you laid around all day on the cot, sweating out the flash that the invasion had begun, wondering if the outfit was really as good as you all thought it was, kidding about the advisability of catching one of those million-dollar minor wounds, "but fast," and all the while, across the water, the anxious defenders of Hitler's fortress strained their eyes staring into the channel mists, their nerves worn raw by the waiting and the blasting of the Allied air offensive chewing away at the communication lines behind them. All over the world, people were calling it history's biggest moment, and here you were, resting your backside on an army cot until it was time to fall out for the next serving of mutton, carrots, and peas.

The word that the invasion was on, that the beachhead had been forced, was almost a relief when it came through. The 4th and 9th Divisions were shoving inland at the base of the Cotentin peninsula, at the near end of which stood Cherbourg, and the 79th wouldn't be long in following them. As the first week's fighting drew to a close on June 13, the 314th left its tents for the truck ride to the Southampton docks.

The port area was still in its D-day turmoil, with ships of every size and shape loading or waiting

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to be loaded with men and equipment. A small flotilla of troop carriers awaited the 314th, and the battalions split up into prearranged groups to go aboard, Regimental Headquarters leading the way at 2000. Each man wore his chemical impregnite clothing, the fatigues stiff with the protective chemicals, his steel helmet, weapon, and full field pack, and each man carried a full issue of ammunition---this time was for keeps. The harbor of Southampton as you went aboard was warm with the golden twilight of English summer. You'd traveled a long way to make this trip, and two years of your life had gone before it. No matter how rough it might be up ahead, there was a certain satisfaction in having come this close to the end of the line. That night you ate steak on board, or K ration, depending upon what ship you were on.

The convoy formed at an assembly point off shore, with the big barrage balloons, moored to the ships' masts, bobbing awkwardly against the sky. Next day, as the lead boats nosed closer to the French shore, the debris of invasion floated out to meet them. Peering over the side at the assortment of abandoned equipment and ship fragments, you could better realize what the price for the beaches had been. Even as you watched, the LCI's and LCT's came crowding around to ferry the outfit ashore, and the cargo nets dropped down, the infantry began the scramble over the rail, loaded down with all the impedimenta of war.

Buoys marked the channel into the beaches, and the mine sweepers were still working to the side of it as the landing craft sped in. One of the sweepers touched off a mine just then, and more than one man started feeling for the nearest foxhole, but the operation was otherwise fairly peaceful. The war had moved inland. Some lucky boatloads had a dry landing on the floating docks, towed across the channel on the heels of the invasion waves to serve as temporary harbor installations, but most of the regiment came ashore the hard way, wading the last part of it.

Utah Beach was still a tangle of barbed wire, spotted with blown pillboxes and a few remaining dead Germans, but there was no time allotted for sightseeing. As quickly as the companies regrouped on the beach, they moved out up the taped-off paths through the mine fields. Not even the company commanders knew what was at the other end, and they had a long, hot, dusty march between them and finding out. The fences along the way were labeled with "Achtung Minen!" signs, and, now and again, you'd see an invasion glider in the fields behind the hedgerows, but the shooting war had passed on down

Upper: Knocking out a German MG nest that had been holding up the advance southeast of Deinslaken. Center: Pvt. Chester S. Kunchinski, Iron River, Mich., acts as Town Crier, announcing the arrival of a copy of "Stars and Stripes" in Scheibenhardt, Germany. Lower: One of the Royal Tiger tanks knocked out by American tank destroyer units.

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the road. As far as the regiment marched to the first assembly area, the distant rumble of battle kept step with it and came no closer.

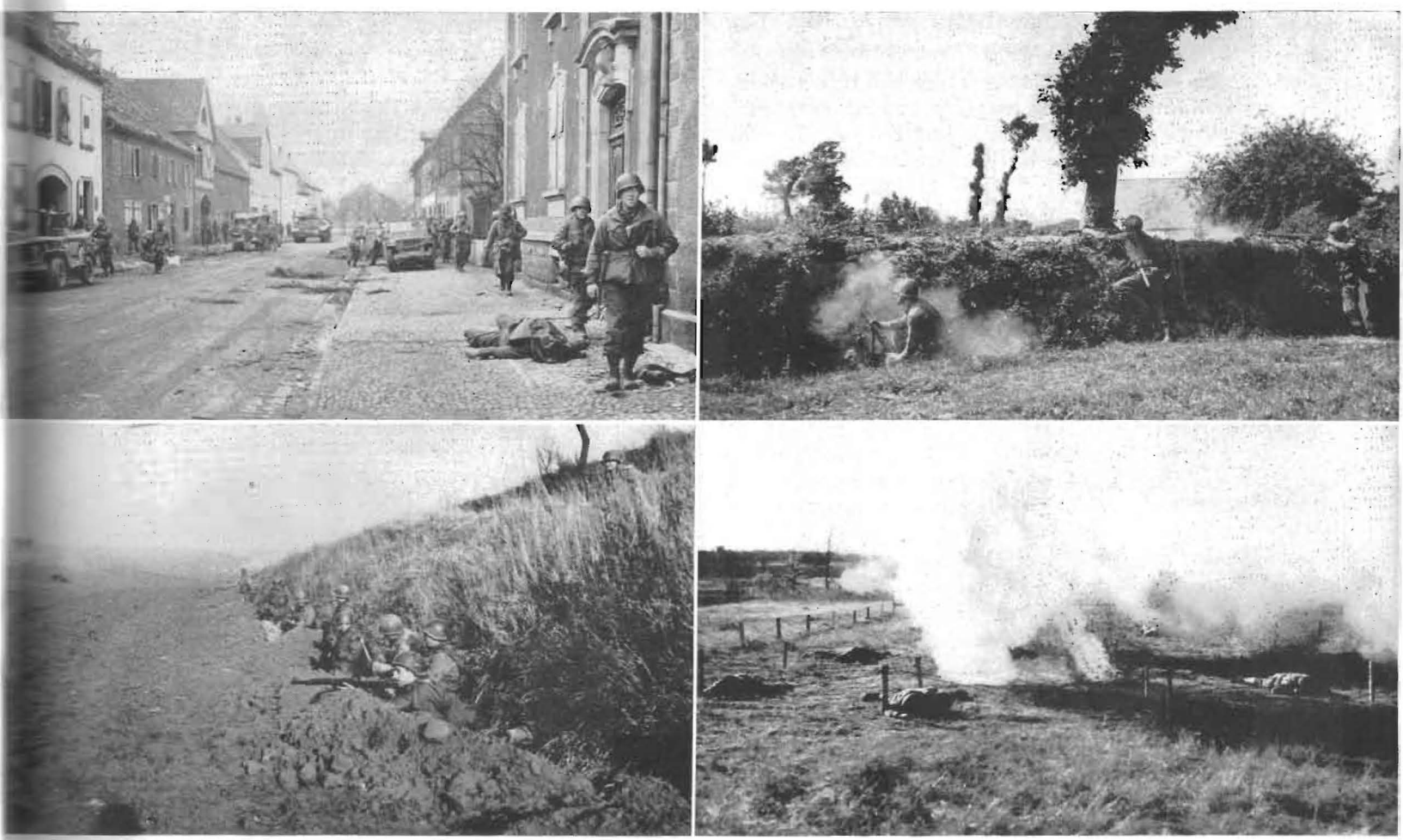
NORMANDY
CHERBOURG

The 314th concentrated near the small Norman town of Blosville, ten or twelve miles march from the beach and just south of St. Mere Eglise, which had fallen to the 82nd Airborne Division only after a bitter struggle in the first days of the invasion. By midnight of the 15th, 1st and 2nd Battalions had closed in, but it was late on the 17th before the 3rd joined them, and Anti-Tank Company, which had been unloaded by mistake at Omaha Beach, 30 miles away, didn't catch up with the regiment until the move to the next area.

The overall situation maps at that early stage of the invasion showed the British, together with the American 1st Division and other units, assigned the job of keeping the pressure on the German armor concentrated east of Le Havre around Caen, while other American elements on the right flank swung around north up the Cotentin peninsula in a drive on Cherbourg. To the 1st Army's VII Corps, which was comprised of the 4th, 9th, 79th and 90th Infantry Divisions; plus the 82nd and 101st Airborne, went the orders to clear the peninsula, and upon it depended the success of the entire invasion. Without the great port of Cherbourg, the Allied lifeline of supply would be a never-ending gamble on the weather. The storms immediately after D-day, which shut down on all beach landings, had already proven that. The Germans had always known it, and they'd planned their peninsula defenses accordingly. It was up to VII Corps to breach those defenses.

For the 79th, which was to be called out of Corps Reserve only as a last resort, there was no immediate assignment, and the 314th busied itself dewaterproofing vehicles and weapons, arranging its map sets, and arguing about when, where, and why the outfit would be committed. Sight-seeing was never to be a very healthy idea in mine-strewn Normandy, but there were many grounded gliders to inspect close by the assembly area, and the fireworks at night, as ack-ack, tracers, and searchlights raked the sky for German raiders, was something to see.

Upper left: Dead GI's line the foreground in one of the early advances of the 314th. Upper right: Soldier of the 79th at left launches a fragmentation grenade from his rifle. Lower left: Digging-in during Artillery Duel between the Germans and the 79th Artillery. Lower right: Not the battlefield—a typical pre-war infiltration course of the 79th.



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The slow tide of events began to stir on June 16, as the 314th was placed on a two-hour alert, and two days later the regiment moved on to another assembly area near Picaville. The move itself was peaceful enough, but the ditches beside the raid were well sprinkled with dead Germans, and the war seemed that much closer.

That day, Colonel Robinson went up to Division CP to receive the first of a long series of field orders, outlining the action to come. The veteran 9th Division had driven west across the peninsula, sealing off the tip, and was now swinging north on the left flank. Working up the right flank was the 4th Division, while the 79th, new to combat, was to replace the 90th Division and thrust straight up the middle to Cherbourg itself. With the port's immediate capture as the vital mission, the plan was to carve an avenue through the center of the enemy defenses, and the flanking divisions were ordered to by-pass any pockets of resistance along the coast.

In the 79th's sector, the 313th and 315th Regiments were to attack north from the former positions of the 90th Division, by-passing Valognes on the West, the attack starting at 6 A.M. on the 19th, while the 314th, after a night move to an area near Binneville, went into Division Reserve at 5 P.M. On the 19th orders came through committing the 314th to its first combat; 2nd Battalion was to move to a crossroad east of Negreville, and attack from there to seize the ridge at Croix Jacob, the other battalions to close in behind to Negreville.

This was the moment everyone had been working and waiting for, and people stumbled over each other trying to do everything just the way the book said. It was never to be that simple, but these were brand-new men, for all their training, and there were things they had still to learn for themselves that no one else could teach them. Mistakes would be made, and men would die for them, but out of the mistakes, the confusion, and the first extravagant foolhardiness, a fighting outfit would find itself.

2nd Battalion, alerted at about 5:20 P.M., made a truck move of about 6 to 8 miles and launched its attack at 9 P.M. It took Croix Jacob with little trouble early on the morning of June 20, and sat down to wait for the other battalions to swing along side on the right flank. Crossing the line of departure north of Negreville at 0600, 1st Battalion covered 1200 yards by 0830 to a point south of Hau du Long, picking up the imposing total of fourteen prisoners, one 88mm gun, and eight tanks enroute. Initially the Germans were inclined to put up a scrap and started for their tanks but in the exchange of fire they soon found they were outnumbered by 1st Battalion's Able Company. It was during this exchange of fire that PFC Peter Paul Paulakowski was wounded and became the first combat casualty of the 1st Battalion. The German captain who was in command of the outfit captured was more than slightly browned off at the German brass, for handing him his holding mission and he was in no particular mood for a lot of bloodshed. With the prisoners came the 314th's first chance at the spoils of war, a scanty shakedown of pistols and watches that was destined to grow into an avalanche of booty that would crowd the attics of a thousand homes.

Of more military value than the prisoners, though, were four American paratroopers the 2nd Battalion found hiding in the woods. They'd been there since their D-day drop, and had seen the Germans pulling back toward their Cherbourg defenses, a withdrawal that explained the ease of the first regimental advance. 3rd Battalion, moving up to Brix had a similarly easy time, taking eight 88mm and two AA guns south of the town, and a pilotless-plane launching site nearby. The first progress was impressive, but it was made against the spotty, and, in some cases, half-hearted resistance of stragglers and delaying forces.

By June 21, the 314th was up against the outer perimeter of the Cherbourg defenses, with 1st Battalion holding positions north of Les Landes and the balance of the regiment in assembly areas some 500 yards to the rear. Patrols went out to spot enemy strongpoints, and the companies gathered their demolition material together, beehives, pole charges, and bangalore torpedos. The patrol reports indicated that they'd need plenty before the approaches to Cherbourg were clear. A Patrol from L Company led by Lt. Stock suffered two battle casualties—the first in the regiment.

During th day, the enemy artillery fire intensified, and some realized for the first time how it felt to be hit by an enemy you couldn't see, or do anything about. That night, the unit commanders were issued a warning order that these were the main defenses of Cherbourg up ahead, and that the 314th's attack was set for the following afternoon, to jump off on the heels of an aerial bombardment. While the battalion staffs worked over the situation maps in the light of the CP lanterns, Allied radios kept beaming broadcasts into the Germans beseiged in Cherbourg, urging them to surrender before the ultimatum deadline at noon of the 22nd.

Noon came and went without a response from the Germans, and the regiment pulled back 1200 yards behind the bomb release line designated by the Air Corps and settled down to watch the Allied bombers lower the boom. There was good reason to watch them, as many of the bombs landed behind the 314th's own lines, one direct hit knocking out a 3rd Battalion A-T gun and prime mover, and some fighters strafed as far back as the regimental CP, while the infantry hit the dirt, cussing them as much as it would later cheer them. After 80 minutes of this somewhat impartial bombardment, the regiment moved out on the attack, advancing in a column of battalions with 1st Battalion's B Company in the lead.

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The column headed by Company B ran into a wall of enemy resistance southeast of Point 9. The Company fought forward and established a position parallel and almost against the Jerry pill boxes. It was while Company B was taking all the Jerry's could throw at them, that Company C was sent around the left through Tollevast. It ran into a storm of enemy fire which left it badly disorganized until nightfall. Able Company, on the right, also had a fight on its hands, and it was decided to bypass the strongpoint, sending the 3rd Battalion through along the regiment's right boundary, in conjunction with a battalion from the 313th, to seize the east-west road near the June 23 line. The 1st Battalion was to disengage from its hornet's nest and follow along. Company B still engaged in the fire fight could not disengage itself. However, the remainder of the Battalion followed 3rd Battalion through a hole in the German lines and took up a position on the left of the 3rd Battalion. Over to the west, the left flank was covered by a battalion of the 315th and the 79th Recon Troop, which was maintaining liaison with the 9th Division.

On the morning of June 23, 2nd Battalion was ordered north to clear the supply routes serving the 1st and 3rd Battalions, and a detachment from 3rd Battalion's Headquarters Company, led by Maj. Henry Koch, battalion exec, and Captain Theodore Wests, the company commander, took care of clearing Strongpoint 9. There was almost as much action to the rear of the 1st and 3rd Bns. as there was to their front. Up forward, the 1st and 3rd Battalions moved out again toward Point 33, which was to be a rough trip for both. Third Battalion's Item Company ran head-on into a barrage of artillery and small arms fire and had to withdraw with heavy casualties. The 1st Battalion minus Company B, attacking on the left of the 3rd Battalion took their objective and became the first ground troops to look upon Cherbourg. The first ground observed artillery fire on Fort duRoule and the other fortifications east of Cherbourg was called for by Captain Stewart Grant of the 311th Field Artillery Battalion from that point of observation. Strongpoint 33 was designated as an air target and in the ensuing bombardment many bombs fell in the 1st Battalion sector causing a number of casualties and giving the men of the 1st Battalion their second going over by their own Air Corps. Another bombardment was scheduled for next morning and the battalion, excepting A Company, was pulled back behind the 3rd Battalion lines to give the Air Corps room.

The regimental situation map at dawn of the 24th showed A Company all by itself in front of Point 33, the 3rd Battalion on the left and the 2nd on the right along the June 23 line, and the 1st waiting behind the 3rd. Both patrol reports and G-2 sources singled out two main obstacles to the 314th's advance in the two enemy strongpoints, 33 and 34. Accordingly, the 3rd Battalion was assigned the task of clearing 33 from the southwest while 2nd Battalion drove northwest to take 34. An air bombardment hit the two positions at 0800, and, by 1000, both battalions, doing a neat job, were on their objectives.

Moving north another 1000 yards, they came to a ridge from which they could see Fort du Roule, the key to Cherbourg, less than a mile away. Built into a cliff overlooking the port, it had three levels, only one of which showed above the cliff-top plateau. The French had first fortified it, but the Germans had added the murderous finishing touches. The approaches were covered by concrete emplacements and pillboxs from which interlocking bands of machine-gun fire sprayed the whole area, there were heavy and light artillery, ack-ack guns swung low to play point-blank into the attackers, an anti-tank ditch 30 feet deep, and a mess of barbed wire to slow the advance. To take it seemed an almost suicidal mission—the Germans, who had it well stocked with ammunition, groceries, and champagne, considered it impregnable—but there was no taking Cherbourg without it.

That same afternoon of the 24th, 3rd Battalion made three tries for the heights adjacent to the fort, but each time it took prohibitive casualties from machine gun and artillery fire and had to pull back down. Captain Petras, C.O. of Company I was wounded in this action and the regiment lost a brave commander when he was evacuated. That night, the two attacking battalions were in positions along the June 24 line, with 1st Battalion in reserve 500 yards behind them, when Major Hillier brought around the orders for the next day's attack.

After a 15 minute preparation by all the heavy machine guns of both 2nd and 3rd Battalions, 2nd Battalion jumped off to take Point 46, a concentration of concrete shelters and AA gun positions on the edge of the cliff towering over Cherbourg and a few hundred yards east of Fort du Roule along the same ridge. It fell to the 2nd Battalion before 1000 of the 25th, with 3rd Battalion pouring in supporting fire to cover the advance. In addition to such military gains as a motor pool full of materiel, the first elements of Fox Company found a handsome store of champagne and cognac in the pillboxes there, and a good time might have been had by all if the company hadn't a pressing engagement across the plateau at Fort du Roule, identified simply on the map as Point 45. Fox and Easy Companies stormed it from the south and east at 1000, moving up into the teeth of the enemy pillboxes, unchecked by the relentless German fire.

Each one of these pillboxes required an operation in itself by carefully coordinated teams. After the bangalore torpedo men crawled out to blast a gap through the wire, another team went forward with satchel charges, fastened to long poles with which to shove them up into the gun apertures.

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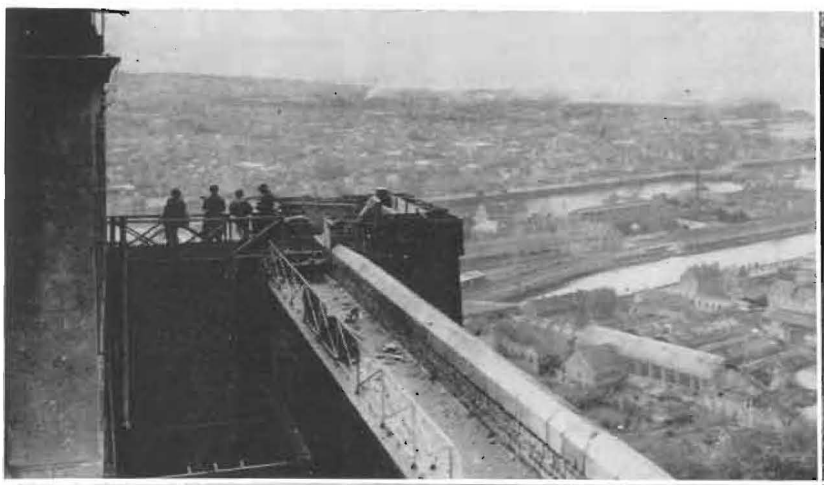
All the while, supporting fire tried to button up the gunslits of the objective pillbox and those of the flanking boxes, till a gap had been blown big enough to take hand grenades. After that, it was up to the riflemen to clear out the ruins, while the demolition crews crawled on to the next one. Under ideal circumstances, it was a tidy business, but one slip could lose you most of a platoon.

It was in such an operation, during this final assault on du Roule, that Corporal (later Tech Sergeant) John D. Kelly of Easy Company won the Congressional Medal of Honor. Carrying a 10-foot pole charge with 15 pounds of TNT on the end, he walked three times across an area swept by withering machine-gun fire that had pinned down elements of two companies, set the explosives, finally blew the muzzles off the German machine-guns and the rear entrance into the pillbox, then polished it all off with a few grenades. That was all the persuasion the groggy defenders needed! Two hours of this sort of reckless fighting were gone before the first white flag showed, as E Company took over a hundred prisoners in troop shelter in the first group of pill boxes in the outer band of fortificatons on the top level of the fort.

Meanwhile, 3rd Battalion along the left regimental boundary was clearing out enemy pockets and covering the 2nd's left flank as it drove headlong at the fort. The 3rd's was a blocking back's assignment; hard, even costly, devoid of glory, but indispensable. When K Company was stopped in its climb by combined 88 and machine-gun fire, 1st Lt. Carlos C. Ogden, who had just taken over the company from his wounded company commander, realized what the consequences of a lag in the offensive might be. Grabbing an M-1 with a grenade launcher attached, he charged out into the field of fire in a series of rushes, disregarding a glancing wound from machine-gun fire, and got into position to knock out the 88 with an anti-tank grenade. With a brace of hand grenades, he silenced the two machine-gun nests, and the company moved on. Later, he received a Congressional Medal of Honor for this heroic action.

The remainder of the defenders on the upper level of the fort beat off two more attacks by 2nd Battalion during the day and finally surrendered at 2148. The second battalion immediately occupied the upper part of the fort. Guns in the lower levels were still firing, however, and General

Upper left: Getting a bird's-eye view of Cherbourg from Fort De Roule. Upper right: It was rugged fighting every second in the hedge-rows of Normandy. Lower left: A little Havoc played by the Air Corps in the Ruhr Pocket. Lower right: Trying to get off of the cold ground by building a hard wood floor in Alsace.



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Greer, Col. Robinson and Major Hillier, who had come forward to examine the fort, joined in dropping grenades and satchel charges over the edge of the fort at the gun ports below. That night found the 2nd Battalion on the lid of the fort, 1st Battalion at Point 46, and the 3rd in reserve. The 1st was already sending patrols into the outskirts of Cherbourg, and the story one of their prisoners brought with him sounded rough. The city, he told his captors, was to be defended house to house, and Cherbourg had a lot of houses.

Next day, June 26, the 1st and 3rd Battalions scrambled down the cliff into the city streets, found the enemy waiting. The fighting was bitter, not merely from house to house but from room to room, and, with snipers everywhere, officers who'd entered the campaign with their insignia of rank proudly gleaming on their helmets made sure they were traveling incognito now. A wide gap yawned on the left flank between the 314th and the nearest elements of the 9th Division, and the 3rd Battalion, unprotected to the west, took an extra beating from flanking fire across the inlets. Capt. Walters, L Company, was killed here while moving over 200 prisoners, which his Company had taken, to the rear. It was edgy, punishing work, but the two battalions never stopped pushing until, at 1640, they came into the clear at the harbor front. Even there, the beach was crowded with pillboxes and carpeted with barbed wire—a head-on landing there could have cost a division—but the pillbox defenders had had enough. Setting time charges, they came out with their hands in the air, and the four-inch concrete walls split open like the sections of a mushroom. In the Cherbourg action the 3rd Bn. alone took over 1000 prisoners. The other battalion captured about the same number. Courage in individuals was typified in one Pvt. Thomas B. Smith, of M Company who, armed only with an Army 45, entered a tunnel at the base of Fort du Roule, shot and killed the first German he saw, and then emerged driving 159 more in front of him.

All this time, the 2nd Battalion up in Fort du Roule had a problem of its own to solve. Two hundred feet below, the Germans had bored gun tunnels back into the cliff face, mounting them with retractable pieces that disappeared into the rock after each round of fire. To the 2nd went the job of silencing the big guns, which covered every move the midget-sized patrols were making down in the streets of Cherbourg, so S-Sgt., later Capt., Paul A. Hurst of E Company set out to locate the apertures. Heedless of the enemy snipers spattering his path with near misses, he worked out a route to the gun tunnels,

Upper: Three 79th Infantrymen get some rest in the Alsatian farmhouse. Left to right: Pfc. Howard J. Baker, Pfc. Isaac N. Illecton and Pfc. George Patin. Center: An Anti-Tank Co. of the 79th lining up preparatory to moving. Lower: So died the Luftwaffe.

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brought down a squad of volunteer demolition men to blast in the tunnel mouths. That was the end of resistance within the fort, which yielded a bag of 500 prisoners, and the city of Cherbourg was safe in the hands of the 79th by 1730. Mixed in with the prisoners was the first 314th man to enter Cherbourg. He'd preceded the advance elements by at least two days, having been engaged in an urgent personal mission when the German patrol caught him, as the phrase goes, with his pants down.

For the first time in a week—it only seemed like a lifetime or two—you had the prospect of sleeping soundly in a bed, undisturbed by artillery coming in or worry over the next day's chances. The copious store of cognac and champagnes in Fort du Roule had fallen into the custody of higher headquarters, unfortunately, but there were other sources—one hospital held a cellar full of it—and with a shave and a wash and a few drinks under your belt, and a chance to try out your first combat stories, you felt mighty proud of yourself, and of the outfit, too. Later, when you'd had a look at the map in the Stars and Stripes and seen what a small dot Cherbourg made on the German-shaded portion of Europe, you'd begin to worry all over again.

Commendations:

(1) 3rd Battalion—Presidential Citation.
(2) 2nd Battalion—Presidential Citation.
(3) General Wyche's letter—28 June.
(4) General Wyche's letter—2 July.
(5) General Wyche's letter—22 Sept.
(6) 2 Congressional Medals of Honor.

LA HAYE DU PUITS

On June 27, the 4th Division took over the garrisoning of Cherbourg, and the 79th, reverting to VIII Corps, moved southward to prepare for the next phase. The 314th closed in on an assembly area just south of Bricquebec, feeling pretty highly of itself after the conquest of Cherbourg. The men considered themselves combat veterans, and they had the green replacements, too, but they still had plenty to learn.

In the drive on Cherbourg, they'd been fighting a static enemy in static defenses. The defenses were tremendous, but they were also well-charted, in the main, and the position of the enemy was seldom in doubt. When you'd fought your way into his pillboxes and silenced his built-in artillery, you had him cold, beyond any possibility of a withdrawing action. From here on, it would be a different war, for the attack was moving down into the hedgerow country, where the half-hidden country roads might have been made for ambush, and the enemy was spread out in a mobile defense line, so that you never knew from which direction the 88mm would blast you next.

The hedgerows must have been there before the Normans came, so solid a part of the terrain were they. Thick earthen walls about three feet high, overgrown with bushes and even trees, edged by ditches on either side, they bordered every cultivated field and orchard, and made death-traps of byways that more resembled lovers' lanes. The celebrated wallbuilder Todt couldn't have devised a more intricate and effective network of defense than the Germans found ready to their hands in the criss-crossed hedgerows and the old sunken roads, worn so deep into the earth that a column of men and light vehicles could pass down one completely screened from ground observation. In such a maze, every field became a battleground in itself, and even a driving outfit would find its advance slowed to a crawl by the agonizing business of pruning each hedge of snipers before working forward to the next.

On June 29, the 2nd Battalion moved out south to take over a defense line just south of La Picoterie, relieving elements of the 357th Infantry, 90th Division, and, next day, the other battalions followed along to a forward area near LaPicoterie, close enough to the war for a few rounds of artillery to drop in. The regiment was still there on July 2, awaiting orders, when General Wyche presented the Silver Star to Colonel Robinson for his gallantry in action at Cherbourg. It was the Division's first Silver Star Award.

The overall situation map showed the Allies in control of Cherbourg and the north tip of the peninsula. The enemy was clinging desperately to a line through Carentan and St. Lo westward to the coast, in the hope of piling up the Allied advance there and cancelling off the loss of Cherbourg. Behind that line was the small town of La Haye du Puits, the focal point for all supply roads feeding the enemy's defenses in that area. That was to be the 79th's next objective, and to the 314th would fall the gore and glory of taking it.

The division plan called for the attack to jump off early the morning of July 3, with the 314th on the left and the 315th on the right, and, at 0530 the 1st Battalion of the 314th moved out across the line of departure in a drenching rain, with the 3rd Battalion echeloned to the left rear. The 1st Battalion was to take the ridge southwest of Hill 121 and cover from there the 3rd's right flank as it wheeled off to the left to take the hill itself; 2nd Battalion, meanwhile, was to remain in its defensive positions north of the Douve River, ready to throw in supporting fire as the 3rd attacked.

The advance was preceded by a fifteen-minute artillery preparation. That was one of the combat lessons the 314th would learn at La Haye du Puits, the value of your own artillery and the power of theirs. Back in training, the simulated barrages might have left you cold and unconvinced, but sweating out 88's in a ditch in Normandy made a believer of a man in a hurry. When the enemy artillery was whistling and the tree bursts were crashing above

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you, there was solid comfort in hearing your own 105's and 155's going out, no matter what they were hitting, and there was no more welcome sight when you got your head up again than the little L-4 and L-5 artillery observation planes patrolling overhead —the 79th's own Luftwaffe. The sight of them alone was often enough to take the German artillery off your back. The Krauts were always allergic to counter-battery fire.

The 1st Battalion, pushing a company down either side of the main road to Bolleville, covered a half-mile up and over the hedgerows before the enemy opened up with machine-gun and mortar fire that brought the advance nearly to a dead stop. At one point in the battalion's halting progress, Capt. Jim Rountree's B Company was pinned down in a zone of fire swept by two enemy machine-guns securely emplaced on the side of a railroad embankment. Private First Class William Thurston, locating the source of fire, headed for the embankment in a zig-zag dash, with the German rifle firer kicking up one zig behind him. Squeezing a full clip into his M-1, he charged headlong up the bank into the mouth of the emplacement, blasting the gunners as they sat frozen behind the guns, and took the position singlehanded. Later killed in action during the Blette River Crossing in November, he was one of the men in the 314th to win the Distinguished Service Cross, but it would take more than such individual acts of gallantry as his to loosen the enemy's grip on the Bolleville road that day.

The enemy gave ground stubbornly even under mortar and artillery pounding, and when Lt. Colonel Teague, the battalion commander, made his way up about 21200 to his favorite spot in the forward OP to puzzle out a path through to Bolleville, he drew a sniper's bullet in his right shoulder. Two hours later, the battalion was ordered to dig in for the night, about halfway between Maugerie and Bolleville.

While the 1st poked for a soft spot in the enemy strongpoint, 3rd Battalion turned off to the left at 2030 to seize Hill 121. Darkness fell with the battalion still short of its objective, but orders were to keep going till it was taken, and the companies pushed on under harassing artillery and motar fire. With radio contact lost between the battalion and regimental CP, there was no further word till 0230, when artillery liaison radio reported the attack closing in on the objective, which was finally secured at 0330. That night, 2nd Battalion crossed the Douve, and had moved into position on the north and northeast sectors of Hill 121 by 0730.

As these hours would indicate, the working day in Normandy would never have met with the CIO's approval. Dawn came about 0530 and there was still fair visibility as late as 2300, and the urgency of the advance found use for every minute of daylight. By the time a company's night defenses were organized, it was close to midnight, and the artillery and mortars were still coming in. Gouging a foxhole out of the hedgerow wall, you had from one in the morning until five to do with as you pleased, barring a few hours' guard. Your bedroll was only a few hedgerows back, but no sane man was going to chance that much extra artillery fire if he never got warm again, so you curled up in your raincoat and called it a night. At 0500, it was time to get up and draw your K-rations and ammo for the day, then hear the orders for the next attack.

Over a stretch of such days, you became so dulled by fatigue that the names of the killed and wounded they checked off each night, the names of men who had been your best friends, might have come out of a telephone book for all you knew. All the old values were gone, and if there was a world beyond this tangle of hedgerows and snipers, where one barrage could lay out half a company like a giant's club, you never expectetd to live to see it. Next day, you'd be back poking across another hedge and crawling across the field beyond, waiting for that first burst from the Kraut machine guns —the undefended fields were the worst—and if you survived to get to the other side, you might not be so lucky in the next. It was as rough fighting as the 314th would ever hit. The reinforcements came in after each action, but the outfit lost men in Normandy it never could replace.

Orders were for the regiment to shove on after the capture of Hill 1221, and Colonel Robinson made plans to send the 2nd Battalion through the 1st, which had moved up to Bolleville, to bypass La Haye du Puits and come at it from the under side. At 1305, Lt. Colonel Huff, commanding the 2nd Battalion, was accidentally wounded on a reconnaissance, Major Dale Hogoboom, the "exec," taking over after the colonel's evacuation. Meantime, troops in the rear areas were running into trouble with German pockets left behind by the assault units. Two engineers clearing a road near St. Sauveur de Pierre Point, well to the north of the front lines, came upon two enemies offering to surrender. When the engineers walked over to take them prisoner, the Germans fell to the ground, and machine guns concealed behind them riddled the Americans.

In the main, it was a quiet 4th of July for the 314th, but the worst was just up ahead. At 1830, the 2nd Battalion moved into an assembly area about 800 yards northwest of Bolleville, with 1st Battalion holding a line slightly to the right which followed in general the line of the creek, and 3rd Battalion in defensive alignment northwest of Ste. Catherine.

Next morning, the artillery opened up a fifteen-minute preparation at 0545, plastering a sunken road about 800 yards to the front of the 2nd Battalion that was figured for an enemy strongpoint. The figures were correct, as the 2nd, covering the

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half-mile interval in a six-hour advance, was stopped cold short of the road by a conglomeration of small arms, artillery, and mortar fire. Not till 2035, when tank support came up, was the road cleared.

The 3rd Battalion, meantime, tried K Company on a reconnaissance in force into La Haye du Puits itself and the company got as far as the railroad station on the north outskirts of town. It stirred up heavy small arms fire there, but routed the defenders and took over the station at 0904. The depot was a key point in the enemy's plans, though, and they poured in artillery on it all morning long, making the place too hot to handle, the orders to withdraw coming through at 1323. Capt. Oberman was wounded here. Also this Company attack made the headlines in the New York Herald Tribune. As they fell back, the men must have wondered what it was all about, losing men to take a place, then giving it up, only to have to lose more men retaking it later, but these probing operations were the only way of plotting the enemy's strength. Later in the day, at 1645, the entire 3rd Battalion pulled back out of line to swing around to the right flank, just south of Bolleville, in readiness for the next day's attack.

At 0700 of the 6th, 2nd Battalion, and 3rd Battalion on its right, moved out across the June 5 line, aiming to take the high ground southwest of La Haye du Puits known as Hill 84. Right at the start, they struck rough going, as the hedgerows were thicker than ever and the route of advance was slit with sunken roads. Feeling out each one of them for hidden enemy was anxious work, but it was no place to try for speed. Some of the hedgerow skirmishes turned into miniature wars, and always there were mortars and artillery pounding down, but the battalions bulled their way through to the main blacktop road running southwest out of La Haye. Behind them, the engineers slammed bulldozers through the obstinate hedgerow banks, carving a makeshift supply route up to the forward elements, and everywhere the medics were drafting litter bearers to haul the wounded the long way back. To the north of La Haye, by contrast, 1st Battalion had only some mortar and artillery to contend with as they moved 600 yards down the road from Bolleville.

Late that afternoon, 3rd Battalion slugged its way to the east crest of Hill 84, but the enemy defenses had been taken over by a battalion of SS troops, and the going was slow. There was always a tremendous range in the quality of German troops, and it showed especially at La Haye, where the enemy seemed to have a bit of everything. When they

Upper: Preparing crosses to be used in an American cemetery in France. Center: A company of the 314th advancing toward an enemy position southeast of Deinslaken. Lower: Charlie's Tonsorial Shoppe. Cpl. Charles Vaughn of Lush, Wyoming, provides all the comforts in his barber chair made of a packing case. Barber pole is made of an old stove pipe.

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Upper Left: A pre-war training Infiltration Course. Upper Right: 314th Infantrymen embark in a landing barge for the beginning of the fight. Lower Left: General Collins and Colonel Robinson with men of the 314th on top of Fort De Roule. Lower Right: An Infantryman advancing under tank support to the bank of the Meurthe River.

used foreigners—usually either Russions or Poles —it was in half and half combinations, with German officers and NCO's, and the alloy didn't stand much pressure. The regular Wehrmacht units had more staying power, but they, too, would fold when you got the war close enough to them. Not so with the SS units and the paratroops. Elite troops, with an unshakable morale, they asked no quarter and made certain that they gave none, and when they were on a holding assignment, any ground gained was likely to be, literally, over their dead bodies.

It was such picked units that the 3rd Battalion faced now, the German defenses appearing to center at a road junction shown on the situation maps as Point 56. To complicate the picture, the 315th Regiment on the right was still back somewhere near Montgardon, leaving 500 yards of the 3rd's right flank wide open for infiltrating patrols to work through northeast of the blacktop to the rear of the battalion, and, all night long, King Company was exchanging hand grenades across the hedgerows with the enemy. Early afternoon of the 6th, Lt. Colonel Ernest R. Purvis, the battalion commander, had been wounded in the head by machine-gun fire, and the battalion was now under the command of Major Henry K. Koch, the executive officer. The prisoner tally for the day's action ran to 83, mostly from the Germans' 353rd Infantry Regiment. On the northern sector, a 1st Battalion reconnaissance out of Bolleville ran into strong enemy positions, and was forced to withdraw.

Next day's attack against Point 56 was timed to synchronize with the 313th's overrunning the balance of Hill 84 on the right, but heavy artillery concentrations broke up its advance, and the crest of the hill remained in enemy hands at nightfall. Despite this hitch, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions tried moving out at 1420 on their own, but the slight progress they made was at terrific cost. Within the space of the afternoon, the command of 2nd Battalion changed hands three times, and losses were proportionately heavier in the letter companies.

Meanwhile, the 1st Battalion made another attempt on the afternoon of the 7th to reconnoiter La Haye in force, but the forward elements ran into what the unit journal describes cryptically as "strong defensive positions" on the outskirts of town. Maybe you remember them—the mine-stud-

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ded fields strung with checkerboard patterns of piano wire about a foot off the ground and the booby traps set to blow off a leg any time you tripped the strands, the mortar bursts bracketing you as you tried to high-step over the wire and between the mines, and the trench beyond with the machine-guns you didn't even know were there till they opened up and the men around you began to crumple and fall—they sure were "strong defensive positions."

The only chance of penetrating them seemed to depend on a thorough softening-up by the artillery, and the 1st pulled back gingerly through the minefields in the darkness to allow the observers some margin of error. Behind the 314th's positions, the 8th Infantry Division, untried in combat, had begun assembling, preparatory to its 28th Regiment relieving the 314th's hard-hit 2nd Battalion southwest of La Haye next morning. Late on the night of the 7th, to the southwest, 3rd Battalion sent out a patrol to take the position and make contact with the combined 313th and 315th regiments which had reached the blacktop road west of Point 56. The patrol's only contact was with the Germans, from whom they took a few prisoners. One of them wore an American uniform—the Germans were trying anything at La Haye—and he was shot on the spot.

Next day's orders called for the 1st Battalion merely to contain the town, leaving the dirty work of cleaning it up to the 8th Division, but the orders changed, and, at 0900, 1st Battalion started into the town, with A Company to the left of the highway, C Company on the right, and B Company swinging in around C Company. To the rear of the infantry, bulldozers bucked avenues through the age-old hedgerows for the supporting tanks to follow, while the engineers strung their white tapes across the minefields ahead, and the assault squads edged up behind them.

Any sort of frontal attack in company strength would have been disastrous, and the battalion spread out across the area in small groups to probe for soft spots. Reassemblying on the other side of the trench was another matter, with many of the platoon leaders and key non-coms fallen in the first wave. When Captain James E. Flannery of D Company came forward to set up positions for his mortars, he found a group of A Company men wandering around in leaderless confusion, and though he quickly regrouped them, it was late afternoon before all the scattered elements of the company were back together again in an effective fighting force. At one point, when tank support was urgently needed and the task commander refused to follow Staff Sergeant Benjamin H. McElhinney into town, Captain Flannery, unable to leave the action himself, swapped his double-barred helmet for the sergeant's, and McElhinney got action in a hurry with his new headgear.

It took a day of this patternless, semi-guerilla warfare to breach the perimeter defenses of La Haye, and the bloody housecleaning within the town went on till 0130 of the 9th. The prisoner pool was 100, and the town that night was a mass of shapeless rubble, populated only by dead Germans, the skeletons of the old French houses standing gaunt in the glare of the flaming buildings. Earlier in the day, a colonel of engineers had come up with a magic short-cut for the attack that he figured would save three hours fighting. They found his body in the street, mixed in with the grey-clad enemy.

To the south, 3rd Battalion had been taking a steady beating from the SS dug in to its rear at the crossroads strongpoint 56, and all efforts of the 28th Infantry to move against the enemy fire got nowhere. At last, the battle-weary 2nd Battalion was ordered up from its assembly area to take the position. As Fox Company, which formed the point for the battalion attack, went into action, there were only 94 enlisted men and one officer, Lt. Walter F. Flint, remaining in the company. It had scarcely reached the hedgerow that was to be its line of departure when the enemy artillery hit. The first two shells were almost squarely on the CP, wounding Lt. Flint, and killing two men in a platoon nearby, and the murderous artillery fire, coupled now with mortars, kept on as Staff Sergeant Hurst rallied the men to go forward. Halfway to the objective, they ran into machine-gun fire so low to the ground that even men lying prone were hit, and the company dug in for the night.

Next day, July 9, when Hurst, wounded now himself, reorganized the unit to resume the offensive, the enemy threw in two more barrages, killing five each time, and the whole line wavered. Somehow, Hurst kept his men from breaking, although the company beside him was forced back, and they were still there when G Company swung in front of them with tank support to take the crossroads. The losses in the two-day action were calamitous, fourteen killed and thirty-four wounded, just half the slender company, but the wave of attack had gone forward.

With the 315th atop the western crest of Hill 84, and contact established between it and the 3rd Battalion, the 2nd pulled back again to an assembly area. The 3rd moved on to hold the forward slope of the hill, while the 1st Battalion, relieved by a unit of the 8th Division, turned over custody of the remains of La Haye and moved north to regroup.

Later, you'd scratch your head when you picked up "Yank" and saw the spread the 8th Division got for taking La Haye du Puits. That wasn't the way the Presidential Citation would read: "The 1st Battalion, 314th Infantry, is cited for extraordinary gallantry for the assault and capture of the city of La Haye du Puits during the period 7-8 July 1944. In the assault and capture of this most important

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communications center, it displayed outstanding courage, determination, fortitude, and fighting spirit. . . . " The trouble was that the citation didn't come through till months later. Maybe it didn't mean much, but somehow you hated to see another outfit get the credit for something that cost the 314th so much blood and agony.

Commendations:

(1) 1st Bn, Presidential Citation.

DIRTY GERTIE'S & THE BREAKTHROUGH

It had taken two years to fit together the teams that sailed from Southampton in June, and now, in less than three weeks' fighting, the whole face of the regiment had changed. The replacemnts came in after La Haye, fifty or sixty to a company, and almost as soon as the first sergeant had scribbled their names on a roster, it was time to move out again. This time, the obective was the high ground about 1000 yards to the southeast of Point 56—they had no downhill objectives in this war—and the 3rd Battalion led off the regimental column. Up in front of them, G-2 reported, was the "Der Fuehrer" Panzer Grenadier Regiment of the crack "Das Reich" SS Panzer Division, the best that Hitler had in the West, and enemy resistance was savage. By 1730, though, the 3rd had mauled its way through to the objective. Col. Robinson remarked to General Wyche that the going seemed very slow and the General replied that the 314th was the only regiment on the Corps front which had achieved its objective that day. 1st Battalion moved up to the right rear of 3rd Battalion and held the forward slopes of Hill 84 for the night.

Next day, it was 1st Battalion's turn to point the southeastward offensive, which was to take more high ground 1200 yards beyond, and although Company C was held up by an enemy pocket near the jump-off till afternoon, the day ended with the battalion on its objective. It was rough going for the 314th, and as bad or worse for the enemy. G-2 turned up a letter written by a young German infantryman on his way up from Lessay to meet the attack that told a different story from the heroic press handouts of Dr. Goebbels back in Berlin, a despairing story of hunger, disaster, and death:

" . . . we had one loaf of bread for every four men . . . and we are not going to receive any more. . . . The English and Americans destroy every unit. Today they'll attack . . . the only alternative here is to die or to become a prisoner. . . . Whoever becomes a straggler twice is being court-martialled, and that means for me that I have to keep it up and go forward, but I am so tired. Three days ago, a fresh SS division was lying here; but they too are virtually destroyed now . . . it is so bad here that I am not even allowed to put in writing. . . . Pray to God to leave me my life!! . . . "

July 12 brought a breathing spell to the assault troops, but it was too good to last. That evening, the orders came through for a division attack on the 13th, the 314th to take an east-west line about 500 yards north of La Picorie. Next morning, at 0715, 1st Battalion took off down the railroad which formed the regiment's right boundary, with 2nd Battalion, echeloned to the left rear, moving out at 0830, and 3rd Battalion following along. Progress was agonizingly slow all day, as the Germans poured in every kind of fire they had. Not until 1945, when the tanks clattered up to support 2nd Battalion, did the front start moving, and then the attack gained ground only for an hour, bogging down just west of Hierville, 500 yards short of the objective.

With the destination in sight now, the attack went briskly next morning, and, by 1130, the new line had been consolidated. The afternoon was spent in patrolling to the Ay River, and the heavy fighting was over for a few days. July 15th, as the 315th took over, the weary 314th pulled back to a rest area about 500 yards south of Point 56.

They called it "Dirty Gertie's" after the seamy old woman who was forever grubbing through the rubble abounding in the area. She looked as though she hadn't washed since the fall of France, and her total abstinence from soap won her an undesirable sort of immortality in the regimental legends. In combat, where calendars were no help because you never saw one, and the days ran together in a hopeless blur of worry and exhaustion, that was the way you measured time—right after Hill 84 at La Haye, or as you were coming up to the Meurthe, or the break at Dirty Gertie's.

As breaks went, it was a nice one. Just to be away from the Kraut artillery and mortars was like a reprieve from the governor, and that was only part of it. With the kitchens set up to serve hot chow, it was amazing how many cows and chickens wandered into minefields about that time and ended up as sizzling platters. There was a shower unit handy to wash off the accumulated soil of Normandy, clean clothes, a chance to shave and write home and get paid. They might as well have turned the whole payroll over to the mail clerk direct, for that was where it wound up, in money orders home; there were no shops close by for spending it, a man who cared to gamble could take all the chances he wanted just on his life, and no one was going on pass right then.

After that first solid night's sleep, you looked around to see who was left in the company of the old crowd. There weren't many. Over in Baker Company, they kept thinking of their old CO, Captain Jim Roundtree from Garland, Texas. He'd been there to lead them from the day they hit Utah Beach, and now he was gone. Only a day or so before this break, he'd been out in front of the company—they'd grown used to seeing him there—first

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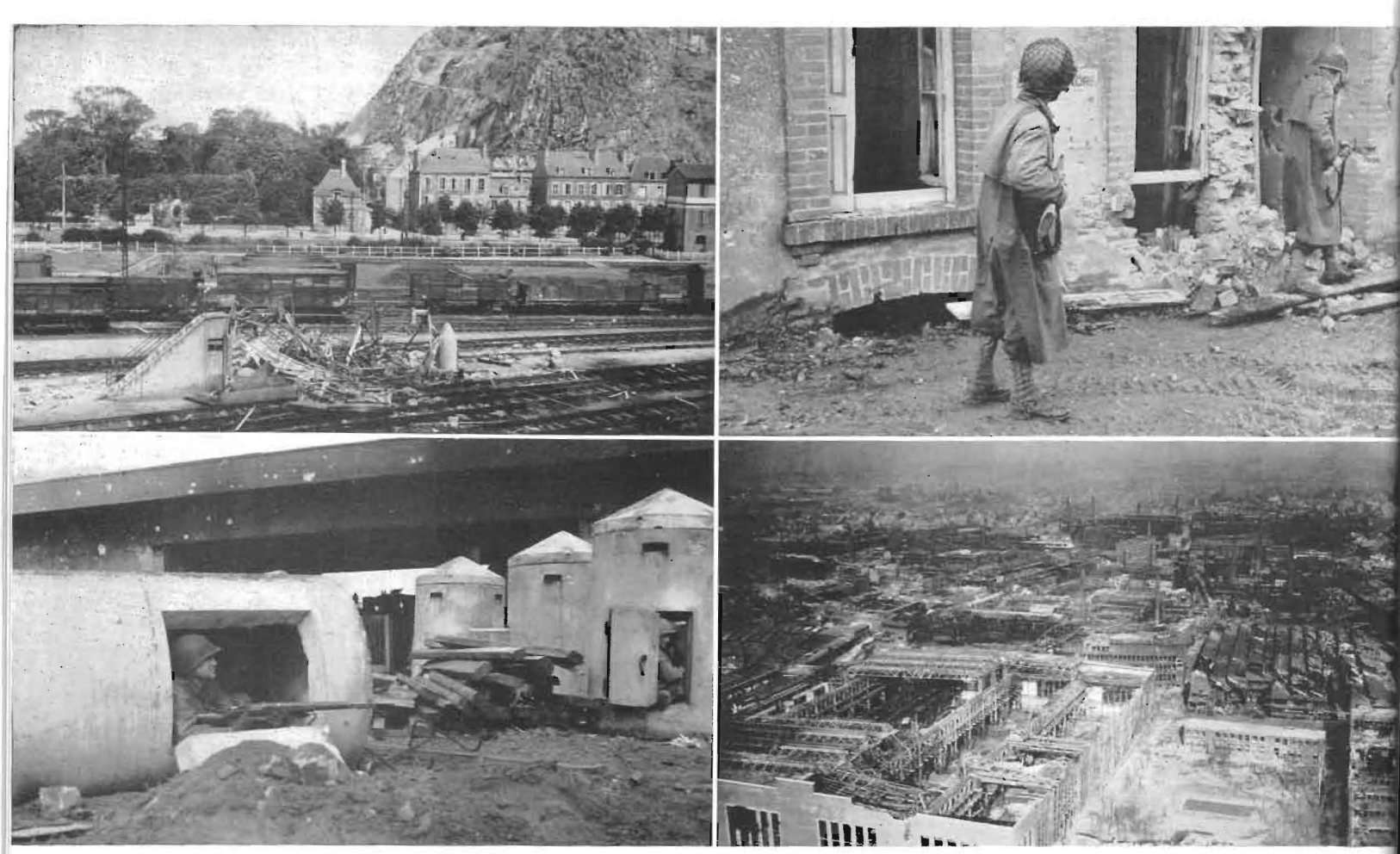

Upper left: Railroad yards in Cherbourg. Upper right: Infantrymen cleaning out the town. Lower Left: German emplacements in a gasoline plant east of Deinslaken. Lower Right: Aerial view of the Krupp Arms Works shows damage in the Ruhr Area.

to reconnoiter positions for them out of the way of the enemy barrages, and again to find an observation post for the artillery and mortars. The second time, his luck ran out. The boys moving up through the hedgerows found him lying where the German artillery had hit. There wasn't much time for sentiment with the attack pushing on. All they could do was leave a note on his body: "Good luck, Jim—The guys in Company B."

There wasn't much time for sentiment, even now. While the squad leaders shaped the new men into their squads and the supply sergeants drew weapons and clothing to replace the inevitable combat losses, the company commanders worked nights writing up citations, awarding combat infantry badges, and putting in the pfc's and sergeants who'd taken over squads and platoons in combat from the four or five hooks that went with the jobs. The 314th's hard-working chaplains took advantage of the chance to hold church services undisturbed by 88's and movement orders—there never was a war like this one for starting its attacks on a Sunday—and the exec officers at last had some mail to censor, not that they'd been hurting for the lack of it. They couldn't have had much trouble with it, though. All that most of you felt like writing about the recent weeks was: "I'll tell you some day when I get back."

On July 17th, Colonel Robinson returned from a meeting at Division CP with the orders for the next regimental move. The destination was a concealed bivouac area near Les Puits Rault, near the Ay River and to the east of the former 79th Division sector. The move was to be made under cover of darkness on the 19th, with the mission of relieving the 8th Division's 13th Infantry on the 21st. In the attack to follow, the 8th Division's 28th Infantry was to cross the Ay River which was hardly more than a swampy creek in their sector and was to take the high ground south of La Bisenterie, while the 314th came up behind to take a line running between le Bocage and la Uilaumerie. The regiment closed in its new area by 0225, July 20th, and the next five days were spent patrolling to the Ay River, while the unit commanders worked over plans for the interchange of supporting fires between the 8th Division and the 314th, come H-hour, which was announced as 0530, July 26.

The sky on the 25th was thick with Allied bombers, 3000 of them, laying the carpet for the

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Upper: Blasted German gun position half way to Cherbourg. Center: 3rd Battalion on outpost duty near Scheibenhardt, Germany. Lower: Members of the 314th sit atop a load of ammunition to be used to back up CT 4.

breakthrough at St. Lo, over to the east. As the ground troops rolled the dazed Germans back westward toward the coast, it was the 314th's assignment to "maintain pressure," as the high brass liked to call it. Next day, the 28th, the Regiment jumped off at H-hour, supported by the combined artillery and mortar fire, and was reported on its objective by 2000. The 314th's 3rd and 1st Battalions were ordered to move up on the right, the 1st to take up positions on the slopes beyond La Banserie, while the 2nd established a bridgehead across the Ay near Pissot.

Moving up, the 3rd Battalion piled into the rear of the 28th Infantry Regiment which was not as far forward as had been reported, and switched off into an assembly area north of La Banserie for the night, while 1st Battalion, crossing the river on the heels of the 3rd, swung west. All three battlions ran into heavily-mined areas in the darkness, the 2nd hitting trouble, too, at its bridgehead site.

The men were used to the wire-strung type mine, but now they came up against the deadly "Bouncing Betsies," technically known as S-mines. These were dug in, with three short prongs protruding above ground, and any slight pressure on the prongs set off a charge throwing the whole mine about shoulder-high into the air, where it exploded, flinging hundreds of steel pellets viciously in all directions. In daylight, the prongs were just barely discernible, but this first meeting with them was in darkness. Mistaking the first blasts for mortar bursts, the men hit the ground, letting off still more, and the medics groping for the wounded became casualties themselves. Able company lost 36 men that night.

Next morning, it was learned that the 28th never had reached its first objective, and the 3rd Battalion veered around to the right of the stalled attack, heading for the la Bocage line, with the supporting armor and the 1st Battalion closing up three hours later. The advance went quickly, and all three battalions of the 314th were on their objectives by 1840. The companies struck some isolated rear-guard actions, and the German artillery was still operating, but the breakthrough that would run all the way to the Seine was under way. Many a mile of marching lay ahead, but the bitter, all-day, every-day fighting of the hedgerow country was over at last.

The assault elements rolled on another 11 miles on the 28th, guiding on the main road south out of Lessay, with the objectives ticking off magically. By 2300, the regiment had closed in an assembly area northwest of Coutances, and Coutances, a week ago, had seemed several thousand miles away. Next day, the companies sat around the area, while

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the 6th Armored Division sped through Coutances on the trail of the fleeing enemy. There was no artillery coming in, no nothing—this was the kind of war a man could almost enjoy.

On the 30th, the regiment took off for another fifteen miles southwest toward Avranches, marching all day till the halt at 2330. On every side was the grim residue of the Air Corps' work, and the sweating gravel-crunchers, who'd shaken their fists at the strafing fighters in the first confusion of the Cherbourg campaign, began to think better of the birdmen. The roads were littered with the wreckage of German convoys, burned-out tanks, broken-backed wagons, and dead horses—piled high where the blown bridges had cut off the enemy retreat. Even to men who'd been in the front row at the demolition of La Haye du Puits, the destruction gave a whole new dimension to the war. Now you could better understand what had happened to those missing German counter-attacks that might have driven the D-day invasion back into the sea. The Air Corps was somebody to have on your side.

The 79th Division, as a unit of VIII Corps, passed over to General Patton's Third Army at midnight, August 1, and made ready to follow the fast-moving 6th Armored Division down the Brittany peninsula, but even as the regiments marched south to join the westward drive on Brest, the port lost its high priority to the chance to exploit the shattered German defenses, and General Omar N. Bradley, the 12th Army Group Commander, notified Brig. General Greer, the assistant division commander, that the 79th's mission had been changed. On August 3, the division would join XV Corps, protecting Third Army's right flank as it wheeled eastward, and drive on the communications center of Fougeres to secure the highway net of which it was the hub. As an interesting sidelight on the speed with which orders changed during the advance, Col. Robinson literally caught the lead man of the regimental column as he was about to turn west towards Brest and started him south toward St. James and Fougeres. Major Schulze, the regimental S-2 grabbed a new supply of maps and stood at the cross roads, passing them out to the battalions as they marched past.

Accordingly, the 314th stayed on its southward course, heading for Pontaudboult and an assembly area south of St. James. Along the roadside, the French people waited to welcome the Americans, their arms full of flowers to pin on the battle-stained GI's, and the rifle muzzles sprouted blossoms as the groggy columns filed down the road. These were a different breed of Frenchmen from the tight-lipped, unfriendly Normans, staring at you from the doorways of their bombed-out homes. These people acted like the French of whom your fathers had such happy memories, these people were glad to see you.

As the 314th made its weary way into St. James, three antiquated French buglers, in uniforms more faded than themselves, stood at attention playing a strange tune to the troops marching past. After you'd listened awhile, you began to recognize it as the Star Spangled Banner, but Francis Scott Key might never have acknowledged it as such. The regiment was half an hour getting to the other side of that town, for the entire population had crowded into the narrow, flower-strewn streets, and the columns had to infiltrate as best they could through the oversized reception committee.

Fougeres was secured early on the morning of August 3rd. The mission of the division, as given on the 3rd, was to set up a defense around the town. Accordingly, the 314th took up positions south and east of town and spent part of the 3rd and most of the 4th digging foxholes, which seemed rather futile, since there were no signs of Krauts. The sedentary life didn't last long, however, because at 0335 on the 5th, the regiment received orders to march on Laval, about 35 or 40 miles to the south and east and the move started at 0800. This sort of thing turned out to be very common during these "rat-race" days.

During this drive to Fougeres and beyond, the 313th Regiment was up ahead, motorized to take quick advantage of the disorganized enemy. On August 5, as it came to the Mayenne River, north of Laval, it ran into a nest of resistance and deployed from the trucks, sending the vehicles back to pick up the plodding 314th. Altogether, that day, the battalions marched ten miles and rode eighteen. The new men groused plenty about the constant movement, riding and hiking across France till all hours of the night, but the veterans of Normandy didn't mind it a bit.

The first strong hint of action came next day, as the 314th was ordered to march to Change, north of Laval, to be committed there. The mission changed en route, however, and trucks rolled up to take the infantry to an assembly area west of Change. At 1115, the 1st and 3rd Battalions attacked along a series of hills leading to the Mayenne, and, at 1540, the 1st Battalion, finding the bridge demolished, started across the river in a flotilla of civilian boats. Once across, the regiment was to establish a bridgehead and sit down to protect it, but the demoralized Germans had no intention of counter-attacking, and the 79th drive rolled on to the next stop, Le Mans.

Again the motorized 313th led the way, and the more mapwise began to talk hopefully of Paris, only 125 miles northeast of Le Mans. The orders kept changing with each move, and, as the columns closed in west of Le Mans on August 8, after some sporadic fire-fights along the way, word came that the 79th, which had been flanked by the 5th Armored and the 90th Divisions on its eastward drive, would be pinched out at Le Mans and revert to Corps Reserve. By midnight of the 8th, the last

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elements of the 314th had checked in at the new area outside Le Mans.

They couldn't have picked a better place to revert, for this was a full-sized city, with a peacetime population of 85,000, and two days there were as good as a pass. As you relaxed at a table in one of the sidewalk cafes, the view of the fair mademoiselles passing by in the summer twilight alone was worth that hike from the Av River line. The first order was to hold the city, which no one minded a bit, but, six hours later, the division was alerted to move north behind the 5th Armored Division, with the 2nd French Armored and the 90th Divisions on its left, to close the southern pincers of the Falaise Gap on the shattered German Fifteenth Army.

The regiment moved out of the Le Mans area on trucks at 0800, August 10. The regimental combat team, at the time, consisted of the 314th itself, the 311th Field Artillery, B Companies of the 749th Tank and 304th Medical Battalions, and a platoon from Company B, 304th Engineers. As the vehicles turned out on the highway, the I & R platoon led off the column, followed by a platoon of tanks and the 1st Battalion. A platoon of Anti- Tank Company and Cannon Company dropped into column, then came the Regimental Headquarters group, 2nd Battalion, another Anti-Tank platoon, the remaining tanks, 3rd Battalion, and still another Anti-Tank platoon, while the other attached units and the supply trains brought up the rear.

The column wound along the hot, dusty road all day, and last elements did not close into the billet area southwest of Bonnetable until 2000. On the afternoon of the 11th, the convoy moved up another ten miles in the wake of the 5th Armored, preparatory to setting up temporary defensive positions south of the Foret de Perseigne. First plans were for the XIX Tactical Air Force to oil-bomb the Foret on August 12, flushing the enemy from blazing woods into the guns of the 314th, but, in those fast-moving days, the best-laid plans were subject to change with short notice. At 1100 of the 12th, the regiment received orders to by-pass the Foret on the right and move on to La Mele-sur-Sarthe.

During the march to La Mele, the 2nd Battalion, whose turn it was to head the column, was strafed by an unidentified fighter plane, and 11 men were wounded, including Major John R. Kurdy, the regimental S-4. Recalling the plane-spotting tests at Camp Phillips, the infantry began to wonder if the Air Corps had a similar course in ground force identification. Northwest of La Mele, the battalions sat down to wait, put in a tranquil two days till 0615 of the 15th, when orders came down from Division for an advance on Versailles and Paris, starting at 0600, already fifteen minutes past.

The XV Corps took off in two columns, with the 5th Armored on the left, and the 79th following up the 106th Cavalry Group on the right. The 314th's cavalcade was on the road at 0900, with battalions aligned in numerical order, and K Company, which had been guarding two bridges across the Orne under Third Army control, rejoining the 3rd Battalion in time for the move. The rear elements ate plenty of dust that day, as the roads were clogged with Allied convoys, and it was 2230 before the companies closed in the new area, near Nogent le Roi, a run of 77 miles.

On the 16th, the 313th and 315th Regiments established bridgeheads across the Eure, while the 314th drew Division Reserve and remained on the western shore. Next day, the boys attended the world premiere of Gary Cooper's latest, "Casanova Brown," and kept a sharp eye out for the Luftwaffe —six planes were shot down in the division sector that day. Around Nogent le Roi was where you began to see the girls sporting wrap-around millinery to cover their collaborateuse haircuts, but the chief topic of discussion was Paris, a paltry sixty miles to the east. The 79th seemed a cinch to be the liberating unit, and the boulevards lined with cheering French beauties loomed like a magnificent mirage.

A mirage was all it would ever be, for, on August 18, orders were received to move north and take over Mantes-Gassicourt, a town about 40 miles west of Paris, and a key point on the German escape routes across the Seine. The enemy was pulling out in haste to save what it could from the Falaise Pocket disaster, and the ferry at Mantes-Gassicourt formed one of a diminishing number of getaway corridors still open to the east. XV Corps, with the 5th Armored on the left and the 79th on the right, was to secure positions southwest of the town, from which to intercept the German columns, and the regiment loaded up at 1300 on the 18th for a thirty-four mile road march to the new positions, digging in at 2300. The breakthrough to the Seine had been accomplished, but morale was drooping on all sides, with Paris a broken dream and a major engagement long overdue after the recent vacation from the war.

MANTES-GASSICOURT AND THE SEINE

The Germans must have been wondering, too, when they'd hit the 79th again, or, had it been vice versa. One officer PW from the German 77th Infantry Division asked an interrogator if it was true that the Cross of Lorraine Division was reserved only for main efforts, as it already had a reputation in enemy military circles as a tough fighting unit. It helped things to hear that the outfit had made an impression on the enemy, even if the American papers didn't seem to know we were alive. And it helped a bit more to hear the August 18 news broadcasts, which placed Third Army units within 30 miles of Chartres, Dreux, and Orleans had already fallen, and, to the northwest, the Canadians had narrowed the Falaise gap to six miles. In the sweeping Allied victory, it was estimated, 11,000 of

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the enemy had been killed, 47,000 wounded, and another 40,000 captured. With the 7th Army's beachheads secured on the south coast of France, the tide was running fast against the Germans.

On the morning of the 19th, a small task force, operating under the direction of Lt. Colonel James P. Davis, the regimental executive officer, pushed into the town of Mantes-Gassicourt to halt any lateral movement of the enemy along the south bank of the Seine, and a platoon of Anti-Tank Company followed to set up road blocks covering the road net. At 1430, while Company A was digging in near the site of the demolished bridge, a German dispatch rider pulled up across the stream. He made the drastic error of pausing there to scan his map for an alternate route, as an Able Company rifleman solved all his problems with a well-placed round. It was broad daylight, and no one knew how many enemy snipers might be concealed on the far shore, but a call for volunteers to retrieve the quarry brought four quick takers in Sergeants Robert Harril and Joseph Tummell, Pfc. Darrell O. Salisbury, and Private Winifred R. Adams. Borrowing a civilian skiff, they brought back not only the cyclist and his dispatch case, but his motorcycle, as well, for personal use.

The enemy reaction to the occupation of Mantes-Gassicourt was slow to develop, and, at 2300 of the 19th, 2d Lieut. Stockridge Bacchus of Company A was sent out with a small patrol to scout the island in mid-river on which the bridge span rested. To avoid the giveaway sound of oarlocks, Lt. Bacchus swam across, pushing his patrol ahead of him in a rowboat, kept right on going to the north bank of the Seine. Unable to return before daylight, the patrol holed up for the day in Limay, some thousand yards from the site of the regimental crossing, and suffered one casualty when Pfc. Edward Everson was killed in a skirmish with some roving Germans. He died a stranger, many miles from home, but despite the chance of German retribution, the grateful people of Limay did not hesitate to bury him in their own village cemetery, in a service attended by almost the entire population.

On that same evening of the 19th on which the patrol crossed, the 314th was alerted for a crossing at dawn, the objective to be the high ground between Follainville and St. Martin la Garenne. Seventy-six assault boats were allotted to the regiment, and Company B of the 304th Engineer Battalion set about marshaling them in a handy lagoon. A river crossing, even unopposed, was a complicated business, with the limited transportation loaded by strict priority, and the foot troops, who were to be the first in the boats, had to be weighed down with ammunition and ra-

Upper: Captain Eugene Kirby, Granite Falls, N. C., talks over SCR-300 to a Rifle Company in the field in the Rohrweiler Area, France. Center: During training 314th had many a march through small streams. Lower: Building a foot bridge over a small river in Germany.

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Upper Left: Moving up into position. Upper Right: Getting a little tank support while digging-in. Lower Left: Company E men playing for the payroll. Lower Right: It's just more digging somewhere in Czechoslovakia.

tions, the heavy weapons and vehicles coming over later on rafts.

The 314th's instructions were to wait either for the go-ahead from Division or until the 313th, crossing to the west, had cleared out east of the proposed landing site. Next morning, the 313th had moved across into its sector without incident, when Able Company, the lead elements of the 314th, shoved off from the south bank of the Seine at 0825. To the men in the assault boats, the wooded heights commanding the beachhead loomed taller than the Alps. You didn't have to be a tactician to realize what ruin a few snipers and machine-gunners could do to a regiment from such a position, for the assault troops, some of whom couldn't swim a stroke, would have been trapped like sitting ducks on a pond. As it was, with the enemy strangely absent, the infantrymen were across by 1100, and with the engineers' bridge in by 1730 in the 313th's sector, the last of the regiment's vehicles were on the north bank well before dusk. Thanks to the Germans, and the fast-moving efficiency of the 304th Engineers, the division lost fewer men at the Seine than it had crossing the Cumberland on Tennessee maneuvers.

Once ashore, the 1st and 3rd Battalions swung east in haste to take up positions along the black top road connecting Limay and Fontenoy St. Pere. As the forward elements of C Company came to the highway, 1st Sergeant "Bunny" Howell spotted two Kraut vehicles coming south, and blasted a bazooka shell into the first one, which was loaded with gas and ammunition. The other, a personnel carrier, had a load of troops, who speedily deployed and the resulting skirmish developed into an all-afternoon fight as more Germans hurried up to reinforce the first. Out of the struggle, 1st Battalion took twenty-five or thirty prisoners, while 3rd Battalion's three rifle companies, on the right, sandwiched half a German company in a pocket and eliminated it, with a score of ten captured.

The two battalions buttoned up for the night on the August 20 line, along the blackstop, while 2nd Battalion remained in reserve behind I Company. In the area around the regimental CP, you could count five 88mm guns and eight multiple 20mm AA guns, with plenty of ammunition. They could have made the landings fairly interesting, if there'd been any crews to serve them, but the Germans had squandered their one opportunity. Evi-

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dently counting on a breathing spell of several days patrol activity before the 79th would cross in force, they had the troops who might have blocked the crossing sitting in assembly areas back from the Seine, and by the time they'd realized their blunder, it was mid-afternoon of the 20th, and the American Infantry was across and looking for them.

To double the enemy's plight, there was the engineer bridge, a massive 40-ton affair, 565 feet long. The corps and division artillery rolled across it all the 21st, and the ack-ack batteries with them, for the span was a top priority target for the Luftwaffe, and the ack-ack crews had hardly dug in before they were manning the guns. That day, alone, they racked up eleven enemy planes in the division sector.

On the ground, the day went more quietly, with the patrols reporting few enemy to the front and the 314th extending the bridgehead 1000 yards to the southeast as a battalion of the 315th took over the southern part of the regimental sector. During morning, a group of 150 Germans was spotted advancing down the river road toward Limay. When artillery failed to discourage them, Company F, supported by tanks and a platoon of Anti-Tank Company, pushed out to the eastern edge of Limay, and the enemy, who weren't quite crazy enough to give away those odds, headed for Berlin in no time after the first barrage. Another small concentration was picked up near Guitrancourt, in front of the 3rd Battalion's positions, and King Company speedily dispersed it, but the real battle for the bridgehead broke that night in the 1st Battalion's sector. At 2030, troops of the 36th GAF Regiment, fresh from Holland, drove south from Drocourt against the 1st Battalion's outposts. It was nearly dusk as they attacked, supported by five Tiger Royals, and one 30-man outpost of Company A was driven back and a few men captured. The other outposts were driven back into the Main Line of Resistance, where the fighting boiled on until after midnight, but the regimental line held firm.

It was an anxious night, though, for the 314th. In two months of war, this was the first real counter-attack in force the enemy had been able to throw against the regiment. There may have been some slight advantage in having an enemy above ground and coming at you instead of crouched in a hedgerow ambush, but the improvement in visibility was discounted in a night attack and their tanks had everyone jumpy. For the optimists who'd been planning to be home for Christmas, or even Thanksgiving, and in one piece, too, after the easy successes of the break through, it was a harsh awakening to run into Germans who not only held and fought but got up and came after you. All that night, men were firing at shadows.

Only the tremendous artillery barrages laid down by Division Artillery and the thirty batteries attached from Corps broke up that first attack, and word went round to the foxholes of a daylight "stand-to", with every man awake and on his toes from an hour before dawn till an hour after it. The German timetable had been well figured. At 0700, enemy infantry and four tanks hit 3rd Battalion from the south, knocked out one TD, and rolled back I Company, forcing L Company to pull back, too, to cover its unprotected flank .

Fortunately, the Germans were using their armor stingily, and sent their tanks back to their own assembly areas after they had overrun I Company's position. No sooner had they pulled out than Item Company, regrouped, swung back with Company B of the 749th Tank Battalion and caught the unsupported German infantry busy taking inventory of the abandoned American equipment. By 1140, the 3rd Battalion's lines were reestablished, and the 314th's PW cage had 65 new tenants. The German dead numbered about the same.

That was the difference that armor made, especially when it consisted of Mark VI Tiger Royals. A direct hit from a 57mm anti-tank gun could only dent the frontal plate, and, to a bazooka man who watched one of his rounds bounce off a Tiger like a ping-pong ball, the story of David and Goliath was never going to be too convincing. Without the tanks, though, the Krauts were less of a problem. When the 1st Battalion's outposts squinted into the mists that morning of the 22nd, there were enemy riflemen lying in the open field without armor awaiting the word to attack. Before it came, the regimental mortars had opened up on them, and the rest was simple for the riflemen in the foxholes. All in all, the score for the day was not too bad, two German tanks knocked out, and a field full of enemy dead and wounded, but there was no more talk in the foxholes of eating the Thanksgiving turkey at home. The war was still on.

With scant prospect of an immediate advance against the revitalized enemy, the CP staffs began to look about them for more comfortable quarters. One platoon of Company A moved into an old chateau back of the 1st Battalion lines, had scarcely bedded down when it was dispossessed by Company Headquarters, but the position remained in company hands no longer than it took the battalion commander to get one look at the set-up. In all this activity, the front lines hadn't moved an inch, and, by the time the forward elements did push on a few thousand yards, Division had taken over the premises.

At 0600, August 24, the XV Corps, including the 79th, went over to First Army control, but no change in the situation accompanied the switch, the companies continuing with the work of laying anti-tank mines and stringing wire against the next German attack, which was certain to be the main event. The Luftwaffe worked over the 3rd Battalion area that day, and, on the left, the 2nd Battalion was held ready in the event of a breakthrough in the 1st

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Battalion's lines, but the only German thrust veered west into the 313th's sector. Not until midnight was the 314th hit, when a Baker Company outpost was driven back from the woods southeast of Fontenoy St. Pere, but the action was small-scale, artillery and mortar fire resorting the positions by 0230.

On the morning of the 25th, Division ordered two patrols sent out to learn whether there were any enemy in the woods confronting the regiment, as if there were some doubt about it. The German G-2 was having his troubles, too. He'd told the assault troops that the American beachhead had been established by an airborne landing, devoid of artillery support, and the first forty-battery barrages came as quite a jolt to all Nazis concerned.

The regimental front was quiet during the night of the 25th, with an occasional flare to spangle the darkness, but the Germans were grouping for the showdown. At 1630, August 26, a battalion of enemy infantry burst out of the woods east of Guitrancourt and Fontenoy St. Pere and hit B Company hard, while five tanks struck further to the right of the battalion sector. At the same time, infantry, unsupported by armor, advanced against the 3rd Battalion lines in an ill-advised shoestring play that cost them wholesale casualites. as the combined artillery, small arms, and 57mm HE fire cut the attackers to shreds and blasted their stubborn attempts to regroup.

Over in the 1st Battalion area, however, the German tanks were on the rampage and the hard-pressed infantry, under direct fire from the tank gunners, needed every round of artillery the observers could call down in support. The anti-tank crews might as well have been throwing rocks at the Tiger Royals as the 57mm shells they were using, their only hope being to rip a tread with a flanking shot, but the gun crews and bazookamen hung on as best they could and prayed for the TD's and the Air Corps to come along. At one point, tank fire set ablaze a haystack beside which 1st Lieutenant Charles D. Crowley of Headquarters Company 1st Battalion had set up one of his guns, and the flames forced the crew to take cover behind a nearby wall. One round of the twenty-one they'd fired had lamed a tank, though, and, as the German tankers tried to escape, Pfc. Myron R. Piatt sprang to the top of the wall, where he stood, spraying the tank hatch with sub-machine gun fire until the enemy's savage return fire brought him down.

In Able Company's area, a tank destroyer gunner had dead aim at an unsuspecting Tiger Royal at 300 yards and made the grave error of missing with his first two rounds. Before he had time to make the correction indicated, the tank's long 88 barrel had yawed around and quivered into position like a compass needle, and the remains were a matter for the ordnance evacuation squad. Another TD evened the score, though, with a flanking shot, and the fury of the enemy attack slowly died away under the steady pounding of the American artillery. While the Germans were at least two tanks poorer at the end of the action, the 314th had lost two anti-tank guns, four jeeps, and a 1½ ton truck, but despite the power of the enemy armor and the blasting of the new type heavy-calibre rockets they threw in, the regimental line had held firm.

Meanwhile, twenty miles ot the north, the British 43rd Infantry Division had crossed the Seine at Vernon, and the 79th, with the bridgehead secure, swung its offensive up in that direction. On the 27th, the 30th Divsiion, which was to form the XV Corps' right flank on the new drive, took over the 315th's sector to the southeast, and the 315th slid left, infiltrating into 3rd Battalion's area on the regimental right. Relieved by this maneuver, the 3rd Battalion moved to an assembly area 200 yards south of Fontnoy St. Pere, and wheeled up on 2nd Battalion's right for the jump-off of the new attack, which was to move out at 1600 from the 1st Battalion line.

To beat a path through the enemy defenses, artillery was massed on the woods ahead of the advance, but 2nd Battalion was brought up sharply by heavy machine gun fire about 600 yards from the Line of Departure, and Fox Company needed tank support to clean out the enemy emplacement. Over on the right, 3rd Battalion drove on up the blacktop road, supported by Company B of the 749th Tank Battalion, and although the route was swept by small arms and direct-fire weapons, the battalion was at its obective at the northern edge of the woods (shown as the August 27 line) by 1745, picking up 15 prisoners on the way. Second Battalion, after its initial setback, closed in alongside at 2150. The woods through which the column advanced were a tangle of splintered trees, dead Germans and their equipment, strewn about like the wreckage of an unearthly storm. After the merciless American barrages, the German batteries were either wrecked or pulling out to the north, and the enemy artillery was silent.

Next day, the 3rd Battalion, supported by nine tanks, rolled quickly into Drocourt, had the town and the ridge to its right secure by 0900, and the 2nd Battalion, with its own armor, swung left to take the high ground northwest of the town. So rapid was the advance that the 314th was out well ahead of its flanking regiments, and the battalions sat down to wait for company. Up ahead, the broken remnants of the German 18th GAF Division, the keystone unit of the Paris defenses, stumbled back toward Germany, destroyed by a grinding week's fighting with the 79th. In that short time, it had lost 1101 prisoners and another 1200 in killed and wounded.

The regimental Prisoner of War interrogator had a field day. One of the PW's was a company first sergeant and he made the mistake of getting

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Upper Left: Across the Rhine into the heart of the Ruhr Pocket. Upper Right: The Medics are right up there with the boys on the Meurthe. Lower Left: The 314th into Germany the first time near Lautenburg. Lower Right: Moving up to take over the town of Charmes, France.

captured with the company roster. As each new PW came up before the interrogator, his name was checked off the roster and finally the interrogators were able, by careful questioning, to check off names of the killed and wounded as well. They prepared the morning report for the company only it went to our G-2 instead of to the Kraut personnel office.

At midnight of the 28th, the 79th was transferred to XIX Corps, and next morning saw CCB of the 2nd Armored Division moving in on the 314th's left flank in place of the 313th. The day's objective lay some five thousand yards to the north, and making it seemed likely to mean another breakthrough. Shoving fast through sporadic resistance, the regiment drove past a huge tuberculosis sanitarium in the woods near Le Tremblay and now taken over by German trained police for a school --and by 1440, the 1st Battalion had reached its portion of the objective, with the 2nd Battalion closing in to the east two hours later. The breakthrough was on, and well ahead of schedule, and a few screaming meemies here and there only made it seem more like a war.

The operational scheme called for the XIX Corps to drive eastward toward the Belgian frontier, the 2nd Armored Division on the left, the 30th Division on the right, and the 79th down the center to the Corps objective. Of the 79th's three regimental combat teams, the 314th was to be on the left, with the 313th to its right and the 315th beyond, and, in that alignment, the regiments moved out at 0800 of the 30th, the vehicles bright with the garish yellow of the air-identification panels. Once again, the I & R platoon led off the column, followed by light tanks and two platoons of mediums loaded with riflemen from the 3rd Battalion, ten men to a tank. After them came a platoon of tank destroyers, Cannon Company, the 1st and 2nd Battalions, and the attached units and trains.

The tank-riding detail was a dirty one, and you recovered your hearing some time next day, but it had the compensations of getting you first into the towns, with first shot at the cheers, the cognac, and the kisses. That also meant that the surviving Germans got first shot at you, but they were too busy saving themselves in most cases to attempt any organized resistance. At Henonville, the column's lead elements caught up with an enemy demolition crew setting off an ammo dump, and although the

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Germans did blow one bunker, the light tanks chasing them overhauled a small enemy convoy in the pursuit, bagged five trucks and a sedan after piling up the lead and tail vehicles. The regimental columns ticked off twenty miles that day, and collected 130 prisoners doing it. Everyone wanted to ask the Germans how much longer they thought Adolf could hold out, but the broken-spirited ones who said "Soon" were not much nearer right than the sullen irreconcilables who muttered "Zwei Jahre."

The first day's march was typical of the days to follow, except that the mileage seemed to lengthen as the spearheads drove deeper into eastern France. After an eighteen-mile warm-up to the vicinity of Mouy on the 31st, the real dash to the Franco-Belgian border began on the afternoon of September 1. With two days to cover that 125 miles, the 79th split into two motorized combat teams, and the 314th took off on division left, its lead vehicles crossing the IP at 1400 and the tail end almost three hours later at 1650. The emphasis was all on speed—strongpoints were to be passed by and dealt with by the secondaries, and the chief worry was the Luftwaffe—ack ack guns had to be manned at all times. There had been some concern over the Somme crossing, with 2230, and the regimental vehicles were rolling over an engineer bridge at 0215 of the 2nd.

In five hours' riding, the regiment had covered over half the distance to its objective, and while the planked seats of the 2½'s had left their corrugated mark on many an aching backside, most of the medics' work was caused by the hospitable French. As you rolled by at forty miles per hour, they had a neighborly way of lobing sickle pears and apples at you that would raise lumps on a light tank. Except for that harassing fire, there was little that resembled resistance, and the sixty-mile march on September 2, with 2nd Battalion leading off the regiment, was equally uneventful. Shortly after midnight, the 314th closed in on its objective, an assembly area northwest of St. Armand, a scant two miles short of the Belgian border. In 72 hours, the 79th Division had covered 180 miles through enemy-held territory, crossed the bridgeless Somme, and closed in perfect order on its objectives. Later, Major General Charles H. Corlett, commanding XIX Corps, called it, in a letter of commendation to Major General Wyche, "one of the fastest opposted advances of comparable distance by an infantry division in warfare."

By way of reward for its hard traveling, the 314th drew three days of rest, complete with hot meals, daily strolls into Belgium, and even a few parties. The break, while appreciated, was not

Upper: Oberhoffen and Bischwiller area in Alscace showing more tank support. Center: An aerial view showing the strength of the Fort De Roule fortification. Lower: A comfortable bed improvised from coach seats—Pvt. Philip Weiner and T-5 Wm. W. Goodfellow sleep peacefully.

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exactly intentional. The enemy had pulled out so fast that the division ran out of gas trying to stay with them, and all the battalions could do was sit still until the supplies caught up again.

CHARMES AND THE MOSELLE

The latter days of August and the early days of September were days of travel for the 79th. When the division reached the Seine on August 18th it was on the east or right flank of the Third Army and the furthest east unit in the American Army. When it started for Belgium, two weeks later, it was on the west or left flank of First Army and only the 2nd Armored Division separated the 79th from the British. When the Division reached the Belgian border, the British cut across its front and cut it off. But meanwhile Third Army had forced east to Nancy and the Moselle and Seventh Army had not yet joined up on its right. The exposed right flank of Third Army needed protection, so the 79th had the mission of traveling from the west flank of First Army to the east flank of Third Army to give the necessary protection to Patton's exposed right flank. The route assigned cut across the supply lines of both armies, but there was little interference with the convoys.

It was early morning of September 7 when the 314th moved out again, and a driving rain made climbing into an open truck at three o'clock in the morning seem like anybody's idea of nothing to do. The division was headed for the cathedral city of Rheims, to join XV Corps there, and the convoy was organized by the numbers, with intervals just so and forty-five minute halts prescribed for each twenty-four hours of travel. It didn't take quite that long to cover the 158 miles, as the regiment was in the assembly area eight miles east of Rheims at 2015, but the well-creased footsloggers unloading from the trucks had learned there were worse things could happen to a man than sore feet.

They had come through Soisson and Rheims en route, both familiar World War I cities, but there was no time allotted for side trips on this run. Next day, the 314th had another 120 miles to cover south along the Marne past Joinville, for one phase of the plan of battle for western Europe depended in part on the speed of this convoy. The German 19th Army, routed from the valleys of southern France by Lt. General Alexander Patch's invading 7th Army, was fleeing back to Germany through an escape corridor guarded by the enemy line anchored to the Moselle River at Charmes, and the Allied plan to slam the door in the face of the German retreat was based on breaching those defenses. The German line ran westward from Charmes through Neufchateau to Andelot, and the 79th, on the left flank of the Corps drive, moved into preparatory positions facing the enemy lines.

The 2nd and 3rd Battalions had set up road blocks on the Cirey-sur-Blaise-Vignory line when orders came through on the 10th for a division drive eastward to seize the west bank of the Moselle, between Charmes and Epinal. At 0800, September 11, the 314th Combat Team, motorized, led off the 79th's seventy-mile drive, the other regiments following on foot, and the 106th Cavalry Group assigned the task of screening the advance from the German garrisons along the way. This time, the 311th Field Artillery Battalion, a company of TD's from the 773rd Tank Destroyer Battalion, and a section of the 79th Recon Group had been added to the veteran breakthrough column, but the lineup was otherwise unchanged, with the I & R platoon in the lead and the 1st heading the three battalions.

The German defenders in Neufchateau, Poussay, and Mirecourt were securely bottled up by the cavalry, although the Neufchateau garrison did lob some ineffective 88's at the passing vehicles, and the only hitch was caused by a weak bridge at Coussey, which held up the advance forty-five minutes until a ford could be located. At Frenille, the convoy swung back north of Charmes to dodge the enemy strongpoints to the west of the town, and at 1915 the 1st Battalion detrucked on the outskirts of Socourt and proceeded on foot through the town. As the Battalion pushed on down the canal toward Charmes the advance elements were fired on by small arms from the outskirts of Charmes and by two artillery pieces located on the heights to the right of town. Patrols quickly pushed down the canal into the city, only to be driven off by small arms fire and darkness. Near Socourt, halfway between Charmes and Gripport, 2nd Battalion took over Hill 376 for the night, while 3rd Battalion, on the reverse slope, kept watch on the road between Socourt and Gripport.

Without realizing it, the regiment had marched across the front of the entire German 16th Infantry Division, as it lay deployed from Neufchateau to the Moselle. The other regiments were held up far behind, with the 313th fighting to clear Poussay, and Combat Team 5 embroiled with the garrison of Neufchateau, which left a good thirty miles of daylight to the 314th's rear. Rather than lose time waiting for the division to consolidate, 3rd Battalion, on the morning of the 12th, sent Item Company out to take the hill dominating the southern approaches to Charmes, but small arms and heavy-calibre direct fire made rough work of it. The company was all morning sweating out the 1500 yards to the foot of the hill, and L Company had to be thrown in to help take the summit, which fell at 1800.

Meanwhile, 1st Battalion, with tank support, was driving into Charmes from the north, with C Company coming due south and B Company slanting in from the northwest. The enemy defenders fought stubbornly, but after six hours of indiscriminate blasting by the tankers, TD's and riflemen—one of the first times marching fire had been applied to street fighting—the battalion had gained the heart of the town. Charmes was split by the Mo-

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selle, though, and just as the vanguard elements reached the bridge connecting the two divisions, the Germans blew it sky-high.

Undismayed by this reverse, the battalion explored for a ford and found one about 800 yards north of the town, began wading across at 1930. As Company G came up from reserve to take over garrisoning the west town from B Company, allowing it to join the 1st's attack, Able Company felt its way down the east bank, but enemy small arms stalled the advance for the night. That evening, 2nd Battalion, which had remained on its hilltop during the fighting in Charmes, moved down to take over 3rd Battalion's old roadblock on the highway to Gripport. During the day, the combat team's air force took a beating, when two ME109's ganged up on one of the 311th's little liaison planes and dropped it in 3rd Battalion's area.

Early next morning, September 13, 1st Battalion jumped back to the attack, and had cleared the balance of Charmes by 0925, meeting scant resistance. Soon after, the engineers had a vehicle ford in operation north of Charmes and a platoon of TD's splashed across to strengthen the eastern defenses. With the regiment still way out on the operational limb, there was ample reason to start thinking of counter-attacks, and the 3rd Battalion set up positions on the big hill south of the city, with road blocks to the west and south, while 1st Battalion patrolled the eastern shore. Along with the city itself, the 314th had acquired an airplane motor repair factory, a train loaded with 350 airplane motors, one 88mm gun, two 75mms, and a 20mm AA gun, all in good working order, but later, when you thought of Charmes, you'd rather remember the cognac, beaucoups of it, the good billets, and the pretty girls.

By this time, the other regiments had finished off Poussay and Neufchateau, but they still had some policing up to do before they closed in near Charmes on the 15th. That was another bad day for the Division Artillery's air arm, as enemy fighters brought down another cub at dusk. To the south, meantime, the 2nd French Armored Division had thrust all the way east to Chatel, on the winding Moselle, and made contact with 1st Battalion patrols at Portieux.

The downing of the observation planes was an indication of the enemy's anxiety to keep its movements undetected, but it was in the French sector that the Germans first counter-attacked, at 1915 of the 16th, sending ten tanks along with the task force, but the attack got no further north than Chatel. Word of it must have reached the uneasy inhabitants of Charmes, however, for they were headed out of town well before the first enemy uprising neared the 314th's positions. It came the following afternoon, but as things developed, the civilians might as well have stayed put, as only four tanks showed on the road from Portieux, and a 773rd T. D. ended the combat career of the lead tank with one round and the other tanks left in great haste.

Rumors of a major counter-offensive had been so prevalent, though, that when a group of 300 unidentified combatants strayed out of woods to the east that were suspected of harboring Germans, the forward observers had a time-on-target blasting raranged before they took a second look. Luckily, they took it before they lowered the boom, for the 300 were a troop of FFI who had legged it two hundred miles from southern France to catch up with the war, and hadn't quite realized how close they'd come to it.

At Charmes both Lieutenant Colonels Purvis and Huff, having recovered from wounds they had received in the hedgerow country, rejoined the regiment. Major Henry F. Koch, who had commanded the 3rd Battalion during the absence of Colonel Purvis and Major Dale D. Hogoboom, who commanded the 2nd Battalion during the absence of Colonel Huff, found themselves executive officers again, happy in the knowledge that they had not let their Battalion Commanders down, and happy, too, to be shed of a grave responsibility.

The battle for Charmes was five days past when Bing Crosby came to town, and the entire regiment, except for the unlucky ones on guard, gathered in the big airplanes factory on the afternoon of the 18th to hear him sing. He brought his own walking scenery with him, to remind you how beautiful the girls grew back home, but his singing alone would have done it, for every song seemed to carry you closer to the happier days when the map of Europe was just another folded page in the atlas. You could have stayed there all day listening, when a voice from the rear broke the spell, telling you all to return to your units—the 314th had been alerted to move out immediately. As you edged down the aisle, Bing was singing "White Christmas," and, of all the times you'd heard the song, that was the one you'd remember.

The alert came through only twenty minutes after the 106th Cavalry patrols northeast of Charmes had spotted 15 German tanks and an infantry column one mile long moving through Vallois toward Gerbeviller. Orders were for the 79th to drive northeast and secure the west bank of the Mortagne between Luneville and Gerbeviller by midnight, and, this time, the 313th and 315th regimental combat teams drew the trucks for a dash to Lamath, while the 314th made it the hard way to Haudonville. Moving out at 1730, the regiment, with the 242nd Field Artillery Battalion added to its attached units, made Moriviller in three hours without opposition, but further reports of enemy near Gerbeviller halted the march until daylight.

Next day, the 1st and 3rd Battalions had the Haudonville area under control by 1000, running

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into some artillery on the way, but Division had another objective waiting to the northeast, Marainviller on the Vezouse, eight miles and two bloody rivers away. The first of the rivers was the Mortagne, close by Haudonville, I Company went across it at 1330 to cover a ford that Company B of the Engineers was filling in for vehicles. The protecting force had a busy time of it, as the river bed proved too soft to take vehicles and the engineers had to lay a steel treadway under the constant threat of enemy attack During the afternoon, I Company finished off two motorcycles, three sedans, and two tanks, and then caught a counterattack by two tanks and some of infantry at 1800, followed by harassing machine-gun fire at dusk. A TD got a Jerry tank and our own bulldozer while we were working on the ford. In the heat of the firing, the TD gunner sighted the tracks of the dozer in his sights and let go. Fortunately the driver had taken to the bushes. The engineers kept at it, had the ford completed by 2000.

It was dark by then, and the orders to take Gerberviller had to wait until next day. That night, the companies were checkered along both banks of the Mortagne, with I and K across on the bridgehead, Love Company back in Haudonville, and 1st Battalion's three rifle companies in a ring south of Gerbeviller, while 2nd Battalion, in an assembly area 2000 yards west of Gerbeviller, completed the regimental semi-circle around the town. The worst part of that crossing was past, but there was plenty worse ahead, and the easiest was never cheaply bought. The Infantry had to carve out bridgeheads from which to cover the engineers. By the time the new bridge was in, and the TD's and anti-tank guns across, the counterattacks had usually come and gone.

At dawn, on the 20th, the 1st Battalion resumed the attack, driving in from the northeast and south, and met slight resistance in Gerbeviller, having the situation in hand by 0745. The population included a genuine French princess, with an elaborate chateau on the terrace of which she had set out graves for two American cavalrymen killed on a recent patrol, but there was little time to see the town. At 1015, the battalions moved out again in column, with the 3rd Battalion leading and the 1st bringing up the rear, en route to Fraimbois and Marainviller.

The march to Fraimbois was entirely peaceable, but Division, reporting enemy in the woods on both flanks, ordered 3rd Battalion to hold in the town until 2nd Battalion came up to take over and

Upper: A five minute break during Tennessee maneuvers in May 1942. Center: Loading operations from barge to truck at Reims, France. Lower: Building up to something better.

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Upper Left: Meeting some friendly French in battle torn France. Upper Right: Aerial view shows German emplacements that the 314th had to break through before entering a community. Lower Left: This aerial photo shows how formidable Fort De Roule was even under aerial and artillery fire. Lower Right: Going through a French farm—wonder which one of the three GI's got the chicken in the background.

1st swung northeast to flush the woods there. In the woods to the right of 3rd Battalion, patrols discovered a large number of German weapons and vehicles, apparently abandoned when our advance did not give the Krauts time to get them across the river. Once 2nd Battalion had the roads blocked on northeast and southeast of town, 3rd Battalion pushed up a kilometer to a position overlooking the Meurthe River, where it was to win its bloodiest victory.

THE MEURTHE RIVER

One look at the river flats could have told you what the price of the crossing would be. Beneath the 3rd's positions on the bluffs were thick woods impassable to vehicles, except where a winding road sloped down to the valley floor, and the flat, marshy plain spreading a thousand yards to the Meurthe was as bald as the palm of your hand, without a scrub of cover to be seen. The river itself was too deep and fast to be easily forded, and the banks beyond offered only the barren prospect of another open plain, against a hostile background of forest that made a perfect screen for the enemy defenders. In all that expanse, the only shelter to be seen was a group of farm buildings on the enemy side, a few hundred yards from the bridge, and all along the eastern shore were emplaced machine guns, mortars, and tanks you couldn't see, from which the German gunners could pin point any movement on the flats or the road leading back up to the reluctant attackers.

At 1630, while the tank destroyers rolled into place on the ridge overlooking the river, a six-man patrol from K Company moved out across the flat to investigate the bridge. For the Germans, it must have seemed like swatting flies to pick them off, and the patrol got no closer than within eighty yards of the river before a machine gunner across the stream drove it back. Trying again in greater numbers, K sent out a platoon of infantry and a platoon of the 749th's tanks to force the bridge, but the enemy's armor, cleverly dug in, knocked out one tank and totally destroyed another, and, though the TD's blasted one of theirs, the infantrymen, bereft of their tank support, had to give up the mission, ending assault operations for the 20th. The 3rd Battalion remained in place on the ridge, with the 2nd guarding the entrances to Fraimbois and 1st Battalion in reserve between Gerbeviller and Fraim-

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bois. Off to the northeast, in Luneville, the 313th's Combat Team probed for a junctional corridor through Moncel on the enemy side of the Meurthe, while the 315th's, in reserve, waited in Gerbeviller. That night, the Germans blew the bridge.

Next day, at 0600, the 3rd Battalion, with K Company on the left and L Company on the right, slid down the bluffs and worked out across the flats, K with tanks to help it, but Love Company's sector was too swampy to take armor. Both companies made it to the river in an hour, against little opposition, and L chanced a small patrol across which returned in one piece. When it tried again with a larger force, though, eight enemy machine-guns opened up from the strongpoint formed by the farm buildings, killing two, and the rest scrambled back across the Meurthe. Lacking tank support, that was as far as the company got all day.

K Company, on the left, had better luck, ferrying the entire company across in one rubber boat when the assault boats were late arriving, and I Company followed along, using the full flotilla and a makeshift bridge. Their immediate objective was the raised road four hundred yards back from the river, and every yard of the way was raked by cross-firing machine-guns and torn by mortar bursts. No company in the world, it seemed, could go over it and live, and even the toehold the companies clung to on the bank was at so heavy a cost that I Company had to fall back across the Meurthe to regroup, only one platoon of K Company remaining behind to hold the slender bridgehead.

The showdown was set for the morning of the 22nd, and a fifteen-minute artillery barrage preceded it. At 0545, K and L Companies moved out again to take the St. Clement-Moncel highway on the further shore. K was soon on its objective, but Love Company was pinned down on the west bank by murderous machine-gun fire from the farmhouse strongpoint. A six-man patrol that tried to cross suffered total casualties and the company was still desperately short of information on the location of fords and enemy defenses in its sector. Where larger groups had failed, Private Claude K. Ramsdail, one of the Battalion's ace scouts, volunteered to go alone, although a gambling man would have laid the limit against his coming back alive. Crawling across the bare terrain to the river, he killed two enemy snipers, then spotted an enemy tank concealed on the opposite shore. Leaping to his feet regardless of the target he made for enemy gunners, he signalled the tank's position to the TD's, which speedily knocked it out, and the same method accounted for a gun emplacement firing on Ramsdail himself.

Wading out into the breast-deep Meurthe, with his M-1 held over his head, he picked out a ford, and, once across, crouched into a zig-zag run from point to point, checking positions and firing into every gun emplacement he found. No man alive could have missed being hit by the fire the Germans were concentrating on him now, and Ramsdail was badly wounded twice, in the arm and the shoulder. Even so, he made his way back across the ford with the bullets kicking up all around him, and the information he brought back was the sort that could make all the difference between a successful attack and a fruitless slaughter. Of the three Distinguished Service Crosses awarded to members of the 314th, two were won by Love Company men at the Meurthe, and one of those two went to Ramsdail.

Despite his death-defying reconnaissance, there remained the problem of getting armored support over to L Company for the crossing, as nothing but tanks could go up against the fire power of those eight machine-guns and blast them out. It seemed hopeless to work tanks through the marshland area, but somehow two managed to push out to the river's edge, and, at 1445, the renewed attack jumped off. The footing was precarious in the rapid current, but Captain Robert L. Pitts, the company commander, formed a human chain to the eastern shore and led his men in the assault, with the tanks up ahead routing twenty-seven Germans from the farmhouses.

The advance soon slowed to a crawl, though, as enemy anti-tank fire from the woods halted the armor and the infantry could make no headway without it. Another stalemate loomed, where a man would be lost if he moved and lost if he didn't, until Staff Sergeant Domenic J. Stagno, who was running a platoon that day, jumped his men up front to break a path for the tanks. The enemy's heavy fire brought them down again fast, but Stagno charged the enemy positions alone, a rifle in one hand and a pistol in the other. Killing three German gunners, he scared nine more into surrendering, and, single-handed, cleaned out the twelve emplacements that were holding up the company advance. He was the second to win a Distinguished Service Cross on the fatal banks of the Meurthe.

Earlier in the day, Captain Charles W. Erdman had led his reorganized I Company back across to King Company's beachhead and swung it to the left for a drive to the highway and the railroad tracks beyond. The enemy was dug in securely on both road and rail embankments, but the Germans hadn't included Staff Sergeant James O. Bishop in their battle plans. A host in himself, like Sergeant Stagno, he led his two squad scouts on a three-man rampage that wrecked five machine-gun nests and an ack-ack emplacement, clearing the highway. As the infantry sifted through a patch of woods to take the railroad tracks, a 75mm anti-tank gun turned loose on them, so Sergeant Bishop, within point-blank range of the German gunners, jumped up to call the shots for his riflemen, whose directed fire had the Kraut artillerymen hunting cover fast, a day's work that won the sergeant a Silver Star.

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Both K and I Companies were on the objective, then, but reports persisted of enemy tanks operating in I's sector, and Colonel Robinson committed F Company from his regimental reserve pool to move in on the left, in case of trouble. As darkness settled on the bloody flats, F and I Companies held the regiment's left flank within the woods, and I Company, after its bitter two days' slugging, dug in along the woods to the right, with K Company switched over to guard the right flank, facing southeast. The other companies closed in across the stream, and the engineers worked through the night to throw a bridge across.

By 0430 of the 23rd, the bridge was in, and the anti-tank protection rolled across it. The day was spent in shifting the companies around to solidify the bridgehead. When patrols returned with word of tanks and infantry up forward, mortar and artillery fire disbanded what concentrations there may have been, and no opposition was met by the ground troops as they pushed forward, elements of the regiment making contact with the 313th's southward drive at 1605. The enemy was evidently withdrawing fast, but the 314th's positions were too tangled to permit a close pursuit. In full possession of the battleground, the companies found time at last to calculate the losses they'd taken for the Meurthe: 26 enlisted men and 2 officers killed, 117 enlisted men and 6 officers wounded, 5 enlisted men and 1 officer missing in action, and an additional 45 non-battle casualties, almost a fourth of a battalion, and the spearheading 3rd Battalion had suffered all but a few of them.

Somehow, the familiar, well-used wording of the Presidential Citation awarded to the battalion began to gleam again as you remembered men like Ramsdail and Stagno and Bishop and all the others—"for extraordinary gallantry, outstanding courage . . . the indomitable fighting spirit and fortitude . . . reflect the finest traditions of the armed forces of the United States"—it had taken all those qualities in abundance to move a battalion out across the Meurthe flats and the river dividing them, when the first glimpse from the western bluffs told you what a death trap it could so easily become.

Later on in the war the third Bn. was awarded a Presidential Citation for its work at Fort du Roule and Cherbourg, thus becoming the only unit in the Cross of Lorraine Division to be so cited twice.

Commendation:

(1) 3rd Battalion—Presidential Citation.

FORET DE PARROY

The way to Marainviller stood open now, and Company A had set up in the town by 1430, September 24th, the other rifle companies of 1st Battalion following as far as the edge of the Foret de Mondon, astride the Fraimbois-Marainviller road. As they moved up, they passed the sad remains of the drive some thought might have won the war in September —six light tanks, three assault guns, and a squad of jeeps, abandoned there by the 2nd Cavalry for lack of gas, back in the days when the disorganized Krauts were running for the far side of the Siegfried defenses and a man could drive across the Meurthe without drawing a shot—days that were only a few weeks past.

On the 25th, an Able Company platoon crossed the bridge at Marainviller to explore the fringes of the ominous Foret de Parroy, eight hundred yards away, but the mission was disrupted by small arms and mortar fire from the woods. The Germans were not showing their full hand yet, being content to wait out the American attack, but all G-2 sources were agreed that the forest was held in strength. There'd be no doubt about that, soon. Meanwhile, the regiment was ordered to remain south of the Vezouse and continue its patrols.

With another river crossing imminent, 1st Battalion worked over the stream on either side of Marainviller for likely fords, found the river was too deep and swift in most places. A try near town drew small arms fire, which wasn't promising, and a second patrol east of Marainviller brought back a negative report. When it crossed the bridge again to check some houses to the right, small arms discouraged further investigation, and, all the while, artillery fire was dropping into town.

Late on the night of the 26th, the field order for the new attack came down from Division: the XV Corps was to clear the Foret de Parroy, the 79th Division attacking on the left and the 2nd French Armored Division on the right, after the XIX TAC had sent its dive-bombers to soften up the enemy defenses. The division's first plan was to use the 315th and 313th in the northeastward drive, while the 314th remained in reserve on the southern flank, in the Foret de Mondon. From there, the battalions were to be ready to cross the Vezouse at either Chanteheux, Croismare, or Marianviller.

H-hour was tentatively set for 1300, September 27, but bad weather held up the air preparation, and a half hour before the attack had been originally planned to jump off, the regiment received word to resume defensive positions along the Vezouse from Marainviller to Croismare. By 1600, A Company was back in Marainviller and F Company in Croismare, the balance of the 2nd Battalion on tap on the northwest edge of the Foret de Mondon. The Autumn rains were setting in by then, and the cold was bad enough already to give an idea what misery real winter would bring.

The big air show went on the morning of the 28th, seventy-five minutes of heavybombing, but the tactical results, as PW interrogation later indicated were negligible, and the psychological prof-

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Upper Left: The 314th in the Bein Woods between Scheibenhardt and Buchelberg. Upper Right: Heavy Machine Gun emplacement on the Forward Protective Line in the Bein Woods. Lower Left: Blasting open some of the entrances of Fort De Roule. Lower Right: Hedge-row fighting was a hard and tedious process.

its were even less, for most of the German troops in Parroy were veterans of the 15th Panzer Grenadier Division, and, after Sicily and Italy, dive-bombing was nothing new to them. About the only real gain was in the morale of the assault troops waiting to jump off, as they watched the bombers peel off to give the opposition hell. At 1400, two hours after the bombardment, the 313th and 315th attacked.

Things were quiet in the 314th's sector that night, a 2nd Battalion patrol located a ford near Croismare for future use. At midnight, XV Corps went over to the 7th Army, the third of the three American armies committed in the ETO to which the 79th had been assigned, but the paper change did not affect the stolid Panzer Grenadiers waiting in the Foret de Parroy. The river towns caught some random artillery and mortars on the 29th, and Division ordered patrols sent out by both forward battalions to cross the Vezouse after dark and prod the forest approaches for possible enemy. The other regiments of the 79th had none of that uncertainty, for they were already in the woods and heavily engaged by German armor and infantry.

Early morning of the 30th, as the patrols continued to report increased enemy activity across river from the regiment, Colonel Robinson and Major Hillier attended a meeting at Division CP, where they received the orders for the 314th to drive across at Croismare and join the division attack on the Foret de Parroy. The battalion breakdown called for the 2nd Battalion, backed by Company B, 749th Tank Battalion, and a platoon of TD's to push ahead on into the woods facing Croismare, with 3rd Battalion following and veering right along side the 2nd, while 1st Battalion in Marainviller laid down a smoke screen to its front and went through the motions of of attacking there. Artillery support was worked out at the 314th CP by Generals Wahl and Ott, commanding Division and Corps Artillery, respectively, and the battalions made ready to move out that afternoon.

H-hour was tied in with the progress of the other regiments, however, and both of them were catching hell, running into vicious counterattacks after every small advance. As the battalions waited, word came back that the jump-off had been postponed till morning of October 1. In three days'

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fighting, the 313th and 315th had shoved about a third of the way laterally through the Foret de Parroy, moving eastward, and no doubt remained in anyone's mind as to the enemy's determination to cling to his forest defenses. To hold the line, he had assigned the 15th Panzer Grenadier Division and the 113th Panzer Brigade, case-hardened and aggressive fighters, and a constant flow of reinforcements poured into them from other sectors, thrown into the line almost as soon as they arrived. The Germans seemed not to have read the authorities who minimized the usefulness of tanks in heavily wooded terrain, for the forest was alive with tanks and assault guns and, in almost every counterattack, the men in the foxholes saw what looked like whole herds of Mark IV's lumbering down the trail and firebreaks blasting pointblank at them.

It was into such unmerciful warfare that the 2nd Battalion jumped off at 0615, October 1, after forty-five minutes of artillery preparation. The attack gained ground fast, at the start, and both G and F Companies were at the edge of the woods in little over an hour. In another hour, the forest had swallowed them, and E Company forded the river to follow them in. The artillery barrage had stirred up heavy counter-fire, by then, and both Croismare and Marainviller, down river, were under heavy shelling as 3rd Battalion started acrorss at 0930. Up ahead, the 2nd Battalion, after a 1400-yard gain which included sixteen prisoners, halted at noon, one tank poorer, to let the 3rd catch up.

By 1430, the battalions were even, and they moved out together, meeting only scattered resistance until they buttoned up for the night two hours later. They held a line 1800 yards within the forest, from which they established contact with the 313th, over on the left, at 1955, and they'd taken relatively little punishment getting that far, but the easy going was over. In Marainviller, meanwhile, the 1st Battalion, replaced in Corps Reserve by the 313th's 1st Battalion, had sent B and C Companies across the Vezouse to take up positions on the regiment's right flank, just inside the southern fringes of the Foret, preparatory to clearing out the southern spur of woods known as Les Grands Bois. Between the forward companies and A Company, back in Marainviller, Anti-Tank Company had set up a road block near Beaulieu Farms.

That night, the enemy poured in the artillery, and the 314th's veterans, who had been through the bitter hedgerow fighting of Normandy and the savagery of the Meurthe bridgehead, found themselves in for something worse. In the woods, each

Upper: Infantry foot bridge gives way as four medics are carrying casualties across the river. Center: Troops of the 79th Division crossing the Rhine 24 March 1945. Lower: These forward observers relax in a dugout after aiding in knocking out two enemy tanks.

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incoming shell sounded as if it were headed straight for you, even when it hit two hundred yards away. The night was loud with the rending crash of tree bursts—a man above ground had no chance at all when the shrapnel ripped down, and a foxhole without a lid was little more protection—and hidden by the uproar of the artillery was the silent rush of the mortars that you never knew were coming till too late. As you crouched in the sodden chill of your foxhole, the swish and blast of the stuff coming in was almost better than the silences, when each slight rustle became a Kraut patrol in your groggy imagination. The dawn you ached to see was little relief, for the dim light barely filtered through the heavy-lidded forest, peopling the dank underbrush with phantom enemies, so that a man would suddenly empty a full clip into a tree stump he'd been staring at for hours.

October 2, at 0800, the regiment attacked again, driving through the woods for the west edge of a clearing about 1000 yards ahead. K Company, leading 3rd Battalion, made the objective in forty minutes, meeting little trouble, except from the woods themselves. To leave the trails was like clawing your way through a monster briar patch, and the trails themselves and the firebreaks—ten-yard-wide aisles to split off the forest—soon turned into shin-deep quagmires under the October rain. Over such terrain, the 3rd Battalion still managed to keep together to the clearing, but when K and L Companies tried to work a platoon across the open space, a storm of enemy fire soon changed their minds.

2nd Battalion also made good progress during the morning, guiding left to pinch out the hard-hit 313th, but, as it backed around to attack due east, it was snagged by a set of German machine-gun emplacements. Lacking elbow room to maneuver a full-scale attack, it was decided to send G Company around to the left through the 313th's sector and slip E Company through the narrow gap between the converging regiments. G Company got as far as Hill 286 before it stalled, and, just as Easy Company stuck its nose out ahead of the 313th's lines, it was smacked by an enemy attack and had to pull back to the 313th's right rear to reorganize.

By now, it had become apparent that the keystone of the enemy defenses in the Foret de Parroy was the main supply crossroads on the regimental boundary line, about 300 yards ahead of the October 4th line and the 3rd Battalion, leaving a minimum force to engage the Germans guarding the clearing, swung the balance of its companies left to augment the 2nd's drive against the strong point. 1st Battalion, to the south, ran into a company of infantry, well dug in, before its sweep of Les Grands Bois had fairly started, and was ordered to hold up, now that the emphasis of attack had shifted to Cross Roads 709. That night, about 2230, E Company got orders to swing around back of the 313th to plug a gap widening between the 315th and the 313th.

2nd Battalion's attack, set for 0600 of the 3rd, was held up fifteen minutes by fog. When it got under way, E and F Companies, slanting together like the two arms of a V drove northward up the ridge line to clean out the enemy pocket blocking the 313th and made contact with the 315th further on. Wheeling eastward as they passed through the point elements of the 313th, the companies caught the enemy by surprise in a flank attack and took the position before 0800, along with 17 prisoners. It was a bright beginning for an overcast day, and the two companies, now moving in conjunction with the 315th on Easy's left, pushed on along the boundary road for 150 yards, where a hundred-yard road block, contrived of felled trees and strongly defended, halted the rush.

E Company sat down to wait for the light tanks to come forward and silence the three machine-guns guarding the block, while Fox Company kept driving on the right another 200 yards. There they surprised a group of fifty Germans moving to new positions across their front, and, after the infantry had killed an officer and six men, the medium tanks rolled up to spray the woods, soon had the surviving enemy headed for the rear areas. At 1600, the battalion was back in alignment, with E on the left, F in the center, and G on the right, as the three companies jumped off together. Within an hour, F and G were on the objective, and E Company only 150 yards short of it, and the battalion buttoned up for the night. Over on the right, the medium tanks set up a trail block, while the light tanks, stymied by the hundred-yard road block, swung off in a long loop through the 315th's area to find positions protecting the regiment's left flank.

The only serious action had come that morning in B Company's sector, where it tied in with K Company on the 3rd Battalion right. At 0900, a company of infantry, supported by direct-firing tanks, drove down a fire break and folded back B Company's whole front, but C Company, on the right, held fast, halting the advance. Even so, a considerable dent in the lines resulted, as K Company had to bend back its right flank to keep contact with Baker, and the lost yardage balanced in part the gains made by 2nd Battalion to the north.

Either way you went, forward or back, meant hacking a new hole through the ancient tree roots and forging for thick overhead cover to make a lid for it against the tree bursts. Even after you'd dug in, the shell fragments ripping through the air were likely to get you through the entrance gap you'd left. As cold and wet as you got in the soggy darkness of the forest, you couldn't have slept anyway, so you squatted there, imagining that every crackle and

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murmur you heard was an enemy patrol that had slipped past the outposts, for the Germans here gave as good as they got, and the woods at times seemed to be crawling with them. Each day it rained, the supply trails grew deeper in mud, and the ammunition details forgot there had ever been such a thing as firm ground underfoot. Helpless in the slop, the ambulances had to wait back on the main roads for the casualties, which meant more litter bearers were needed, and men got scarcer with each enemy counter-attack. That could make as much as an hour's delay in evacuating the wounded, and some of them didn't have the hour of life to spare.

You thought of that, and wondered if the next one would be you. Overhead, the artillery split into the trees like a giant axe, and in the sudden silences which followed, you could hear the measured spatter of rain on the mat of fallen leaves beside your hole. Maybe you couldn't remember sleeping, but, all too soon, it was time to go back on guard again. The pressure was unrelenting, it seemed never to end. Patrols prowling through the forest maze never knew whose lines they were behind, and lead scouts, veterans of a score of patrols, would blow up under the constant strain without an enemy near. The companies grew jittery with the sum of each man's fears, so that Colonel Robinson, coming down the line to check positions, found more than one shakey young company commander he had to ease back from the brink of giving way. Each day, the combat fatigue losses climbed.

The big try for Crossroads 709 was set for 0700 on the 4th, but just as the companies prepared to jump off, four Mark IV tanks and a company of German infantry drove through the woods into 2nd Battalion's front. Two of the tanks headed into E Company's lines, and Sergeant Joseph Dries, waiting by the trail with a bazooka, allowed one of them to come within five yards of him before he fired. His first round did for the tank, which was so close by then that rocket fragments ricochetted and nicked him about the head, but one tank wasn't four and the others slammed into the battalion positions, four of them veering left into G Company's line. Riding up to the lips of the foxholes, they blasted the helpless riflemen at that murderous range, and both E and G Companies took heavy casualties before the attack was finally blocked.

The rest of the morning was spent in reorganizing the battalion for a new attack. It was timed to coordinate with the 315th's jump-off at 1300; Fox Company, with tank support, was to swing north in an attempt to cut behind the crossroads strongpoint, while the battalion's other companies threw in supporting fire. As soon as the tankers turned over their motors, though, enemy tanks opened direct fire down a forest alley on both the tanks and G Company, and a simultaneous concentration of mortars completed the disorganization. Before the assault companies could regroup, an enemy counterattack piled into the boundary sector between E and G Companies and punched a hole clear through the wavering lines. Only by throwing in 2nd Battailon's Headquarters Company and the heavy weapons men from Company H was the gap mended, and, though the fighting simmered down about 1700, it left a sorry sag in the battalion line. With its normal reserve committed,the 2nd had to borrow a reinforced platoon from Able Company that night for a new secondary defense.

The other battalions remained in place, while this small battle was being fought to the north. That night the regiment received the welcome orders to hold fast on the 5th, while the 315th looped around to the left to outflank the stubborn crossroads defenses. At 1300, the 2nd Battalion turned loose all available fire to divert the enemy from the flanking maneuver, but, otherwise, the companies set tight, listening to the jump of Corps Artillery's barrage pounding the enemy ahead and the shuttling scream of the German's counter-fire. Able Company, still in reserve, sent up another platoon during the afternoon to plug a gap between Fox Company and Company L on the left flank of the third Battalion.

With the Germans filling the air with artillery, no one strayed far beyond diving distance of his foxhole those days, but still the rumors went the rounds. They had a couple of beauts to mull over, one that the Foret de Parroy was Adolf's pet woods, where he fought in the last war, and he had ordered it held this time at all costs, and the other, a quote from a captured German colonel that the Americans hadn't taken the forest in the last war, and this one would end with them still trying. More authoritative, and more encouraging, too, were the G-2 reports that the 104th Panzer Grenadier Regiment defending the sector had already been badly chewed up and was fast becoming a patchwork of reinforcements.

The lull in activity continued through the 6th, as patrols went out to locate likely spots for employment of TDs and tanks in the forthcoming offensive. Up on First Army's front, the newscast reported, a major breach had been opened in the Siegfried Line at Aachen, and Third Army units were fighting a nightmare war in the winding tunnels of Fort Driant at Metz. Back in the States, the St. Louis clubs were in the thick of an intra-city World Series, but no one was running an innings pool in the Foret de Parroy.

On the 8th of October, as Corporal John D. Kelly of Easy Company, one of the heroes of Cherbourg, received the Distinguished Service Cross from General Wyche at the 2nd Bn. CP—an award that

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was later raised to the Congressional Medal of Honor—the regiment received its orders for resuming the attack, scheduled for the morning of October 9, Crossroads 709 remaining the objective. That evening, the Germans tried another counter-attack against the 2nd and 3rd Battalions, employing two tanks with infantry, but a brace of normal barrages silenced the German armor, and the foot troops soon withdrew.

The October 9 attack moved out at 0650, with E and G Companies abreast and a driving rain turning the water-soaked earth into a bog. The objective lay only two hundred yards ahead, but a yard in that tangle of mud and briars was worth a mile of open ground. In little over an hour, E Company hit dug-in infantry, backed by tanks, on the west side of the crossroads clearing, and G Company, which had moved out on the right, swung left, reversing its field in an enveloping move, while Company F, further to the right, looped wider still to strike north and cut the arterial road behind the Germans from the other direction. Both jaws of the miniature pincers sliced across the objective road, and, at 1300, Fox Company started a platoon with tanks down the road to catch the Germans from the rear. Meanwhile, Easy Company drove across the clearing which had checked its advance, finding a house full of wounded enemy at the far side of it, and, at 1530, the jig was up for Crossroads 709. With its fall, the enemy's last hope of holding the Foret de Parroy went a-glimmering, and the bleary-eyed 2nd Battalion, which had carried the brunt of the 314th's drive, pulled out, leaving the pursuit of the retreating Germans to the recommitted 313th. The story of the last big fight for Crossroads 709 would not be complete without recalling to mind the picture of Colonel Huff's O.P. that day. He and his staff carried on the direction of the fight from under the combined shelter of the command tank and command TD for the operation. On top of the vehicles stood Tank Commander Captain Wood and TD Commander Captain Patterson, screaming into their respective radios, trying valiantly to keep their armored monsters from shooting each other up, as tanks and TD's from both the 315th and the 314th converged on the Crossroads from three different directions. They earned the drink of Cherbourg cognac and the Bronze Star Medal they got that day. Six months after the war, Colonel Robinson met in Germany Baron Von der Borch, who commanded the 15th Tank Grenadier Division Units in the Foret de Parroy. In discussing the battle with the Colonel, the German Commander remarked, "If you found it bad in that forest, how do you think we found it? It was

Upper: Crossing the Rhine River 24 March 1945. Center: Moving up to the bank of the Rhine preparatory to boarding assault boats for the crossing. Lower: Medics carrying a casualty acrorss the Rhein-Herne Canal.

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hell! My units were so cut up that they were of little use in subsequent actions against the British in Holland."

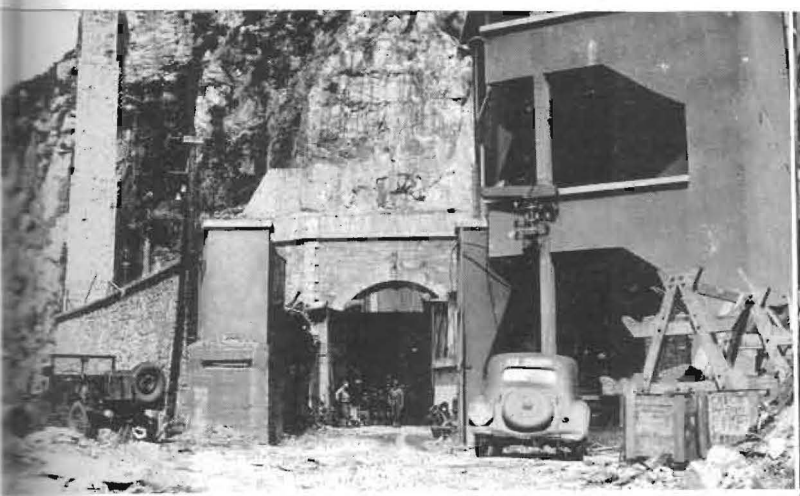
MANONVILLER

As next day's patrols and PW questioning both indicated that the enemy had withdrawn all along the line, 1st Battalion took off through the southeastern bulge of woods that had been its original objective, setting up a line on the southeastern fringe facing toward Marainviller. 3rd Battalion met no opposition, either, as it swung up 1000 yards to the east of the 1st's positions, but the Germans had strewn their trail with anti-tank, and anti-personnel mines, and casualties still were heavy.

On the 11th, the 2nd Battalion withdrew to an assembly area near Croismare, and the other battalions, finding no enemy to hinder their progress, took up positions on a line north from Manonviller to Fort de Manonviller. The fort was an ancient French pile, big enough to hold a regiment and situated to command the countryside. Properly garrisoned, and guarded as it was by high walls and moats, it might have given a division trouble, but the Germans, in their haste to vacate the area, chose not to defend it.

The regimental mission was to keep in contact with the enemy, but the 3rd Battalion found none to contact on the 12th as it shoved its lines forward a few hundred yards, and the 1st moved up over half a mile to the four hills called Les Quatres Mamelons. The war improved, once you moved it out in the open and took away the enemy to a safe distance, and it was easier to understand the cheerful Frenchmen down in the 2nd French Armored's sector, who shrugged at any minor military disaster which might befall them and told you: "C' est la guerre." Normal military procedure was not for them. In the heaviest artillery barrages, they still wore their little red berets, and the jeeps their contact-patrols drove up to the 314th's outposts were apt as not to have a freshly-slaughtered hog draped across the hood and a miscellany of frying pans, pots, and quilts dangling over the stern. No one could ask for gamer fighters, but a general with strong convictions about his offensive timetable did well to watch his blood pressure when he was waiting for them to move out of whatever town they landed in.

Upper Left: Th 314th taking over Fort De Roule. Upper Right: On the water enroute to Europe. Lower Left: Taking a little rest before the boys move out. Lower Right: One of the Forts at Cherbourg which fell to the 314th.



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Once they were rolling, they'd drive against anything the Germans had, but first they had to be sure they'd taken care of all the available cognac and champagne, not to forget the mademoiselles. They never forgot the mademoiselles.

On the morning of October 13, the regiment was alerted to move out on the attack again, H-hour being 1300. The 314th left boundary was the railroad line from Marainviller to Avricourt, and the 3rd Battalion was ordered to guide along the ridgeline, while the 1st Battalion drove off to the right, the 2nd remaining in reserve at Fort de Manoviller. The Regimental objective, divided between the two assault battalions, was a ridgeline stretching from elevation 276 to 306.

The companies jumped off on time, augmented by an over-sized tank company from the 749th and a company of the 773rd's tank destroyers, and the advance met no opposition in its first hours. About 1600, the 1st Battalion stirred up some small arms fire in the woods near its objective, and I Company, closing in toward the railroad station an hour later, hit resistance there. L and K Companies moved up on either side, and the 3rd Battalion buttoned up for the night on that line, facing east, while the 1st Battalion, with its three rifle companies arrayed in letter order, tied in by patrols with the 315th on the southern flank.

The early going had been easy, but the terrain was spongy with rain, and the dwindling supply trails lost their identity in a sea of mud as the advance continued. The chow jeeps careened over the ruts each day with meals and ammunition, but bed rolls, even when you could get to them, were soggy and useless, and sleep was possible only in the advanced stages of exhaustion. Short of that, you huddled in your raincoat in a foxhole puddle—morale was something a man with a wet backside knew nothing about—and wondered how much colder it had to get before people called it winter.

Next day, Oct. 14th, 3rd Battalion was ordered to bypass the railroad station strongpoint, containing it if necessary, and drive on to its objective, which was more easily said than done. Item Co. was stopped cold by machine-gun crossfire coming at it from emplacements protected by a carpet of mines and booby-traps, overlaid with barbed wire and concentration wire, and the tanks had to come up to break a path for the infantry, the advance getting under way again about 1255. By 1650, the three companies, L, K, and I, had established a line beyond the railroad station running south toward the 1st Battalion's position. Colonel Robinson and General Wyche were at Col. Purvis' OP when a German patrol passed within 100 yards of it. The patrol was later routed by M Company men, little knowing it had passed up a plum. A platoon from G Company was set up as a stop-gap between the two battalions, but the balance of 2nd Battalion remained in reserve, contrary to the original plan, which had called for it to follow through in strength and block the center of the regimental line as 3rd Battalion veered northeast.

The regiment was ordered to dig in on the 15th, consolidating its positions, and G Company, in its entirety, moved up between the 1st and 3rd Battalions, each of which pulled back a rifle company into reserve to fortify its thinly-spread line. As G Company took over, it bagged a whole platoon of enemy, but other action was limited to patrols, which brought back word that up ahead was a regiment of the 15th Panzer Grenadier Division, another of whose units had tangled with the 314th in the Foret de Parroy.

They were still a cagy, agressive enemy, as they soon demonstrated. The standard works on armored tactics agreed that tanks were too vulnerable in night fighting to be effective, but the Germans must have thrown the books away. Mounting a small task force of tanks and infantry, they slammed into G Company's line at the outlandish hour of three-thirty o'clock in the morning, on October 16, and the overmatched riflemen, after a costly two-hour scrap, had to fall back. The enemy gain was short-lived, however, as Fox Company, coming up from reserve, counter-attacked at dawn with tank support, taking forty-five prisoners, and G Company was back in its old line by mid-morning. It had good reason to give ground under the enemy assault, for the German prisoners admitted they had used twelve tanks and two companies of infantry in making the breakthrough.

If sleeping had been difficult before, it became impossible now, for the rain fell faster than you could bail it out of the hole, and there was this new threat of another armored counter-attack at any time. On October 17, in the early morning hours, the Germans tried it again, this time with nine tanks and almost a battalion of infantry, and G Company, which was once more the target for attack, had to run for it. It seemed purely a harassing move, though, for when Fox Company drove through at daylight to regain the position, the Germans had already withdrawn. Later in the day, E Company moved in to relieve George Company's battered platoons, and caught Germans digging in to its front, and captured 49 of them.

About this time, the rumors began to drift forward of a new division, the 44th, fresh from the States, moving up to take over from the hard-worn 79th. The 79th had had 127 days of combat without a rest period, which, if it wasn't already a record for American army units, would soon become one, and while not many of the line company men had been lucky enough to stay up there all that time unscathed, even the replacements who had come in as

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recently as Parroy were groggy enough to need a break. Before they'd get it, though, the regiment had one more job to do, one more objective to take, the high ground between Points 305 and 306.

To bring the regiment up level on that line required a wheeling maneuver, as the right flank was only a few hundred yards from it, but the left sector of the objective was distant enough to demand a full-scale attack. By way of preparation for it, the 114th Regiment, 44th Division, moved up the evening of the 19th to take over 1st Battalion's sector on the extreme right, and the 1st, which was to make the long haul up the railroad tracks to Point 306, shifted over to an assembly area 2500 yards southeast of the railroad station. From there, it was to take off at H-hour, timing its advance to pass the depot as 3rd Battalion on the right, hit Le Remabois, and continue up the tracks, which furnished the only avenue of attack in a heavily-wooded area. 3rd Battalion, after taking Le Remabois, would keep going to the center of the objective in Bois le Remabois, while 2nd Battalion, leaving E Company to guard the southern anchor at Point 305, followed up the 3rd, setting up defensive positions along the path of advance.

H-hour was set for 0635, October 21st, and while L Company spent part of the 20th clearing a patch of woods to be used either as a screen or a springboard for the main effort, the rest of the regiment remained in place. Everyone knew now that once this objective was taken, the 44th was to take over and the 79th to go into Corps Reserve for a break, and all days the stories went through your mind of pilots who'd flown that one mission too many —it would be just your luck to catch one the last day up there, with a vacation finally due.

The attack on the 21st had to wait a half-hour for the tanks to show up, the terrain having become all but impassable behind the 314th's lines, but the battalions moved fast once they were under way. In less than an hour, L Company, the 3rd Battalion's spearhead, was inside the Bois le Remabois, and I and K Companies were only another hour behind. In the woods, they ran into a storm of mortar and small arms fire, but, before 1300, they were seeing daylight through the eastern fringe of the Bois, and the objective was soon taken, 2nd Battalion filling in the line back to point 305.

To the north, 1st Battalion started its attack, losing two of its supporting tanks to mines in the first minutes after the jump-off, but Able Company, in the lead, kept rolling, and was sitting on Point 306 by 1145. The high ground the battalions had taken was inlaid with trenches and pillboxes left over from the first World War, and the companies crowded into them for shelter from the German mortars and artillery. This was no time to be taking a chance on your life with the game in hand and relief due any hour, and the bottom your foxholes seemed hardly deep enough. 1st Battalion outposts spotted enemy infantry and tanks milling around in front of them, but artillery fire soon changed whatever plans they might have had, and the only semblance of an enemy attack came at noon of the 22nd, as a small enemy patrol broke through a gap in the woods between I and L Companies. A Platoon from C Company quickly plugged the opening, and two of the Jerries were killed behind the lines, the other six captured.

Next afternoon, under cover of a thick fog, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions were relieved by their opposite-number battalions in the 44th Division's 71st Infantry. The new troops coming in were a haplesslooking crew, laden down as they were by full field packs, overcoats, extra shoes, and all the other AGF impedimenta you so quickly learned to do without, but even so, they were a welcome sight. The 3rd Bn. officers' loss on the day of relief was heavy. Maj. De Bruhl, Bn. S-3, Capt. Erdman, I C.O. and Lt. Dooley, K Company C. O. were all wounded seriously although fortunately all recovered, but never again rejoined. Colonel Purvis said later that the loss of these brave officers gave him one of his darkest days. A cadre of officers and enlisted men was left behind with them for a day's duty as advisors on the local situation, but the rest of the two battalions wasted no time pulling out. With the 1st Battalion temporarily attached to the 315th Infantry, Colonel Robinson's responsibility for the Regimental sector was at an end.

On the following day came the 1st Battalion's turn for relief. The first lap of its trip to Luneville was an anxious one, for the railroad tracks down which it filed was "Artillery Alley," under pounding twenty-four hours a day by the Germans, and festooned here and there with booby traps and mines. As you shuffled over the ties, with one ear cocked for stuff coming in, you could better understand how the poor Joe felt who'd come back up the tracks to the company from a twelve-hour trip to the rear with a PW detail, during which he'd sweated ink, only to find another batch of Krauts waiting for him. They looked like so many albatrosses to him, till a gleam of hope came into his bloodshot eyes.

"Listen, Mac," he asked the Top, "How's about I take along a hand grenade and come back in five minutes?"

LUNEVILLE TO HATTIGNY

The short break at Dirty Gertie's remained a happy memory, but Luneville had a few modern improvements in its favor; here there were not only hot meals and clean clothes; the roofs were still on this town, and the cafes in operation, and although the competition among patrols was fierce, the lucky ones

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did make contact with a mademoiselle now and again. The best part of Luneville, though, were the billets, big factory buildings with all four walls standing and straw pallets you could stretch out on and sleep, after all those weeks of huddling in saturated foxholes. The Krauts had gone off with the plant machinery, as part of their industrial redeployment programs — when the Germans looted, they didn't fool around with souvenirs—and the old sheds were quite roomy. Once you'd persuaded your fidgety nerves that there was no more artillery coming in, you had it made.

With the conforms of garrison life came a few of the disadvantages. Snooping and pooping gave place to plain stooping, as the police-up details worked over the area. There were lectures on military courtesy—the salute you were reminded, was a form of greeting—and some of the NCOs who had won their hooks the hard way, at the front, found difficulty in keeping their feet straight when they had to give close order drill. That was the quickest way of shaping up the new replacements, though, and most of the training, once the regiment settled down to a regular program, dealt with the more practical considerations of map reading and patrolling. Evenings, after the working day had finished, there were USO shows, movies, company parties, and, for another popular form of diversion, just a rolling downtown to show the rear area commandos what real combat infantrymen looked like.

On October 28, Colonel Robinson addressed a regimental formation, recalling some of the bitter lessons learned in combat and pointing out the need to reduce the losses from such non-battle casualties as trench foot and combat fatigue, a good part of which might have been avoided. Two days later, the companies began a two week training schedule. That was one schedule most of you wouldn't have minded playing out, realizing what was likely to come after it, but it had hardly run a day before the first alert came in.

The early reports from the front had been encouraging, as the relief of the division by the 44th had gone so smoothly the enemy didn't even know we were gone. They turned loose their propaganda loud-speaker on the 44th's lines, interspersing nostalgic jazz with appeals to the Americans to be good fellows and lay down their arms so they could get some of that good German "treatment." "Come on over," their spokesman said, "soldiers of the 79th

Upper Left: Moving up into position in the Normandy area. Upper Right: Squeezing in for a minutes rest on the boat. Lower Left: Road leading from Phalsbourg to and through Saverne Gap. Lower Right. Digging in on the reverse side of a hill.

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Division, and get a hot meal." The situation lost some of its humor, though, with the regiment back on a three-hour alert, and even the jokers who had announced that they wouldn't take a million dollars for their combat experiences, began to look a little dubious about sweating out the next installment.

"The regiment put in three days of waiting to move out to Baccarat, where it was to constitute a reserve for the 2nd French Armored Division, but the situation apparently righted itself for, on November 4, the 314th was taken off alert. That day as a black autumn rain fell, the regiment passed in review before General Wyche, who had come over for a presentation ceremony. On the 5th, the entire division received orders to prepare for a move four miles east to Benamenil, in the 2nd French Armored's sector, and the route reconnaissance parties went out. Not until the 9th, though, did the field orders come down outlining the action to follow.

To the east loomed the Vosges Mountains, and the Saverne Gap slicing through them was one of three favored routes for an invasion of Germany. To protect it, the enemy had set up an elaborate defense line south across the XV Corps sector from Rechicourt le Chateau, near where the 44th had relieved the division, to Blamont and Baccarat, twenty miles in a straight line. A straight line would have been easier to crack, for the Germans' positions followed the ridge lines, instead, utilizing World War I fortifications where available, and studded with pillboxes, anti-tank guns, and machine-gun strongpoints. In those positions, the Germans expected to spend the winter, or, at worst, to delay an Allied attack sufficiently to cover a withdrawal to the even stronger defenses of the Vosges Mountains, which the textbook tacticians had labeled "impregnable."

The 7th Army's plan was not merely to push this line back, but to break clear throughout and race the German defenders for the Saverne Gap and the key city of Strasbourg on the Alsatian plain beyond. XV Corps, with the 44th on the left and the 79th on the right, was to take Sarrebourg on the western side of the Vosges and force the pass, prepared to fan out east of the mountains and disrupt what might be left of the enemy defenses there. The 79th's zone of attack ran along the axis, Ancerviller to Nitting, five miles northeast of Hattigny. By circling south and east of Sarrebourg, it was to aid the 44th in taking that city, then drive east through the mountains, while the 2nd French Armored closed up behind, ready to exploit any breach the American infantry could pry open in the Vosges defenses.

Upper: Pvt. Joseph C. Rideout, Houlton, Maine, on outpost duty in a forest in the Scheibenhardt Area, Germany. Front lines are about 200 yards away. Center: French woman cradling baby is being evacuated from shelltorn Rittershoffen, France, in a French truck. Lower: Street fighting in Alsace.

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In the 79th's sector, the 314th and 315th had for their first objective a ridge just north of Harbouey, the 314th, with B Companies of the 304th Medics and 191st Tank Battalion attached, to take the high ground northeast of Ancerviller and Harbouey. To prepare for the attack, the regiment was ordered to move to an assault assembly area southwest of Montigny on the night of D-minus-one, and secrecy was stressed—bumper markings had to be erased, even on reconnaissance runs—and the move was to be made after dark complete surprise being essential to the success of the offensive. Once the drive was under way, the emphasis would shift to speed. Lead elements were ordered to by-pass all towns, crossroads, and other likely strongpoints, and, in case where the spearheading battalions blundered into a scrap, the units following were to detour around the fight, highest priority being accorded to capturing bridges and rail tunnels intact. The whole idea was to outrun the Kraut retreat to the Vosges, for, if they got there first, it meant a winter's work to pry them loose.

H-hour was set as 0700, November 13, and, on the evening of November 11, the regiment made a preliminary move to the Benamenil assembly area, went on from there to the assault positions on the following night. The weather had turned to rain and cold as the infantry moved out on foot for the forward area, all but a minimum of vehicles being held back till the risk of enemy observation had been canceled out by the attack. The situation map showed eleven highpoint objectives ahead, numbered consecutively, which were a series of controlling terrain features along the boundary between the 313th and the 314th. Once the eleven were taken, if it were done speedily, the French armor could take over and the breakthrough would be on, but each one of them required a separate, and, in at least one case, as time would prove, an extremely costly operation.

Initially, 1st Battalion was to take Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 3A, while 2nd Battalion swept over Nos. 4 and 5, all parts of an elongated ridgeline. The Germans had a custom of pulling most of their men off line and into billets for the night—they liked to fight a comfortable war, wherever possible — and Colonel Teague, the 1st Battalion's commander, decided to capitalize on that weakness. He pushed B and C Companies across the line of departure during the night of the 12th, had then on the slopes of No. 1, at the throats of the enemy, before daylight. The rain had thickened to snow by then, and it made a rough night to spend moving up to the attack, but the assault troops had their reward in the ease with which they overran the startled enemy, taking the first of the eleven strongpoints by 0815, after scarcely an hour's fighting.

Point 2, a hill about 2000 yds. northeast of Montigny, was not as easy. As B Co. approached it along a spiney ridge, pushing doggedly though brutal artillery and mortar fire, the Germans opened up with anti-tank guns, too, and the direct fire crippled one of the tanks supporting the advance, turned the attack into a retreat as the badly-rattled infantry started to pull out. A man on that bare hillside was as conspicious as a fly on a pane of glass, and almost as defenseless, but Capt. Elisha Amos, the company commander, running from squad to squad and from tank to tank, managed to rally them. The attack piled up again after gaining another five hundred yards, and once more he had to get the men off the ground and moving, but each small gain was measured in terrific casualties. When Staff Sergeant James Delaney, one of the company's mortar squad leaders, crawled forward to help the medics evacuate the wounded, he brought back six men himself under the heavy fire, then had to take over the entire 2nd platoon, which had lost its leader and all its non-coms. The company had 47 casualties, that day, including Captain Amos, and Colonel Teague, at mid-day, ordered it back to the shelter of the reverse slope to regroup after the shattering morning attacks.

Over in 2nd Battalion's sector, the advance met less resistance. By 0845, Fox Company, leading the column of companies, was into the woods blocking its path, and rolled on through small arms fire toward the objectives. Both of them were in battalion hands by early afternoon, and the companies found themselves in command of the major road from Domevre to Montigny. Meanwhile, the survivors of B Company jumped off at 1410 in a renewed drive for No. 2, and this time the German small arms and artillery were helpless to halt them, the position falling after ninety minutes of fighting.

Moving up to take No. 3 and No. 3A, the 1st Battalion met only artillery fire on the way, reported the points taken by 1700, while L Company, called up from reserve, covered the bloody hilltop at No. 2 to fill a gap between the 314th and 315th. Of 3rd Battalion's other companies, I had moved to No. 1, while K remained near Montigny. That night, the regimental staff scratched their heads as they looked at the overlays, for the 315th had not yet taken Ancerviller, and the 314th's swift advance had thrust its nose well beyond the protection of the flanking regiments. 31 prisoners had been taken during the day, mostly from the German's 798th Division, but the going, in spots, had been plenty rough, and the enemy's main line was still ahead.

If the thought of the six strongpoints to come made you a little uneasy as you shivered in the November cold, the enemy must have been more than somewhat apprehensive themselves. "The adjacent unit to the left," wrote the G-2 of the 361st Volks Grenadier Division, "is opposed by the 79th U. S. Div. which is said to have fought particularly well

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in Normandy, and is considered as one of the best Attack Divisions of the U.S. Army." Maybe a lot of the faces had changed since Normandy, but the German gunners, watching Baker Company's riflemen pick themselves up off the hillside that morning and wade on into the murderous fire, could hardly have told the difference between them and the men who took LaHaye.

Next day, 3rd Battalion took over the attack, moving out at 1115 in conjunction with a battalion from the 315th on the left, and headed for the next four strongpoints, No. 6, No.7, No. 8, and No. 9. Once they were taken, it would be 2nd Battalion's turn to take the last two of the regiment's eleven, 1st Battalion getting a respite from the attack. L Company led off the offensive. Ticking off No. 6 in two hours' time, with no resistance, No. 7 in another hour, and was halted only by the early darkness—the days here were as short as they had seemed endless in Normandy—buttoning up between No. 7 and No. 8 for the night. Its heaviest loss had been a tank, knocked out by anti-tank fire from the 315th's sector, near Halloville. 1st Battalion, after outposting 3A for flank protection, moved C Company up to 7A, drawing only artillery fire as it did, and 2nd Battalion, relieved of its road blocks, by 2nd Battalion of the 313th, moved up to an assembly area near No. 6, ready to follow up the 3rd Battalion's drive on the 15th.

By this time, the snow and rain had turned the ground into a hopeless morass. A slit trench filled up almost as fast as a man dug it, so he stayed above ground as much as he could, curled up in a pair of soggy blankets when they brought up the bedrolls. At regular intervals through the night, though, the Krauts threw in artillery, and with each barrage came a muffled clamor of groans and curses as the sleepers, given their choice between a dry backside and a wet hole, flopped into their waiting tubs.

The regimental drive held in place on the morning of the 15th, while the battalions waited for the 315th to fight its way up level on the right flank. By noon, it had, and the 2nd and 3rd Battalions prepared to move out. Their objective remained the same, and the 3rd Battalion jumped off at 1315 to take No. 8 and No. 9, cutting the road east out of Barbas, the 2nd following at 1400, in conjunction with the 315th's advance, heading for No. 10 and No. 11. So quickly did the companies move that 3rd Battalion's I Company was at No. 8 before the 2nd even took off, and, by 1530, 2nd Battalion had F and G Companies sitting on No. 10, Easy Company on the way to No. 11, and 3rd Battalion had completed its mission at No. 9.

Progress was not so automatic as it sounds, though. The terrain was all bare ridges and hills, with likely spots for OPs everywhere you looked, and, for the protection they had from enemy artillery, troops moving over it might as well have been matchstocks on a sand table. Small arms fire was less of a consideration, as the 3rd Battalion caught the German at chow at one of their objectives and closed in. Resistance everywhere was moderate, but every move the companies made was traced by shell bursts. Once all eleven points had been taken, the anxiety seemed ended for the night, at least, and the companies started digging in. They'd forgotten the old axiom that taking an objective too early in the day was asking for another later on.

At 1620, Division sent orders down for a patrol to seize the bridge and crossroads south of Fremonville, on the Vezouse, which the 314th had just finished crossing at Marainviller and Croismare on the way into the Foret de Parroy. That was the way they built their rivers—the legendary Meander was not in it with such wandering streams as the Moselle and Vezouse—and a river wasn't a river till you'd fought your way across it at three different places. This time, the orders called for the bridge to be taken during the night, the regiment to follow the patrol into Fremonville if it proved to be unoccupied and send a task force over to take Barbas on the left for flank security. Accordingly 1st Battalion was assigned the Barbas swoop, while 2nd Battalion, backed up by the 3rd, secured the Fremonville bridgehead. Even as the plans for the attack were being worked out at the CPs, the Germans threw in more artillery, and Lt. Colonel James P. Davis, the regimental executive officer, was hit by shell fragments, had to go back.

A later edition of Division orders set the drive on Barbas for next morning, and provided that the attempt on Fremonville might be held up as the patrol reported back that the bridge was intact and defended by a squad of enemy infantry. It became apparent that the Germans had no intention of letting Fremonville, with its natural river barrier, go by default and the 2nd Battalion's attack was put back until daylight of the 16th.

Next day, at 0840, the 2nd Battalion jumped off, but no sooner did E Company's assault waves raise up out of their foxholes than enemy small arms and direct heavy-weapons fire from elevations across the Vezouse lowered them back down again, and G Company, which was to share the crossing with Easy, found troubles of its own, for its route of advance was under the guns of German artillery set up on the high ground southeast of Blamont. It was the sort of day they called good football weather back home, crisp and clear, but this was a more precarious kind of broken-field running when you were trying to outguess the Kraut artillerymen, and progress all day was negligible, despite heavy casualties.

The 1st Battalion driving into the woods south of Barbas, C Company, the point unit, swiftly outflanked a large outpost in its path, taking 25 prisoners, but the enemy tanks and infantry guarding the approaches to Barbas

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itself were not so easily circumvented. Although the situation seemed to require tank and TD support, the company managed to work a squad of infantrymen into a hole on the edge of town, as an opening wedge, and scouts soon spotted four tanks and some 300 German foot troops leaving Barbas on the back road to Blamont, ending the skirmish. With Barbas in 1st Battalion hands, A and C Companies pushed on across a stream and took up positions on a ridge south of Blamont, while B Company remained in Barbas.

Darkness found the 3rd Battalion between No. 10 and No. 11, near the main road from Harbouey to Blamont, and 2nd Battalion somewhat north of No. 11. That night, 2nd Battalion was ordered to patrol to the Fremonville bridge, and, if possible, across to the railroad tracks on the far side, but the patrol was stopped by small arms fire as it came to the woods before No. 11, and a second patrol went out to to find a detour around the right side of the woods. If the road was clear, the battalion planned to attack at 0300, but the patrol found the alternate route bracketed by enemy-infested woods and small groups of Germans working up and down both banks of the Vezouse. Over on the ridge south of Blamont, the 1st Battalion's two forward companies had moved into a trench system already dug for them where they spent a wakeful night exchanging hand grenades with the Krauts who shared the premises, until the enemy wearied of the sport.

Meanwhile, 3rd Battalion had been probing the woods west of No. 11, and, at 0515, after three hours of the confusion that always went with organizing a night attack, the battalion drove for the forest. It was slow work, against heavy small arms fire, and though two companies had made it into the woods by 0800, they found themselves catching fire from two sides there and the forward elements were quickly pinned down. 2nd Battalion was to have kept step with them on the right flank, but it hit a stone wall of resistance, and only E Company, in flank contact with the 3rd, was able to gain at all. Even Easy Company had to give ground under the blistering fire, and when the afternoon attack died down at nightfall, the 3rd Battalion, and Easy Company beside it, had only a few hundred yards of forest to show for the day's expensive fighting. Another attempt was made by the rest of 2nd Battalion in late afternoon to advance northeast of No. 11, but the German artillery and machine guns soon smothered it.

In the 1st Battalion area, about 0900, the Germans mounted a counter attack made up of one tank

Upper: Russian slave laborers bury one of their number who died in a Nazi labor camp. Center: This picture shows ruins typical of all sections of Dortmund. Lower: In this waterfilled shell hole lie six Russian slave laborers who were shot for refusing to return with the Nazi.

Upper Left: Tank carrying men off on another "Rat-Race." Upper Right: William R. Howard, Arkansas City, Kansas, scans the woods for enemy patrols in the Scheibenhardt Area. Lower Left: 314th men interrogate newly captured Nazi. Lower Right: G.I. on sidewalk, backed up by an American Tank, trains his machine gun down a street in Frambois, France.

and several squads of infantry, to explore A Company's positions on the ridge. They made the mistake of going by way of an outpost whose crew included Pfc. Duane Hemenway. The outpost was set up in a shell crater, and after the tank gunner had missed it with his first shot, at 75-yard range, Hemenway, who wasn't bothered by technicalities of fire power, jumped up on the lip of the crater with his bazooka to have it out. He was in plain view of the Germans, and spotted the tank two more misses before he got the range with his rocket-launcher. His second round caught the tank head on, persuading the tank commander to withdraw, and the deserted German infantry were easy meat for the outpost riflemen, who killed five of them and captured one.

During the day, the 313th's 2nd Battalion crossed the Vezouse west of Barbas and fought its way into the woods there on 1st Battalion's flank. By midnight, the attacking force had closed in to the 1st's positions and taken them over, and the 1st withdrew to an assembly area near Halloville. Next day, Company F, with tank support, was to jump off from No. 11, heading northeast to clear out the woods holding up E Company, while 3rd Battalion picked up from its forest line and drove on through to the river. Once there, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions were to cross and seize Fremonville, and the 1st prepared to follow up the assault waves from its reserve position. All signs indicated a rough pasage, for the 315th, which had hopped a battalion across the Vezouse further up the line, was already reporting savage resistance.

At 0700, November 16, the attack opened up, and 3rd Battalion, shoving quickly through the woods which had given it so much trouble the previous day, had I Company jogging across an old wooden foot bridge west of the main one by 0815. Simultaneously, Fox Company and its tanks slanted in ahead of E Company and slammed through to the Vezouse at the site of the main bridge. It was the "former main bridge" now, as the Germans had blown it during the night, and the infantry had to leave their armor, four mediums and five light tanks, on the near shore, and wade across under the enemy's guns. Fremonville was another 300 yards removed, and the path to it was a gauntlet beaten by heavy crossfire that stopped all but one twelve-man platoon out of the company. Even they didn't reach

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the main street until 1700, and the balance of F Company trickled in slowly, to spend the twilight hours playing hide and seek with two Mark IV tanks and accompanying infantry around the western fringe of town.

During the afternoon Lt. Colonel Huff's 2nd Battalion O.P. had some distinguished visitors. Major General Wade H. Haislip, the Corps Commander, Major General Ira T. Wyche, the Division Commander, Colonel Robinson, the Regimental Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Teague, Commanding Officer of the 314th's Red Battalion, and Lt. Colonel Purvis, Commanding Officer of the 314th's Blue Battalion. They were all there to help the 2nd Battalion into Fremonville. Shortly after the gathering of all this brass, a Kraut 88 opened up on the O.P. Did you ever see two Major Generals, one full Colonel and three Lieutenant Colonels (don't forget Huff) trying to make themselves smaller than the green apples generally found on the attic floor of a French farmhouse? You would have, had you been present that day on the top floor of a certain farmhouse on the banks of the Vezouse. Now to get back to our story.

I Company, which had had better luck at the crossing, had worse luck later on. As it swung up to the railroad tracks southwest of Fremonville, the Germans turned loose every kind of fire they had on the advancing infantry, and the company, caught between hell and high water with no cover near, took such a beating it was forced to fall back across the river after noon to reorganize, the entire 3rd Battalion going into an assembly area west of No. 11. As darkness settled upon the Vezouse, Easy Company moved into western Fremonville to take over the area around the railroad station, and G Company followed to occupy the rest of the western third of town. Next day, they were to join Fox in sweeping out the town and taking the high ground beyond, while 1st Battalion, after its day of rest, was ordered to converge with the 313th's attack on the heights northwest of Fremonville, and free the crossing sites from enemy observation.

The defenders of Fremonville kept the small hours popping with random fire, which was the customary prelude to a withdrawal, and, though they showed considerable fight in the morning, 2nd Battalion had then heading for the suburbs by 1100. Soon after 1st Battalion made contact with the 313th at their joint objectives, finding no enemy in sight, and the battalions moved into column for the march to Richeval, with the I & R Platoon and 1st Battalion leading the rest of the regiment. The breakthrough to Alsace was under way.

The four miles to Richeval were covered without incident, and the column swung east to Hattigny behind 1st Battalion's lead. As A Company came abreast of a ridge half a mile beyond the town, it found the road ahead splattered with mortar fire, and quickly deployed off the highway into a pine woods, the eastern end of which, 1000 yards away, overlooked Hattigny. The rifle squads, moving fast, had moved across almost half that interval before heavy automatic weapons and mortar fire brought them up short.

With his company pinned down, Captain Flannery, whose habit of doing his own scouting, on another occasion, cost him an anxious forty-eight hours behind enemy lines, crawled forward to gauge the enemy's strength, got to within twenty yards of them to plot their positions and his own attack. Given the situation Lt. Colonel Teague, the battalion commander, ordered A Company to engage the enemy and keep them too busy to interfere with the other companies of the battalion as they looped wide across the open fields leading to Hattiny. Daylight was fading as A's platoons edged up to the attack, but the row they stirred up made as fine a scrap as there would be in the whole war. Neither side was dug in, and there were no mortars or artillery to help in the close-in fighting, just every man for himself. The darkening forest crackled with small arms fire and grenade blasts for three hours, and, at the finish of it, the long days spent on the ranges had paid off. The Germans, with most of a battalion to hold the forest line against a company's attack, left thirty-three dead on the field, with proportionate losses in wounded and captured, while A Company, which had done all the fighting, had only minimum casualties.

Under cover of the engagement, B and C Companies drove on across the field to Hattigny, which higher headquarters chalked up as captured by the 2nd French Armored Division earlier in the evening. Such was not the case, as the Germans held on until after midnight, then put the town to the torch in a blaze that could be seen for miles against the night sky. After a week of slugging, the 79th had driven a wedge deep into the enemy lines, splitting off the 728th Infantry from the remnants of the 708th, with whom the division had had a previous engagement at Le Mans. In prisoners alone, the Germans had lost 637 men, and their desperate efforts to keep their receding line straight had forced them to pull back their right flank each day before the 44th Division, forfeiting a host of potential strongpoints, to keep contact with their badly-battered left. Their Vezouse line had been smashed at Fremonville, and the withdrawal to the Vosges was fast deteriorating into a rout.

THE VOSGES AND ALSACE

Now was the time to commit the armor, and the 2nd French Armored Division rolled through to the attack. A lot depended on the Frenchmen, for, if the Germans were allowed time to stand and fight, the Saverne Gap might hold all winter. Intelligence

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reports were that it narrowed down in places to a few hundred yards, and anyone who had fought the mock battle of the Palen Pass in California had a vivid picture of what it would be like squeezing through a crack like that against live enemy and live ammunition.

The morning of the 20th, the regiment moved out of charred Hattigny in its combat-team, break-through formation, the I & R jeeps followed by two platoons of medium tanks, a tank destroyer platoon, and 3rd Battalion leading the rifle battalions. The motor elements, including the supply trains, were to follow later, as road priority had been given to the spearheading 2nd French Armored. The way was well-guarded by ack-ack batteries, but the first resistance encountered was a ground skirmish at La Neuveville-les-Lorquin, four miles northeast from Hattingy on the road to Sarrebourg. 3rd Battalion soon broke that up, taking some twenty prisoners in the breaking, but they ran into much more of a tangle south of Nitting. The Germans had blown the bridge there, and the river had to be waded under heavy fire. By 1400, Love Company had crossed and shoved into the town, but it was dark before Nitting was clear of enemy. Two Battalions, the 2nd and 3rd, spend the night in the town, and the 1st bedded down at La Neuveville-les-Lorquin. Along with a scattering of prisoners, the regiment had captured three 88mm guns, three 75mms, five 20mms, four half-tracks, four sedans, a 105mm gun, a C & R car, and a 1½-ton truck during the day, a fair sampling of the enemy's ordnance.

Next day, 3rd Battalion dropped back to the tail of the column, and 2nd Battalion took over the lead-off spot. The bridge was still out below Nitting, and the regiment was a half hour late getting under way because of the delay in getting the tanks and vehicles across. They'd have that trouble again, for the terrain was laced by streams, with another only two miles ahead at the town of Hesse, and it was always touch and go whether you'd get to the next bridge before the Germans knocked it down. At Hesse, the I & R platoon spotted a German soldier running for a blasting machine to touch off the bridge there, and, although the lead vehicles opened fire on him, he made it to the plunger. Luckily, it was out of order.

Then again the column had to halt at the Rhine-Marne Canal, while the engineers checked the span for explosive charges, but there was time to wait here, as the 2nd French Armored's headlong rush had piled into trouble up the road. Late in the afternoon, the regiment resumed its march, the 2nd Battalion reaching St. Jean-Kourtzerode, as the 1st Battalion closed in for the night in La Pote de Hommarting and the 3rd in Hommarting itself. That amounted to a thirteen-mile advance, which was a little better than the measly two-hundred-yard gains the companies had been clawing out a week ago.

For most of the 22nd, the regiment stayed put, only the I & R Platoon going out with a platoon of the 79th Recon Troop to establish contact at Mittelbronn with the French armed units, who were already fighting at the approaches to Phalsbourg, the gateway to the Saverne Gap. During the late afternoon, 1st Battalion moved A and C Companies, with D Company for support, up to Mittelbronn to relieve the French holding party there, but no action was involved in the move. The war was up ahead, and in the Belfort Gap to the south. That night, reports came in that other French units had blasted through the under-manned Belfort defenses, and were even now swinging north behind the Vosges to take the Saverne defenders from the rear, and orders were to hold in place until Phalsbourg, hopelessly cut off, fell like an apple from the bough.

Those were the kind of orders that were always welcome, especially so when you had warm billets for shelter from the mountain snows, but the French were in too much of a hurry. They came westward through the Saverne Gap so fast that the Phalsbourg garrison pulled out during the night to avert complete envelopment, 1st Battalion patrols finding the town clear next morning. By 1300, the 314th Combat Team was on the road again, headed for an assembly area at the eastern end of the pass near Saverne. This was Thanksgiving Day, though you'd almost forgotten it, and the folks back home relaxed a little as they read of the full-course turkey dinners the troops at the front were getting. Well, the companies had turkey, all right, but they had to eat it like a Dagwood breakfast, on the double. Any skeptic who asked himself what there was to be giving thanks for, though, had only to look about him at the abandoned 88s arrayed along the walls of the pass. Properly manned, they could have played through the gap like bowling balls down a well-grooved alley.

Thinking of that made you appreciate the job the French had done in storming the Vosges. They were a funny lot, with their little red berets, and, given billets in a good town, they could act more like a chowder society outing that had gotten out of hand than a division on the march, but they had what it took when it took it. Maybe they did have a slight allergy to small arms fire, so that a few snipers could have them milling around like a barnyard full of chickens with a weasel coming under the fence, but the artillery barrages that had the Americans hacking an extra foot of life insurance out of their foxholes seemed to mean no more to the French than a heavy rain.

Beyond the Vosges, the plains of Alsace stretched eastward to the Rhine, speed was essential in setting up positions there strong enough to hold

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Upper Left: 82nd Air Born Division dead near our First Division in Normandy. Upper Right: This photo shows a view of Cherbourg Harbor from an overlooking hilltop. Lower Left: Fighting near Niederschaeffolsheim. Lower Right: Anti Tank Guns fighting in Hedgerow country.

against the inevitable German counter-offensive. About midnight of the 23rd, a field order came down from Division providing that the 79th move to Brumath, where it was to be prepared to assist the 44th in taking Haguenau, and to reconnoiter the Rhine between Strasbourg and Gambsheim. C.T. 4, the 314th, was ordered to Weyersheim, and, faced with a drastic shortage of vehicles, the battalion motor officers scraped together such artillery and QM trucks as they could find and made plans to ship as many other foot troops as possible as supercharge on the culumn's escort tanks and TDs.

At 1015, November 24, the 3rd Battalion crossed the IP, followed by the 1st and 2nd, and the motly column headed for Weyersheim, sixteen miles away. In the six hours it took to make the trip, the regiment was bombed and strafed several times by fighter planes of the revitalized Luftwaffe, on whom the enemy now seemed to be depending to slow the Allied advance, as the column met no resistance along the ground. That night, the battalion set up road blocks, the 3rd on the left, near Weyersheim, and the 2nd, outside Hoerdt, while 1st Battalion remained in reserve. It was there that people began to get security-conscious about their billets—the rumors were that there were as many French Sympathizers as friends of Adolf in the Alsatian populace, but the civilians wore no stickers to tell you who was who, and a man might have felt a little foolish to wake up some morning with his throat slit and find that he had guessed wrong.

Most of the excitement that night was in the Bois de Geudertheim, west of 2nd Battalion's positions. The situation was still extremely fluid in the wake of the Saverne breakthrough, and the countryside overrun by stray bands of Germans cut off from their units. When 311th F. A. Bn., setting up for the night, picked a quiet spot beside the Bois, it discovered too late that the woods were infested by enemy in considerable strength. By morning, the Krauts had given the weary cannoneers a fast basic course in combat infantry tactics, worrying them with snipers and raiding parties all night long, and the 2nd Battalion force which came down next day to clear the Bois netted 130 PWs in its police-up.

Except for the skirmishing in the Bois de Geudertheim, the regiment passed a quiet day on the 25th. Motorized patrols scouted the towns south-

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east of the battalion lines, and one armchair strategist, finding a commercial phone wire still in working order, called the Germans at a hospital south of Hoerdt and convinced them that the jig was up for them. He made arrangements for eighty of them to surrender to a patrol the regiment sent down, thereby demonstrating, that, despite the derogatory comments of the line troops, the war could be won on the telephone, after all. That night, the 314th was ordered north to relieve Combat Team No. 3 (313th) and set up a defense line from Weitbruch through Kurtzenhausen.

The new positions had to be reconnoitered by noon of the 26th and occupied by nightfall, which was short enough notice, but the battalions beat the deadline with time to spare, having the new line manned by 1400. 1st Battalion ran a patrol line around back of Weitbruch and its main defense line before the town, while 3rd Battalion, on the right, had a main line of resistance around Gries, halfway between and slightly forward of Weyersheim and Weitbruch, and a strong point set up on the northern outskirts of Kurtzenhausen. 2nd Battalion, which had at first been assigned the Gries area, put F Company in Weyersheim, tied in by motor patrols with the 3rd's outpost at Kurtzenhausen, and held its other rifle companies in regimental reserve in Geudertheim. The German artillery, ominous of a new enemy drive, had started dropping in again, and G-2 reported considerable enemy reinforcement in the Haguenau and Bichwiller areas. Overhead, the Luftwaffe, suddenly resorted to operational life, flew fifty-two sorties over the division sector in that one day, giving the 463rd AA Battalion a chance to chalk up four more kills. It began to look like dirty weather ahead.

The momentum of attack was still with the Allies, though, and, on November 27, the regiment was alerted to move out again next day. This time, the 79th's objective was the south bank of the Moder River, which washed the northeastern edges of Haguenau and Bichwiller. While the 315th pushed up on the left, the 314th was to take the towns of Niederschaeffolsheim and Schweighausen, and, most important, block the roads leading southwest from Haguenau. To cut the Haguenau road net, Colonel Robinson selected the 1st Battalion, abetted by a platoon of the 749th's medium tanks; 2nd Battalion, with another tank platoon, was ordered to follow the 1st northwest into the woods, hit Niederschaeffolsheim from the northeast and east, and stand ready there to drive on to Harthausen and beyond; while 3rd Battalion, still in reserve, kept watch over its two road blocks in Gries and Kurtzenhausen

Upper: This Nazi tank was knocked out in Essen, Germany, home of Krupp Arms Works. Center: Three members of Cannon Company try to keep warm and dry their clothes in a muddy field in Haguena, France. Lower: The famed Krupp Arms Works in Essen, Germany, stands in ruin after occupation by the 79th Division.

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and held a company prepared to take over the 1st's defense line in Weitbruch.

H-hour was noon of the 28th, but the tanks were late coming up, and A Company, in the van of the 1st Battalion, didn't get rolling until 1325. In half an hour, it was in Birckwald, meeting some small arms fire, and the enemy's slim hold on the town was soon broken. From there, the offensive wheeled north in the face of enemy artillery and more small arms fire. As the bleak winter night closed in, A and B Companies were outposted in the woods opposite Birckwald, with Company C and the 2nd Battalion holding Weitbruch. Next day, the elements in Weitbruch would take over the attack, while 3rd Battalion shuttled L Company over to replace them. Heavy resistance seeemed certain, for the German artillery and mortars were busy all night.

At 0730, November 29, the Weitbruch units jumped off, with F and G Companies headed for 2nd Battalion's objective in Niederschaeffolsheim, and C Company sliding through A and B Companies to work northwest along the woods and cut the main Haguenau-Niederschaeffolsheim road at Point 1. In two hours, despite considerable enemy artillery, 2nd Battalion's assault companies had taken their first objective, while C Company, although slowed by constant small-arms fire, pressed forward through the forest fringe. At 1245, the 2nd Battalion was on the move again, driving for Harthausen, 1200 yards further in the course of the regimental offensive. This trip, the enemy artillery was augmented by direct fire from a SP, but the 2nd Battalion pulled through it all and had Harthausen by mid-afternoon.

Meantime, in the 1st Battalion, sector C Co. was edging its way stubbornly up to the Haguenau roads, cut across it by 1600, and B Company moved up to help organize a defense line. Two and a half hours later, as the two companies moved through the early winter dusk to secure another road junction over on the Haguenau-Harthausen road, the Germans sent two tanks hurtling into them down the diverging roads from Haguenau supported by half a hundred infantrymen armed with machine pistols and machine guns. In the darkness, the surprise was complete, and the companies, helpless against the enemy armor and severely shot up, had to pull back to the ridge 400 yards south of the woods to reorganize. They'd taken heavy casualties in the brief engagement—C Company lost 56 men in that two-day period below Haguenau—but the setback might easily have become a disaster for the two outfits, if it hadn't been for PFC Mario Bergamini, a bazooka gunner in C Company.

His platoon had been left to man a road block at Point 1, while the others explored the road beyond, and when the enemy counter-attacked, the only avenue of retreat ran down the road to Niederschaeffolsheim past Bergamini's position. As one German tank drove at the road block out of the night, it was headed southwest across the rear of the badly-scrambled companies, and Bergamini, realizing that, held his fire till the tank was within thirty yards of him. His first round, a direct hit, only made him a target for the oncoming tank, but, disregarding the wounds he was receiving from its point-blank fire, he blazed another rocket squarely into it at the shortened range, and the tank stopped right there, the escape route remained open behind him.

That night, a change in regimental boundaries was made, so that the point of the 314th's offensive, which had been angled toward Schweighausen, now veered toward Haguenau. The regimental objective naturally changed to the edge of woods overlooking Haguenau from the southwest—before this, the battalions had been looping wide around the town, now they'd be grooving it right down the middle into Haguneau itself. To implement that shift in course, the orders went out in the wee hours of the morning for the 1st Battalion to drive back into the woods at 0800 along the Haguenau-Niederschaeffolsheim road, retaking Point 1, then going on at 1100 to seize Point 4, the main road junction closer to Haguenau. The 3rd Battalion, which had consolidated around Weitbruch, its defensive assignments passing to the 313th, was now to send a company, reinforced ,to clear the woods to the left of the 1st Battalion, as 2nd Battalion, still further left, attacked to gain control of the confluence of roads on the eastern edge of the woods.

Next day, the last of November, the 1st Battalion jumped off at 0800, three hours ahead of the main regimental assault, under a blanket of supporting fire laid down by all the TDs, anti-tank guns, and 50-calibre machine guns available to the 1st and 2nd Battalions. Despite their help, progress was slow against the enemy's heavy small arms fire, and it was 1045 before the companies could work in under it as far as Point 1. By then, the attack plans had been altered to commit the entire 3rd Battalion, sending it in between the 1st and 2nd Battalions to take the 1st's next objective at Point 4, the 1st, after two days of heavy going, reverting temporarily to reserve.

The late morning attack, which had been timed originally for 1100, jumped off at 1130, and met little initial resistance. Within two hours, the 2nd Battalion had gained 900 yards through the woods, when it came under fire at Point 3, near the road leading north to Schweighausen. Easy Company shoved on across the road, but, as G Company tried to bring the left flank of the battalion across, it was hit by two tanks or SPs, their identity left uncertain in the resulting confusion, and the whole flank was rolled back. Meanwhile, 3rd Battalion had advanced to Point 3 without serious trouble, but as

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its forward elements, led by K Company, came up to Point 4, the key junction of the Harthausen and Niedereschaeffolsheim roads, the Germans lowered the boom on them, opening with small arms fire from three sides and complementing it with artillery time fire. The battalion pulled back hastily and called for counter-battery fire before it tried again, this time got K Company across the junction.

The night of November 30, K Company formed the eastern point of a slim battalion triangle, with L Company fanned out to the left rear and I holding Point 3. 1st Battalion had A Company tied in with K's right flank, and its other companies aligned more or less in column down the road to Point 1. Next day's plans called for 1st Battalion to patrol over to Walk Chateau Farm, with a view to swinging A Company's right flank up to that spot on level with 3rd Battalion's line, as 2nd Battalion drove up even on the left on its way into Haguenau. If it worked out properly, the regiment would end up holding a line along the edge of woods overlooking Haguenau, its original objective. The day's statistics for November 30 showed two enemy tanks done for and 38 prisoners taken.

Commendations:

1. Gen. Patch, 23 Nov.
2. Gen. Wyche, 27 Nov.

HAGUENAU

As December began, the 79th was still fighting under the control of XV Corps, which, with VI Corps, formed the left flank of the 7th U. S. Army. Over to the division's left, the 44th Division had been replaced by the 45th's hardeyed Thunderbirds, veterans of the savage Italian campaigns; the 44th remained in the Vosges foothills, guarding the Saverne approaches against the by-passed Germans' desperate counter-attacks; to the 79th's right, there was only the easy-flowing Rhine. And, for the 314th, the next stop was still Haguenau.

At 0800, December 1, the 2nd Battalion jumped off in a limited offensive to clear a nest of buildings at Meyershollam Farm, several hundred yards to its front. The enemy's small arms fire ran hot and cold, and by 0940, the battalion had taken the place. Rolling on the northeast, E and G Companies came to a clearing wide enough to rate some deliberation, dug in there along its western edge at 1100. As they halted, Fox picked up the drive, slanting off left to cut the road from Haguenau to Winterhausen, took a beating along the way, as the other companies had, from the 20mm flak guns the Germans were using now as ground artillery. Despite them, Fox Company punched up to one of the enemy's mine-strewn road blocks three hundred yards up from Point 3, and settled down astride the road for the night, Meanwhile, E and G Companies risked it across the clearing at 1230, under small arms and mortar fire, and fought their way into positions in the woods beyond, where they'd stay until morning.

On the right, A Company had sent a morning patrol over to explore the walled farm enclosure at Walk Chateau, and drawn some fire. The day favored the attackers, though, with a soup-thin fog that made a mystery of anything beyond 50 yards range. At noon, A Co. sent over a platoon, and soon had it worked into place inside the high walls. During the afternoon, the enemy dislodged one outpost C Company had set up on the right and tried another counter-attack around supper time, but, by then, the 1st Battalion had its defenses well organized for the night, and the second attempt fizzled out for no gain. A Company, which was tied in with the 3rd Battalion at Point 4, extended from there to Walk Chateau, where C Company took over in a bent line whose right was tied back to face east with B Company on the regimental right.

The orders for the 2nd held the regiment in place, limiting its activities to improving its positions. It was not the respite it sounded, though, as the Krauts were filling the air with every kind of artillery they could lay hands on and the stationary companies found themselves sweating out a Foret de Parroy in miniature. The enemy's ack-ack had a new and fearsome whistle to the experienced 88-dodgers, and these instruments of death threw actual "balls of fire," so spectacular that the foxhole crews almost forgot to duck as they sailed overhead. Even the rear installations were catching it now, as the Germans turned loose their siege guns on the Alsatian river towns, laying barrages of delayed-action explosive into them.

On the 2nd, the 1st and 3rd Battalions maintained their positions and dodged artillery bursts, A Company fending off one counter-attack at Walk Chateau, but the 2nd still had some line-straightening to do. During the day, F Company moved on a half mile through the woods from its road-block stop to a big quarry on the battalion's left flank. There, the enemy was waiting, its small arms backed up by flat-trajectory fire from tanks or self-propelled guns, but the company worked through it to the north and northeast of the quarry, and the battalion was back in alignment.

After that, there was little to do but send out patrols and lay low when the Germans poured on the artillery. Back in higher headquarters the operations staff were working late over the maps, big doings were on the way. At one minute after midnight on the 5th, the 79th Division was transferred to VI Corps, to form one flank of the new Corps offensive to breach the Siegfried defenses. Two days later, the first details of the attack came down to the units: the 79th was to be on the right, the 103rd in the center, and the 45th on the left of the drive, while the brand-new 14th Armored Division waited for the word to pass through the 103rd and exploit

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whatever break the infantry could force in the enemy line. The axis of the 79th's attack was drawn through Bischwiller and Seltz, along which it was to destroy the bridges across the Rhine and cover Corps' right flank. For an immediate objective, it was assigned Haguenau, and the Foret de Haguenau to the north, where the enemy was known to have set up key ammunition dumps. In view of that, the forest seemed a likely spot for a German stand, regardless of what progress the 45th might make in its outflanking push northeast of the woods, and tension mounted in the waiting companies, for, on the far side of the Foret de Haguenau, lay the fortifications of Hitler's legendary West Wall, the big question mark of the winter war.

Within the division zone, the three regiments were to attack abreast, the 314th, on the left, having the 315th and 313th to its right, in that order. The 315th, leading off, was to seize Kaltenhouse, and the 314th, Haguenau, the two regiments supporting each other's attacks as needed, while the 313th swung north through Bischwiller. The regimental offensive, like the division's, would employ all three of its major combat units at once, the 2nd battalion, on the left, to take Point 5, a crossroads on the edge of Haguenau, the 1st, on the right, to clear out the woods right of Walk Chateau, and both flanking battalions to assist the 3rd Battalion's drive on the focal point of the regimental attack, the crossroads at Point 6, which the 3rd would hit from the south once it had flushed the woods left of Walk Chateau; D-day and H-hour were to be announced later. That afternoon, December 7, things were getting too quiet for the regiment's artillery nerves, so the 3rd Battalion toned them up again with a fire demonstration, from a battery of 50 cal. MG's set up to fire overhead fire, and the Krauts, always ready to oblige in a matter of mayhem, replied with brisk counter fire.

Next day, the battalion and special unit commanders gathered at the 314th CP in Niederschaeffolsheim with the commanding officers of the supporting units to coordinate plans for the attack. The 315th, which had been assigned the central role in the division scheme, was to lead off the assault at 0645, December 9, while the 314th, to its left, opened fire at 0715 to pin down the German threat to the 315th's flank. Within the regimental sector, 2nd Battalion was to patrol to the crossroads at Point 5, and if the wooded area there, west of Haguenau, proved clear of enemy, a company would follow up the patrol and the entire 314th would move out on its own attack at 0715. The afternoon of November 8, the 315th eased into position on the right flank of the regiment, and the 314th's 2nd and 3rd Battalions staged a fire demonstration to worry the Germans further, got the usual response of artillery and mortar fire in return.

That night the 2nd Battalion's patrol pushed up to Point 5, could get no further, and the regimental attack, which had depended on a favorable report from the sector, was put back to 1400 of the 9th. The other regiments jumped of on schedule on the right. B and C Companies sent morning patrols out to tie in with the advance along the 314th's boundary. When machine-gun fire stopped them at the clearing facing the woods beyond Walk Chateau, B Company, by an attack coordinated with 315th's 3rd Battalion tried in vain to bring up the trailing end of the 314th's flank to a spot even with A and C Companies' line at Walk Chateau. Over on the left, the 2nd Battalion was getting nowhere slowly against the enemy's strong quarry defenses, managed to fit G Company in along the south rim, across the quarry from Fox. By then, it was evening, and the delay put the battalion well behind the time table.

The other battalions jumped off at 1400 without waiting further for the left flank to shake loose. The 3rd Battalion caught plenty of mortar and artillery fire as it shoved through the woods, but it was in the southwestern fringe of Haguenau before nightfall. To I Company had gone the job of policing up the woods left of Walk Chateau, and it netted twenty-five prisoners, as K and L Companies, followed the Haguenau-Niederschaeffolsheim road up from Point 4, to Point 1, on the edge of Haguenau. There the battalion buttoned up for the night, off the left of the road, K to the right, and I Company sandwiching the road itself. 1st Battalion, on the right flank, had moved up similarly, against varying resistance, and A Company now shared the tip of town with the 3rd Battalion, B Company holding the line of woods to the right of Walk Chateau, and C assembled behind the farm buildings.

The only real hitch in the day's operations had been in 2nd Battalion's area, and, at midnight, patrols went out to see if the Germans were still in place east of the quarry. If they were, the plan was to swing Easy Company around 3rd Battalion and catch the enemy block from the hind end, but patrols reported that the Krauts had pulled out. Accordingly, the battalion moved out at 0830. F and G Companies reaching Point 5 at 1140. Once again, enemy resistance had thrown off the regimental timing, and 2nd Battalion, which had originally been assigned the clearing of eastern Haguenau, was ordered into reserve, E Company sliding over to Walk Chateau in the late afternoon to guard the regiment's right flank.

0830 was H-hour for the other battalions, to resume their advance into Haguenau, but the Germans had moved back into 3rd Battalion's area during the night, and the battalion was over an hour combing them out of the houses to its rear. The 3rd Bn. got under way at 0930. This was a joint attack, with 1st Battalion's A Company on the right, L Company in the center, and K on the left, and the assault elements found slow going as they worked

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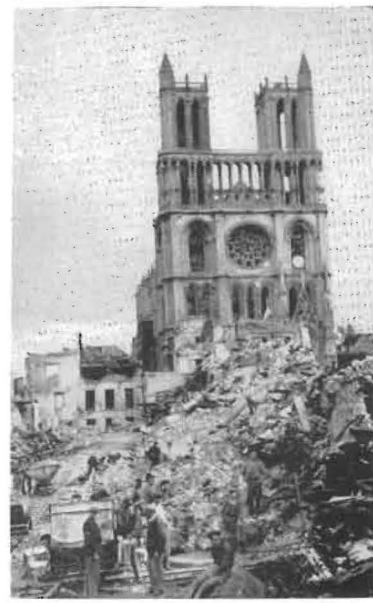
from house to house toward the main part of Haguenau, heavy artillery and mortar barrages complicating progress. As the companies came up the road into Haguenau proper, the approach dropped into a void formed by a deep railroad cut, into which the defenders had blown the crossing bridge, and the assault units, now under heavy small arms and machine-gun fire, paused on the near side for the night to survey the situation.

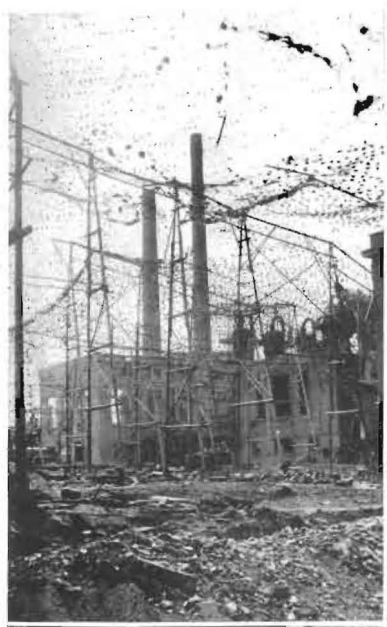
Across the cut, the Germans were securely dug in, their trenches tied in to reinforced positions in the houses behind them. The lines were a scant fifty yards apart there, but, to get troops across that interval, down the sheer sides of the railroad right-of-way, and up again into the teeth of the German defenses, promised to be a bloody affair if the enemy was there in any strength at all. The companies moved into a row of three-story factory buildings flanking the tracks to think the matter over, but it was a poor afternoon for meditation. The top floor gave a handsome view of the German trenches across the way, and every time some enthusiastic marksman tried his aim on the enemy, it was time to kiss the floor, for the Germans sprayed the flimsy factory walls each time with retaliatory fire.

That night, L Company formed the north corner of the regimental line, with one face to the north and the other to the tracks, and K Company, in the center, aligned down the cut to the main road, where A Company tied in another five hundred yards of front running off to the right. B Company watched over the regiment's right flank from its positions in southwest Haguenau, filling in part of the gap between the front line and E Company back at Walk Chateau. On the northwest outskirts of town, I Company mounted guard to the north. Further north, the I & R Platoon had taken over the 79th Recon. Troop's contact mission at Schweighausen.

Once again, the plans for the next day's action depended on a 2nd Battalion patrol. E Company was ordered to send a detail to the railroad tracks east of Haguenau to explore the possibilities of crossing 2nd Battalion there, the project being to bring the battalion up for a daylight attack across the tracks and in behind the German defenses. An early patrol worked up to within thirty yards of the tracks, where it heard voices and the chunk and shuffle of troops digging in. On its way back, it was trapped by an enemy flare about 600 yards from the tracks and plastered by artillery and mortars. A second patrol, going out at midnight, drew machine-gun and small-arms fire. The chances of getting the battalion across without a scrap seemed remote now, but the alternative, a frontal attack across the cut in town, was grimmer. Every fire demonstration had drawn a prompt blasting in return, indicating that the enemy had no intention

Upper Right: The church has been saved during artillery fire in the Mantes-Gassicourt area Left Center: Camouflage net over an airplane fuel manufacturing plant in Dottrap, Germany. Right Center: Two G.I.'s carry wounded fighter back from the front. Lower Left: Cleaning out the Jerrys in house-to-house fighting. Lower Right: Marching ahead on foot in the Alsace-Lorraine Area.





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of pulling out, and 3rd Battalion scouts reported that the drop to the tracks at the bridge site measured twenty-five feet, straight down, so armored support was out of the question. There seemed no other way but to envelope the defenders, and Colonel Robinson ordered the 2nd Battalion up out of reserve to make the sweep.

It was still night at 0500 as the companies began their swing to the right. Two hours later, they were at the tracks and jumping off, and by 0825, they were far enough north into Haguenau to see A Company and the 3rd Battalion, to its left, clambering across the cut. The enemy had withdrawn during the early morning hours, turning the elaborately planned assault into a dry run, and Colonel Robinson scratched his head as he recalled the elderly French civilian who had offered at midnight to take Haguenau for him with a twenty-man task force, claiming the town was held by eight Germans, all of whom were 4Fs. At that time, the colonel had made a mental note to test the local cognac, that could put all that blood in a man, but a regiment held too many men to be risked on the say-so of a stray and slightly oiled Frenchman, when all military evidence pointed to the contrary.

Even the Germans must have been surprised by the ease with which they relinquished Haguenau. Only a few days before, on December 5, the commander of the 256th Volksgrenadier Division, defending the town had issued an order of the day commending his men for their gallant stand: "The Division Commander of the 79th—our enemy, calls his division—the best North American division. You have shown to this Division that you are the better soldiers, true Volksgrenadiers, by hitting the enemy over the head so hard that up to now, he still has not tried again to take Haguenau, our old border city, from us. The enemy will have to think of something else now. . . . It is our first defensive victory. It was mentioned in the official Wehrmacht communique—'at the enemy' remains our battle cry . . . "

His stirring message was lost on at least one member of his command, however, whose tale of woe, included in G-2's grab-bag of captured documents, indicated that the road to promotion and pay was a stormy one for privates in any army.

"My dear little Moorchen," the embittered grenadier had written, "I am just sitting here in my self-furnished little bunker . . . to write a few lines to you. Now listen: Yesterday a recommendation went up for the Iron Cross, 1st Class, and I was listed to be promoted to PFC—who do you think got it: The medical sgt., this yellow so-and-so who never dares to even come near the lines and is always around the rear echelon—I, of course was—passed again, well I don't care—at least now I know what is being planned.—The whistling is getting stronger and stronger outside. Those dogs don't give us any rest . . ." He surrendered on the 8th!

Now, with no enemy, browned-off or otherwise, to impede them, the companies closed in to Haguenau, had road blocks set up north and east of the town by 1400. Haguenau, for an Alsatian border town, was suprisingly pro-Ally, and the Americans drew a big "hello" from the people crowding the streets. The regimental morale climbed high again, with free drinks and smiling mademoiselles abounding, and the demand for D-ration chocolate bars, which the mess sergeant couldn't pay you to take out on the line, went way up, too.

The bridges in town had to be mended before the regiment could move out again with its full complement of armor and vehicles. Next stop was to be Soufflenheim, about eight miles east through the Foret de Haguenau, where the 313th's combat team was already tangling with the foe. Task Force "Jess" was constituted to explore the 314th's route with orders to lead the regiment over through Bischwiller in the path of the 313th if the road was not clear. Command of the task force was given to Major Raymond E. Jess, the 1st Battalion exec. It was comprised of the I & R platoon, a platoon of Company B, 304th Engineers, a platoon of infantry riding a platoon of medium tanks, and a platoon of heavy weapons men riding TDs.

At 0745, December 12, Major Jess started his scouting party down the road, and found the bridge west of Soufflenheim prepared for demolition but undemolished. Once the engineer platoon had cleared it, the task force rolled on across and into the objective town at 0830, the battalions following on foot. It was only an eight-mile jaunt, but the infantry had been in foxholes all week, and their feet were in bad shape, especially the poor sufferers who mushed over the road in their cumbersome shoe-pacs. The orders to hold in place that afternoon and night made nobody mad.

Next day, the regiment was ordered to follow the 315th's thrust north through the Haguenau Forest to Niederroedern, then across the German border to Scheibenhardt, on the fringe of the Siegfried Line. The foot troops were crammed aboard any transportation that could be commanded for the move, speed being essential to the attack, which was calculated to crack the Maginot defenses and the Siegfried facing them before the Germans could shift reserves in to man the fortification in strength. The Maginot Line figured to be easy, and was, but the Siegfried Line was certain to be plenty tough if the enemy beat us there.

One angle the board of strategy had made too little of, though, was the terrain, a lacework of small streams feeding eastward into the Rhine, and another was the enemy's willingness to stand and fight at each crossing. The Germans blew every bridge along the route, and left tanks or SPs to guard the ruins, disrupting the division time tables so by their rear-guard action at Niederroedern and intermediate

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stops that the 314th piled into the tail end of CT 5's column four kilometers south of Niederroedern. The surrounding woods were no place to assemble a regiment and 2nd Battalion moved to Leutenheim for the night, 3rd Battalion falling back to Soufflenheim, which 1st Battalion, in the rear, hadn't had a chance to clear the I. P.

The traffic tie-up left the area badly congested, and, next day, the 13th, the bridge at Niederroedern was still out, so the regiment was ordered to swing out right to Seltz and cross at that point, as soon as the 313th had cleared out ahead. Orders were changing almost hourly. At 11:30 the 3rd Battalion moved over to Seltz on the 311th FA Battalion's vehicles, but as the 2nd Battalion, riding the tanks and TDs, took off to join it, the columns' destination was changed from Seltz to Wintzenbach, and then as word came back that Wintzenbach was already overcrowded, to Schaffhousen. The 1st moved later, settling down for the night in northern Seltz, across town from the 3rd's assembly area.

By this time, the regiment was in behind the 313th in its drive north to Lauterbourg.

Perched on the tank hulls, the infantry could see the Rhine, over to the right, and Germany beyond, the first close look they'd had at Adolf's territory. The view was punctured by occasional puffs of fire from the enemy across the river, but the column met no ground restistance as it snaked northward. On December 14, the 3rd pushed to Wintzenbach, and the 1st Battalion to Neewiller, while 2nd Battalion, which was specializing in late changes those days, found its objective shifted from Neewiller to Wintzenbach.

On the morning of the 16th, at 0645, the 314th was notified by Division to be ready to cross the Lauter River and pass through the 315th's elements near Scheibenhardt. It was the last of the regiments deferred statue on the sight-seeing end of 79th's drive, and the old uneasiness came back like a morning chill. Across the Lauter was Germany, where only enemy lay. After this, there'd be no cheering crowds to greet you in the towns you took, and before you took one, there were the close-knit defenses of the Siegried in your way. To make it worse, the approaches here were shrouded by forest, dismal prospect which combined the worst features of Cherbourg's pillboxes and the tree bursts of Parroy, not that there were many left by now who could remember both.

Commendation:

1. Gen. Wyche, 18 Dec.

INTO THE SIEGFRIED LINE

As the column followed the other two regiments north from Haguenau it passed through the defenses of the French Maginot Line. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief that the forest was unoccupied and the guns pointed toward the German border, but forward a few miles lay the German Siegfried Line that was even more formidable, and whose guns were facing in our direction of advance.

The regimental plan was to cross the Lauter River and move into Hitler's Germany in a column of battalions in the order 1st, 3rd and 2nd. The main road in the eastern part of the sector between Buchelberg and Lauterburg was the axis of advance. The 1st Battalion was to relieve the 3rd Battalion, 315th Infantry, and cross where they did just east of Scheibenhardt. The 2nd Battalion was ordered to the town of Niederlauterbach on the left flank and be prepared to move across the river in the wake of the 315th, 1st Battallion. The 3rd Battalion remained in Wintzenbach.

At 0900 word came from Division not to cross foot troops until the bridge then being built by the Engineers was completed and the tanks and TD's could cross. Since the enemy was laying heavy fire on the bridge site across the Lauter, it was estimated completion could not be expected prior to 1800, and orders were changed to a daylight crossing on the 17th. During the day, the 1st Battalion moved up to a position just south of Scheibenhardt and shortly after noon, crossed one Company into the German portion of the town, retaining the rest of the Battalion on the south side or French portion. Patrols were sent out in front of the 315th to feel out routes for the impending attack and enemy resistance. We had chased the enemy out of France. How would they fight to defend the Fatherland? We were soon to know, for the artillery fire falling on the river towns was but the prelude of things to come. It was then noted in the BBC newscast for the day the following items: "At the northern end of the line the Germans have counterattacked in strength in the First Army sector. This counterattack took the form of a series of thrusts by enemy units ranging in size from patrols to battalions and accompanied by much artillery fire. These thrusts were made south of Duren and were begun between 0500 and 1200. There have been no reports as to the fate of this counterattack. On the Seventh Army Front, Lauterburg, one mile from the Rhine, was reported clear and the Americans are pushing on to the first line of Siegfried defenses." Thus, was the inauspicous beginning of the Bulge up north, which most of us thought couldn't affect us way down here in the southern sector. But it did in a big way some fifteen days later.

The big attack order was issued on the 17th of December, which specified: 79th Div. was to attack to the north and breach the Siegfried Line and capture Kandel on the other side of the woods with CT3 on the right, CT4 on the left, and CT5 in reserve. 1st Bn. with one platoon of medium tanks attached was to advance down the main Lauterburg-Kandel road bypassing Buchelberg and maintaining contact

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at crossroads and trails with CT3. 3rd Bn. was to follow 1st Bn. echeloned to the left rear through the 1st line of fortifications to an area east or northeast of Buchelberg and then take the town by flanking actions from one of those directions. 2nd Bn. was to follow the 3rd Bn. and be prepared to swing off and take the southern edge of the Buchelberg clearing in order to help 3rd Bn. take the town, and also protect the left flank of the regiment. H-hour was 0700. The attack jumped off on time with 1st Bn. moving in two columns—C Co. going up the main Scheibenhardt-Kandel road and A Co. moving up the road to the left. Numerous road blocks were encountered but by noon C Co. had reached the crossroads to the Buchelberg-Berg road and the Kandel road. A Co. was to the left, one trail over. C Co. encountered an extensive road block and immediately started to reconnoiter to the east and west of this point to find a possible means of outflanking it. The reconnaissance indicated the east side was the better for flanking it. Co. B had been following C Co. in reserve, and moved to the east with two tanks. Some 400 yards east of the main road, B Co. hit the enemy defensive position composed of an anti-tank ditch, supported by barbed wire entanglements, trenches and pillboxes. The remainder of the afternoon, Cos. B and C continued to push forward as close as possible to the obstacles, to get a complete picture of the defensive position. These defenses were manned, of course, with machine guns and snipers—plenty of snipers. And they had plenty of mortars and self-propelled guns to use, and did use them in firing on us.

K Co., meanwhile, sent patrols up roads on the left of the 1st Bn. and encountered some resistance. By nightfall, the regiment was disposed as follows. The 1st Bn. in contact with C and B Cos., pushed up against the defenses from 313th's boundary on our right to the main Kandel road and A Co. tied in with C Co. at the Kandel road, but swung slightly back from the defenses over to the west. Co. K, on the left of A Co., was at the junction of the Berg and Scheibenhardt-Buchelberg road with Co. L on their left and Co. I further to the left. Co. F was moved up north of Scheibenhardt while the balance of the 2nd Bn. remained in Scheibenhardt. There was no doubt about it now—we had hit the Siegfried Line and it was very definitely defended! Not only had we hit it, but hit it in the woods where it was impossible to bring the direct fire of big weapons to bear on the pillboxes and strongpoints. The pillboxes were mounded with earth, so grown over with grass it was next to impossible to discover their positions so that appropriate plans could be laid for their destruction. The only way to locate them

Upper: Crossing the Rhine, 24 March 1945. Center: T-Sgt. John Aronowizz, Reading, Pa., tries to keep warm and dry his wet clothing after a heavy rain in Haguena, France. Lower: Strassburg Street, in Haguena, France, December, 1944.

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was to get close enough to see movement around a mound . . . and that was dangerous as hell.

Around midnight, Co. K sent out patrols to work close to the main line to the left of 1st Bn.'s sector. They found some of the crossroads in front of our plottings of the line were held by enemy in unknown strength. At daylight 1st Bn. continued to feel out the positions to their front in B and C Companies' sectors. C Co. succeeded in working units up close to the other edges of the obstacles. Considerable engineering work was required to work TD's into firing position. They were not brought up into good positions in B Co.'s sector until 1400. After reaching the positions, they engaged several pillboxes by fire and succeeded in breaching at least one. All attempts of B Co. to send parties through to breach the wire blocking our way were unsuccessful. At the end of the day, the 1st Bn. had succeeded in pushing close to the line, and in getting more information about it, but were unable to make any penetration. Artillery and mortar fire during the day in the 1st Bn. area was very heavy.

Now started a period of hard luck and stunning blows that was to lose for the regiment some of its tested leaders and trusted staff officers. Lt. Colonel Olin E. Teague, the Tiger from Texas, who had commanded the 1st Bn. in training and throughout its combat history was severely wounded while on a front line reconnaissance for the attack that was to be renewed that afternoon. Colonel Teague was evacuated and lost to the Cross of Lorraine Division for the rest of the war. Major Raymond Jess took command of the Red Battalion and fell heir to the task of breeching the Siegfried Line.

On the information gained by two days of feeling out the enemy, Division ordered a renewal of the attack next morning. CT-3 and CT-4 were to attack each with two battalions in line. Two battalions of CT-5 were held ready to exploit any breakthrough. The regimental plan called for the 1st and 3rd to break through the line and get a pincer movement on Buchelberg, a town built into a Siegfried Line strongpoint with camouflaged houses and all the traditional G-2 finer points of camouflage employed. Without this town, breaking the line was a formidable task. With it, the job took on Herculean aspects.

Colonel Robinson said later, "The field order for that day was issued with fingers crossed and a prayer on my lips." The 1st Bn., jammed up against the line to begin with, came under heavy concentrations of mortar and artillery fire immediately and could make no appreciable progress. The 2nd Battalion of tthe 313th on our right succeeded in crossing the anti-tank ditch, breeching the wire and getting part of the battalion into the pillboxes. Plans were quickly made to send elements of our Red Bn. through this gap. It was impossible to do so because of the smallness of the gap, the 313th troops crowded there, and the increased artillery fire that started to land. First Bn. made two more attempts to cross to its immediate front but both attempts were repulsed. At dusk C Co. front line men adjusted artillery fire on two tanks approaching their front and drove them off. About this time the 313th was driven from its forward position by a counter-attack.

On the 19th, 2nd Bn. made a reconnaissance in force around the left of the line. It ran into one road block after another made of trees felled across the roads. The ground on both sides of the road was under three inches of water, making operations off the road very difficult. In the center E Co. moved up on line with 2nd and 1st Bns., cleaning out some small pockets. The enemy artillery fire was continuous.

The major portions of the 20th and 21st were spent in patrolling, trying to find a weak spot in Jerry's defense line. Second Bn. was recalled after completing its reconnaissance mission, and 3rd was displaced forward to secure a good jump-off and defensive line in the woods from which a possible attack could be launched. Meanwhile, up in Belgium and Holland the "Big Bulge" was getting bigger.

Casualties continued, but we were starting to get a trickle of our good men back from the hospitals healed of their wounds, among them Lt. Colonel James P. Davis, Regimental Executive Officer, who was wounded at Ancerville. The 79th sector was widened to release Third Army troops for the Bulge fight with a subsequent widening of the regimental sector. This put an end to our offensive, which most doughboys greeted with a fervent "Thank God!"

After a day of reconnoitering for a new defensive line in back of the Lauter River and the planting of hundreds of mines and booby traps on the German side, the three battalions withdrew on the 24th to the new line, 2nd Bn. holding Lauterberg and Berg, 3rd Bn. holding Scheibenhardt, the fringe of woods to the north of it, and the town of Neewiller. First Bn. was to establish a MLR along the ridge about half way between Neewiller and Lanterburg. Bienwald was anything but a "Good Woods" when we left it. To put it mildly, it was loaded for bear, or shall we say Kraut? Many a GI got a good chuckle out of taking a K ration box, pulling the ring on a hand grenade and arming it, then holding the safety lever down, inserting the grenade into the K-ration box so that when it was opened the grenade went off. Wonder how many worked?

Christmas Eve—when by rights we should have been home getting in the holiday spirit with good old American whiskey or hunting mistletoe, depending on your taste, we spent in patrolling in the woods seeing if old man Kraut was going to try something and in improving our defensive line positions in case he did. Everyone was feeling pretty good about this time despite the fact that it was the first Christmas away from the U. S. for most of them and they had very little to look forward to in the way of a normal

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Christmas as they knew it. However, as far as battlefields went, this was better than normal—no attacks, platoons rotated on defensive lines and patrols so that they got a period of warmth and 10 in 1 rations inside a house, and not too much enemy activity. A number of units went out into the woods and cut down a nice fir tree for a Christmas tree and trimmed it with looted Christmas decorations, tinfoil and a little bit of everything. The Medics even went so far as to have one of their more ponderous individuals dressed as Santa Claus (God knows where they got the uniform) and he issued out mock presents to members present, which had a direct bearing on some of their more notable escapades in the past. It was probably as nice a Christmas as we could have had under such conditions. Some men had to go out on patrols, but even they got a bit of that delicious hot Christmas dinner consisting of turkey, stuffings, mashed potatoes, pickles, cranberry sauce, etc. The Army even went so far as to issue each man two cans of American beer which was really the highlight of the event. Christmas packages had been coming in right along through October and November but nobody waited until Christmas to open them as you never knew what would happen and when—so on that score most of the men had had that portion of Christmas at varying times throughout the past months—and for some, with postal difficulties being what they were, it went on into January. During Christmas night, the Krauts refused to accept our gentlemen's agreement on this holiday and their patrols were unusually active with numerous enemy flares reported. Although the 79th Reconnaissance Troop, working on our right flank next to the Rhine River, reported seeing some enemy laying wire along the east bank of the river, they had a bottle along and appeared to be experiencing considerable difficulty in their wire laying.

At this time the I & R Platoon was working in conjunction with the Div. Recon. Troop between Lauterburg and north along the bank of the Rhine River. This was necessary as at various times the Germans had attempted to land nuisance patrols of 6 to 8 strength behind our lines via rubber assault boats across the Rhine. Meanwhile, our defensive positions were being improved by the addition of AT minefields, bridges being prepared to be blown, barbed wire being laid, principal roads being cratered, digging in TD and tank positions, and plotting defensive barrages of all weapons. Our sector of responsibility extended from an area 2000 yards west of Scheibenhardt in the edge of Bienwald Woods east over to the Rhine River—a total of 9,000 yards frontage. This was not according to the books! Co. B of 781 Tank Bn., Co. B of 204th Medical Bn., and one company of 813th TD Bn. were to work with the regiment for this period.

The four days following Christmas were filled with digging and patrolling and rumors. Reports of enemy train, tank and vehicular movement filled the S-2 Journals. Every patrol heard, saw or shot something or somebody. G Co., sitting in Berg, felt out on a limb as did the I and R platoon on the right flank watching the Jerries across the Rhine. Then came the word to reconnoiter a new defensive line six miles to the southwest—the old French Maginot Line. Executive officers and S-3's were sent out to "look see" and turn those old Maginot forts back to the use for which they were built. This line ran from above Rittershoffen, south through a tip of the Haguenau Forest to Koonigsbruck. Meanwhile, artillery continued to fall in the area ranging from light to heavy.

The 30th and 31st brought enemy activity each night in the form of artillery and flares while work was being done on the secondary line of defense and patrols went out from our first line of defense. We were all chuckling up our sleeves about a plan to herald in the Kraut New Year with an artillery serenade into each one of his towns on the crack of the New Year. We learned that the old adage "He who laughs last, laughs best," still holds true, because a few seconds after the New Year began, we experienced a few rounds of Kraut artillery in each one of our towns. We assumed from that that they were not fighting a gentlemen's war. The New Year got off to a bad start and a jumble of troops, due to enemy pressure way up to the west of our line in the Vosges Mountains. As a result of this pressure, the Division planned to withdraw back to its secondary line of defenses. Temporarily, four battalions of the Division were shifted to the west into the Vosges Mountains to meet the growing threat of an enemy breakthrough toward Saverne—1st and 2nd Bns., 313th Infantry, and later in the day 1st Bns. of both 314th and 315th Infs. At 1400, orders were received to move our 1st Bn. as soon as possible into positions of the 3rd Bn. of the 313th Infantry, which was in turn to move into our 1st Bn's. position. With two battalions of the 315th Infantry already gone, this would give 314th the entire 314th and 313th sectors, making it easier for tactical control, and have the remaining battalion of 313th constitute our reserve. However, at 1820, when our 1st Bn. was within one hour of completing the relief of 3rd Bn., 313th Infantry, an alert was received from Division to have the 1st Bn. ready to load on DUKS, our sea-going 2½ ton trucks, on a moment's notice to move to the northeast part of Zinswiller. This entailed a move of some 36 miles due west, as the crow flies, right to the eastern edge of the Vosges Mountains northwest of Haguenau. Meanwhile, orders came from Division with reference to the balance of the regiment withdrawing to the secondary line of defense at 2000, the next day. At 2200 1st Bn was notified where it could pick up its DUKS and shortly thereafter it started moving out. Its absence was felt in subsequent regimental action.

The action of the 1st Battalion during its absence from the regiment and acting under orders of

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the C. O. 313th Infantry is told elsewhere in this book under the title, "Battle of Reipertswiller."

Although all reconnaisance and plans for the withdrawal of the Regiment to a secondary line of defense in the Maginot line had been completed, everyone had hoped that such a move would never have to be made. To lose a position by force is disheartening enough, but the thought of giving up hard won ground without being forced out, was completely demoralizing and heartbreaking. Even though the majority of it was inhospitable, barren, snow-covered, wind-swept terrain.

The morning of 2 January, 1945, brought the disappointing news; higher headquarters, realizing the thinness of our lines, because of the assistance sent to the Bulge, decided to withdraw in order to shorten the front lines.

The Regiment was to undertake a new kind of operation—delaying and withdrawing—what a contrast with its previous missions of attacking and advancing. The orders were for AT Co. and Hq. Co. to move back by infiltration during the day; Cannon Co. and the 311th FABn, less one battery to cover the outpost, would withdraw during the evening and the infantry to start at 2000, each Bn. leaving their outpost in their present positions until 0400, the 3rd of January, a which time they were to blow all bridges and rejoin their respective units. A delaying force consisting of E Co., one company of tanks, a company of tank destroyers and the I & R Platoon was set up under the command of Lt. Col. Huff with his C. P. in Neewiller, was to dig in along the high ground so that it could cover the approaches to the river and repel any attempt of the enemy to cross. Later it was decided to have one platoon of Cannon Co. remain in position north of Wintzenback to cover the bridge in Lauterbourg and a full platoon of the Division Recon. Troop was attached to cover the right flank. This force was to be in position by daylight the 3rd of January and remain in position until such time as it could withdraw to the secondary line in darkness. Every effort was to be made to conceal and delay the discovery of our movements from the enemy.

About 2330 on the 2nd of January an enemy patrol of undetermined strength came in on the I & R Platoon, but withdrew when fired upon. At 0200 the platoon began its own withdrawal to the 2nd Bn., establishing an outpost west of Notheren where it remained until the rear guard withdrew.

This indeed was a new experience. From the time the Regiment landed on the beaches our orders had almost always been to attack and advance. The withdrawal was accomplished without discovery by the enemy. The 2nd Bn. went into the secondary line of defense, with its left flank on the Saltzbach River on the road between Hatten and Buhl, and extending 2500 yards to a point short of the Haguenau Woods. There it tied in with the 3rd Bn. whose front extended about 3000 yards south through the Haguenau Woods to the edge of Koenigsbruck. In general, the Regimental front now faced the Rhine River, rather than being perpendicular to it as we were prior to the withdrawal.

On the morning of the 3rd of January, orders were received from Division that the delaying force was to move back by 1630 and that the platoon of the Recon. Troop was to be released. Orders began coming fast and furiously — at 1200 to release our tanks immediately to their parent unit.At 1330 plans were received for a motorized withdrawal to new positions in the vicinity of Kriegsheim. This was almost the crowning blow, for to all intent and purposes, it looked as if we would be withdrawn to Weitbruch on the night of January 3-4. This meant the further giving up of more valuable ground which had been won by hard fighting, including the City of Haguenau. At 1320 orders were received to be executed on Division order only, for another withdrawal to intermediate positions between Walk Chateau and to the Saverne Pass, a position we had occupied way back in November, a withdrawal not in yards but many miles. But, at 1430, orders were receieved to hold in place and send out patrols to our old positions.

On January 4, orders were received that the Regiment was to be relieved by the 242nd Infantry and go into temporary reserve, the 2nd Bn. to assemble in Schwabwiller and the 3rd in Oberbetschdorf.

During the late morning and early afternoon the I & R Platoon crossed the Seltzbeck River at Niederroedern on the ice, and patrolled to the west outskirts of Wintzenbach on the road leading to Oberlauterbach. They could observe no activity—as yet our withdrawal had evidently not been observed, or acted upon by the enemy.

Word was received during the afternoon that the 1st Bn., now six miles northwest of Zinswiller and about 40 miles from us, had been committed as of 1000, that Major Jess, the Bn. C.O. had been evacuated because of sickness and Capt. Jung, the Bn. Exec. and S-3 had assumed command. Major Hogoboom, the 2nd Bn. Executive Officer was sent by Regiment to command the battalion.

The idea of keeping the Regiment in reserve was indeed temporary. Late the evening of the 4th, while the Bns. were being relieved, two possible plans for the future deployment of the Regiment were received from Division; one plan provided that the Regiment be prepared to attack in regimental strength (2nd & 3rd Bns.) plus the 3rd Bn. 313 Inf., the axis of attack being Woerth-Climbach—along the edge of the mountains towards Wiscembourg, the other plans provided for the Regiment to make a motorized move to Reichshoffer—Philippsbourg.

Because of transportation difficulties, the relief of our Regiment by the 242nd Inf. was not complet-

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Upper left: Despite the efforts of the French townspeople to extinguish fires caused by American artillery fire, most of the town burned down. Upper right: Looks like the artillery laid a few in; however, there's always walking space for the 314th. Lower left: Taking no chances in cleaning out the Jerries house by house. Lower right: What a break! This time it's heel and toeing it downhill.

ed until 0700 of the 5th and shortly thereafter, the Regt. Executive Officer, S-3 and representatives from the battalions left on a reconnaissance for routes, CPs and OPs in the Reichshoffer-Philippsbourg area. During the morning the Regiment was alerted because strong enemy patrols had crossed the Rhine River and at 1210 the Regiment was definitely alerted for a move to the vicinity of Gambsheim, near Herrlisheim and Offendorf. The Germans had crossed the Rhine in strength and had now occupied those towns. At 1420, the Regiment was ordered to load on trucks and proceed to the vicinity of Bischwiller to protect the city and surrounding road net. The 2nd Bn. establishing a defensive position around the northeast and eastern outskirts and the 3rd Bn. around the southeast and eastern outskirts of the own. The order further provided for an attack on Rohrwiller some 4000 yards to the east at 0900 the morning of the sixth. The capture of Rohrwiller would give us a strong outpost position. As any attack by the enemy from Drusenheim or Herrlisheim would have to come from this direction before reaching Bischwiller.

During the night, some enemy activity was reported to the front of 3rd Bn. as well as eight or nine rounds of artillery falling to their right in the outskirts of Bischwiller.

Patrol reports from the 2nd Bn. indicated that there were prepared positions on the outskirts of Rohrwiller but they were not presently occupied. The curtain was about to rise on the Rohrwiller-Drusenheim affair.

ROHRWILLER-DRUSENHEIM

The initial order for the attack on the 6th provided that after taking Rohrwiller the woods east of the town were to be combed. Under cover of a cold damp fog the 2nd Battalion jumped off at 0830, with a platoon of tanks from Company B, 749th Tank Battalion attached. This attack was Huff's "boys" at their best, and due to the fog screen and speed with which it was executed, little resistance was encountered. By 1000 the town was in our hands. Cheered by the progress made by the 2nd Battalion, Division directed a resumption of the attack with Herrlisheim as the objective. The town of Drusenheim, where Company A, 232nd Infantry, was reported to be in trouble, was to be cleared and secured en route.

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The 2nd Battalion was ordered to proceed immediately again Drusenheim and the 3rd Battalion was moved from Bischwiller to take over the positions at Rohrwiller. By 1400 "George" Company, mounted on supporting tanks, entered the northwestern edge of Drusenheim and soon made contact with elements of Company A, 232nd Infantry, to the north. Against scattered small arms resistance, the units of the 2nd Battalion moved rapidly across the Moder River bridge and cleared the enemy from the southern part of the town. Five tanks were gotten across the bridge before it broke down, and with these tanks, "Fox" Company, now the 2nd's leading element, resumed the attack to the southwest towards Herrlisheim. With its left boundary running along the Drusenheim-Herrlisheim rail and highway embankment, and the Moder River forming their right boundary, Company F moved out of Drusenheim at 1630 and was met with light artillery fire as it left the town. The Company's first objective was a factory building, located on the eastern bank of the Moder River about 1000 yards from Drusenheim. This factory proved to be an enemy strong point, as so many factories were. However, as so often happened too, the combined persuasive powers of tank, grenade and rifle were highly effective, and a new batch of "Jerries" joined those who no longer cared to die for Adolph. Company F took two officers and 51 enlisted men prisoners in the factory and buttoned up there for the night. The remainder of the 2nd was in position in and around Drusenheim.

As the 3rd Battalion moved up to Rohrwiller, it was met with one of the heaviest artillery barrages it had ever experienced, just as it entered the town. The stage was now set for what was to become one of the most hectic two weeks in the World War II experience of the 314th.

During the night of 6-7 January the bridge in Drusenheim was repaired under sporadic enemy artillery and mortar fire which was to harass both the 2nd and 3rd Battalions for days to come. The I & R Platoon and Cannon Company were assigned the task of outposting Bischwiller. Under the fluid conditions existing, the outposting of a town of this size would normally require two Battalions, but the Regiment was short of men, with the 1st Battalion on a separate mission.

Daybreak and a heavy enemy artillery barrage greeted the 2nd Battalion simultaneously on the morning of 7 January. The barrage lasted for over an hour and then enemy infantry, estimated at one battalion, supported by tanks, struck at "Fox" Company in an effort to retake the factory. "Jerry" used the high embankment along the Drusenheim-Herrlisheim highway for cover. However, when he left this cover, Company F and its attached tanks were waiting for him. After a brief scrap, the enemy withdrew and swung his attack more to the northeast against elements of Company G on the southern edge of Drusenheim. To meet the new threat, Company E was ordered to move from its position in the eastern part of the Bois de Drusenheim into Drusenheim proper, and Company F was ordered to rejoin Company G, retracing the route of its previous day's advance.

"Easy" Company executed its change of position without incident but when F Company started from the factory towards Drusenheim, it came under direct fire from enemy weapons defiladed behind the highway embankment. The company was then ordered to leave an outpost at the factory, to withdraw across the Moder River by wading and to occupy the old Company E positions in the eastern edge of the Bois de Drusenheim. "Fox" Company was not aware of it but this quirk of fate which prevented its return to Drusenheim direct, later saved most of the company from capture.

The tanks attached to Company F did their job well. Their fire played a major part in stalling the enemy thrust at the factory. Two tanks were lost in this fight, and when the Doughboys waded the Moder, the remaining three tanks made a break for Drusenheim and the bridge. Fortunately most of the tank crews escaped injury, and these had the pleasure of knowing that the "Krauts" lost six tanks to our five. Hitler couldn't win that way.

Faced with a night attack by enemy armor, it was decided to pull Company G back across the bridge into the northern part of Drusenheim where it took up positions along the southeastern perimeter of the town. Company F remained in position along the eastern edge of the Bois de Drusenheim with an outpost in the northwestern edge of the town. The 2nd Battalion units were to occupy these positions, with minor changes for the next 12 days.

The Regiment decided to shift its effort to the zone of 3rd Battalion and on the morning of 8 January the attack stepped off with Company L assigned the main objective. This was to establish a bridgehead across the Zorm River near where the Zorm joined the Moder River. A partly destroyed factory was located on this site. The Moder River bridge on the southeastern edge of Rohrwiller had been repaired during the previous night by Division Engineers in order that a platoon of tanks might accompany "Love" Company. Company K was to assist the attack by advancing east from Rohrwiller to the Moder River on Company L's left.

As the attack stepped off, Rohrwiller received a terrific shelling which caused a number of casualties in Companies K and M. Among the wounded was the Regimental S-3, Major Hillier, who had accompanied Colonel Robinson forward to observe the attack. Major Schulze, Regimental S-2, assumed Major Hillier's duties.

Fortunately, Company L was little affected by the barrage and succeeded in wading the Zorm and establishing the bridgehead. Due to the scarcity of

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cover, most of the company was concentrated in the rubble of the factory building. The company burrowed in like rats and managed to hold on to the shallow exposed position for 10 days against determined enemy efforts to retake it.

The Company K attack was set back at the start by the enemy barrage but elements of the company finally reached the river and joined with "Item" Company in repulsing enemy efforts to cross the Moder. Enemy pressure here persisted throughout the day.

That night Corps Engineers started repairing the bridge over the Zorm in Company L's area. The work was harassed throughout the night by enemy artillery and mortars, culminating at 0800 the following morning in an infantry attack. "Love" Company, with the aid of its attached tanks, broke up the attack and work on the bridge was resumed. It was completed at 1645.

In the afternoon of 9 January, an infantry battalion of Combat Command B, 12th Armored Division, had moved through Company L's bridgehead and pushed its way into the northern edge of Herrlisheim in an attack that demonstrated American Infantry at its best. For some unexplained reason, the Combat Command's armor did not follow until the next morning, when, after suffering severe losses in tanks, it succeeded in evacuating the doughboys who remained after a night's fighting in the town.

At 1840 on 9 January, Company L received a second counterattack. This time the enemy effort was determined and he supported his infantry with armor in a attempt to get around the Company's right flank. Tank fire, ably supported by a platoon of Company M's machine guns, finally turned back the attack some three hours after it began. The next morning the bodies of 17 "good Krauts" were counted in front of the Love Company positions.

There was little activity during the next day and night. During the night of 10 January there was some evidence of another counter-attack forming in front of the 3rd Battalion but enemy action was forestalled by a heavy barrage of 8 inch shells, the only artillery available. The big shells came in so low over Rohrwiller that most of the men in the 3rd Battalion ducked with each round. The giant missilles sounded like aerial freight trains.

To relieve the pressure on the 3rd Battalion the 2nd Battalion staged a demonstration at daylight, 10 January, and got a heavy shelling for its effort. The entire Regiment was gradually getting accustomed to heavy shelling. For once the enemy had more artillery than we had. In the towns of Drusenheim and Rohrwiller, the act of answering an urgent call of nature took enough courage to warrant a citation. The artillery barages were heavy and frequent. Enemy mortar shells made no noise and this was his most effective weapon. Both artillery and mortar fire played havoc with communications and the wire crews of both battalions and of Regimental Headquarters Company were constantly on the go repairing our wires. Casualties were not heavy but men were being killed and wounded daily. Worst of all, perhaps, was the fact that nothing could be done about it.

Through 11, 12 and 13 January, the situation remained pretty much unchanged. Company I brought in a five man enemy patrol on 12 January from the Bois de Drusenheim. The patrol had gotten around Company L's right flank during the night. On this date, Company I and Company K exchanged positons, "Item" Company moving into Rohrwiller.

On the night of 13 January, the enemy was active in front of the 2nd Battalion. Finally at 0300, the company outpost in the factory received a strong attack and withdrew across the river, where it rejoined the remainder of F Company in the Bois de Drusenheim.

The enemy was gradually increasing his pressure along the front of both battalions, moving his troops and armor in defilade behind the road embankment leading from Herrlishein to Drusenheim. On the afternoon of 11 January a platoon of tanks from Company B, 47th Tank Battalion, located a slight elevation in the Bois de Drusenheim within the "King" Company sector. From this vantage point, there was a short section of the road embankment which failed to defilade the enemy armor. Two of Company B's tanks were moved quietly into position. The action was fast when it came, resulting in the quick destruction of two "Jerry" tanks, with a third claimed as a probability. After that, the Germans found a new route, or shifted their tanks at night. During the day, an enemy tank, firing from the vicinity of the factory, shot some 50 rounds into the church steeple in Rohrwiller. Fragments of the yard thick masonry walls rained down upon Captain Tierce of Company "M" as he lost no time in leaving the building. He had left the belfry less than a minute before the first round hit it. "Mike" Company had to find another OP for its mortars.

Rumors were growing bigger and more frequent, coming particularly from the inexperienced friendly troops on our flanks. Enemy patrols were repeatedly reported in our rear areas and the I & R Platoon was kept busy checking the area between Bischwiller, Rohrwiller and Drusenheim.

No enemy were found, even though the rumors culminated in a report one night of a small arms fight at the Moder River bridge in Rohrwiller. To substantiate this one, a prisoner was claimed to have been captured there. Since an outpost from Company M, located within 50 yards of the bridge, reported that it had not heard or seen anything, the origin of the prisoner remains unknown.

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The night of 14-15 January was marked by heavy shelling of both Drusenheim and Rohrwiller, especially the latter, where 4 to 5 rounds fell every 10 minutes. Drusenheim received a heavy mortar barrage the following morning. The elements of Company A, 232nd Infantry, which held the Northern section of Drusenheim were ordered to withdraw from the town. A platoon of Company F was moved in from the Bois de Drusenheim to fill the gap, and the 2nd Battalion was left alone in its defense of Drusenheim. Contact with friendly troops to the north was maintained by patrols, another job that eventually fell to the I and R Platoon.

At 0130 on 16 January the 2nd Battalion staged a diversion demonstration to assist Combat Command A of the 12th Armored Division in its second attempt to take Herrlisheim. The demonstration touched off a reprisal shelling from the enemy which surpassed anything the 2nd Battalion had experienced, both in intensity and duration. By daylight Drusenheim was a shambles and the shelling continued through the morning. The caliber of the shells coming in ranged from 75 mm. to 170 mm.

At 0200 the Armored attack passed through the 3rd Battalion bridgehead on the Zorn River in and what was to prove an abortive effort. The enemy in Herrlisheim was ready and his 88 mm. fire from behind the railway embankment accounted for 12 of our tanks before the combat command called off the attack. By noon the shattered remnants of the attacking force had withdrawn through Company "L." During the remainder of the day, both 2nd and 3rd Battalion positions continued to receive heavy shelling. "Love" Company, in its exposed bridgehead position, suffered heavy casualties from direct fire weapons.

The 1st Battalion rejoined the regiment at 0515 on the 16th and went into an assembly area at Oberhoffen. It was almost immediately put on the alert, due to a reported enemy attack against the 242nd Infantry along the east edge of the Foret de Haguenau. Nothing came of the alert. However, at around 0930 on the 17th, the 1st Battalion was ordered to Schirrhoffen with an attached platoon of tanks. At 1600, Companies A and B were released to the 3rd Battalion, 232nd Infantry and took positions to each side of Company K, 232nd Infantry along the railroad tracks between Sessenheim and Drusenheim, with Company A to the right. Company C was later committed along the east edge of the Bois de Rountzenheim, cutting the road from Rountzenheim to Soufflenheim.

Late in the day on the 17th, Regiment's plan to create a reserve from elements of the 3rd Battalion was disrupted when Division ordered that another Company be sent to the 1st Battalion. Company I was immediately sent in motors from Rohrwiller, with its position there being taken over by 3rd Battalion Headquarters Company and Company M.

When "Item" Company was committed the following morning, and moved into positions along the southern edge of the Bois de Rountzenheim, it was caught in a heavy barrage and suffered nine casualties before it could dig in. Later in the day the lines of Company K, 232nd Infantry, gave way beneath a determined enemy attack and an attached machine gun platoon from our Company D lost a few men in the withdrawals. A and B Companies of our 1st Battalion fell back under orders from 232nd Infantry to the edge of the Bois de Soufflenheim. An attempt by the 1st Battalion, 410th Infantry, to restore the lines failed due to approaching darkness, so the companies of the 1st Battalion, 314th Infantry, remained in their positions along the edge of the Soufflenheim woods. Lt. Colonel Montie F. Cone assumed command of the 1st Battalion on this date, 18 January.

For the elements of the 3rd Battalion in Rohrwiller, the night of 18 January was a sleepless one. Soon after dark an enemy patrol, or patrols, slipped through the units of the 12th Armored Division and penetrated that part of Rohrwiller held by the armored units. Small arms fire broke out throughout the entire southwestern part of the town. No one knew what was happening as rifle and machine gun bullets buzzed through the streets of the little village. Third Battalion units were ordered to remain stationary in position and shoot anything that moved. It was a dangerous order, but it was also a dangerous night. In Bischwiller, the Mine Platoon of AT Company was ordered to block the Bischwiller-Rohrwiller Road on the outskirts of the former town. Around midnight, the firing died down. The armored units collected 12 prisoners from the fray.

Just as 3rd Battalion nerves were quieting down, Rohrwiller received a concentrated shelling and the men remained alerted until daybreak, expectantly awaiting another attack which never came.

Having felt out both Drusenheim and Rohrwiller, it became apparent on the 19th of January that the enemy was determined to make his major effort against the former. The 2nd Battalion positions in Drusenheim were necessarily highly vulnerable to attack since, with its left uncovered by the withdrawal of elements of the 232nd Infantry, the town was exposed to the enemy on three sides. All day during the 19th, both 2nd and 3rd Battalions reported the enemy build up against Drusenheim. It was apparent he was concentrating armor and men under cover of the woods southwest of Drusenheim. Believing that his greatest threat lay to the northwest, Lt. Col. Huff, C. O. of the 2nd Battalion, concentrated as much of his automatic fire power in that section of Drusenheim as was consistent with all-around safety of the Battalion.

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Upper left: 314th Infantryman lies dead in the foreground during some strenuous street fighting. Upper right: Infantrymen taking cover from an incoming artillery shell in the Bein Woods. Lower left: Company K of the 314th digs in on forward position in Bein Woods near Buchelberg. Lower right: Utah Beach, where most of the 314th landed

The enemy attack on Drusenheim started at dusk, when the town received heavy fire from both artillery and mortars. Then came what proved to be a diversionary effort from the south, highlighted by intense automatic weapons fire. Under cover of the noise from the diversion, the main attack developed rapidly from the north. Working down the railway embankment leading south from Sessenheim, assault teams were soon in the outskirts of Drusenheim. Composed of Infantry, bazooka teams and tanks, the assault soon carried the outer positions and knocked out the machine guns and tank destroyers located in this part of Drusenheim. With these positions gone, at least two companies of Infantry, accompanied by five tanks, started spreading through the town. Mortar and the remaining machine gun positions of Company H were quickly located and overrun.

Almost simultaneously with this action from the north, the enemy renewed his attack from the south and southeast and thrust across the Moder River in the vicinity of the factory in front of Company F. This force pushed on into the Bois de Drusenheim where it rolled up the left flank of Company K, and turned the right flank of Company F back towards Drusenheim. Company F was ordered to withdraw into the northwest corner of Drusenheim and to establish a strong point there, leaving what remained of its positions in the woods outposted.

In Drusenheim the enemy methodically cut up the town into isolated points of resistance. The Battalion C. P. was isolated soon after the attack began. Communications with the battalion were restricted to radio, for the enemy soon cut all wires. Tanks now roamed the town at will, firing into cellars, and cleaning up local points of resistance.

When the 2nd Battalion reported the extent of the enemy penetration to Regiment at 2010, it was ordered to attempt a break out of Drusenheim to the northwest in the vicinity of the F Company strong point which remained intact. However, by this time communications within the battalion were completely disrupted and efforts to organize a breakthrough force of sufficient strength failed. Col. Huff reported to Regiment at 2230 that a breakthrough was impossible although attempts to organize such an effort continued until about 0030 on the 20th. At this time Col. Huff ordered F Company to withdraw

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to the northwest, and placed all individuals who could be reached on their own in the hope that some might yet escape.

Thus ended the fighting for many members of the veteran battalion which had stormed the heights of Fort du Roule and fought so valiantly in the Forrest of Parroy. Odds they had met before and vanquished, but this time the disparity in strength and armor was too great. Of the battalion, four officers and 86 men of Company F made their way back to Bischwiller under cover of a snow squall. A few men from E, G, H Hq. Companies and the I and R Platoon also got through the enemy net. The rest of the battalion were "missing in action." Also missing were the crews of the attached tank destroyers, one platoon of AT Company and a squad of the I and R Platoon.

At 0600 on the 19th, Companies A and B returned to 1st Battalion control and were sent to Soufflenheim, where at 1800, under cover of darkness, they moved into defensive positions southwest of the Bois de Soufflenheim, cutting the road between Soufflenheim and Sessenheim.

When Company F withdrew from its positions in the Bois de Drusenheim, Company K had swung its left flank back to cut the Rohrwiller-Drusenheim road. The Company now faced north with its left flank in the western edge of the woods. A unit of the 410th Infantry, then operating to the north of Rohrwiller, was ordered to contact Company K's left flank and close the gap left by the isolation of the 2nd Battalion. The gap was never closed.

Company L still held the precarious bridgehead over the Zorm. During the morning of 20 January, orders were issued for the withdrawal of the 3rd Battalion, and the friendly units to its right, to a new defense line along the Moder River in the outskirts of Bischwiller. The time of withdrawal was first set at 1930 and later changed to 2300. The 36th Division was to leave a reinforced company in Rohrwiller to cover the withdrawal. This rear guard was to withdraw at daylight.

During the afternoon of the 20th, enemy build up in the Bois de Drusenheim was reported by Company K. Eight inch artillery was fired into the woods in great quantity and 3rd Battalion mortars added their fire power in combing the area. No attack developed, and after blowing the bridges across the Zorm and Moder, the withdrawal was executed as planned.

On the other end of the line, Companies A and B had pulled back to Soufflenheim at 0600. Company I joined them later in the day. All three companies moved on trucks to the new area. The 21st of January found the 314th firmly established in its new defense position along the Moder River in the vicinity of Bischwiller and Kaltenhouse. The 1st Battalion was on the left, the 3rd Battalion on the right. Company F was attached to the 3rd Battalion, while "Item" Company remained in Regimental reserve in Marienthal. The Regiment was together again after the worst drubbing dealt it during the entire war.

Regimental C. P. at Westbruch caught its share of the day's artillery firing on the 22nd of January. An artillery piece of the 311th F. A. in position 20 feet away seemed to be shooting up the month's allowance of the whole battalion. Into this confusion Lt. Col. Gloriod, Division G-3, injected some more. "The 313th," said the G-3, "will probably relieve you tomorrow night. Be kind to their reconnaissance group when they arrive in your Area." It looked like the 314th was headed for a reserve role in the vicinity of Niederschaeffolsheim. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and prayed that nothing would happen to dispel this plan in the interim. Came afternoon, and change one came with it—the 315th would affect the relief. It didn't matter a hell of a lot by this time who relieved us just as long as we got off that line. The men would have been just as pleased had the relief been a regiment of WACs—hmm, not a bad idea! About this same time, 1st Bn., 315th, was ordered to Marienthal as regimental reserve, for during this period the 314th was a two-battalion-plus-one-company (Fox) regiment.

Up front the enemy was not idle. There was indication of a build-up northeast of Bischwiller, reported by observers of the 3rd Bn. and 311th F. A. About 200 enemy vehicles had moved into the Bois d'Oberhoffen just behind the town of Oberhoffen which lay across the Moder from our Blue Bn. We gained some vehicles, also, as T. D.'s from the 813th T. D. Bn. and tanks from the 25th Tank Bn. were made available to the regiment and quickly assigned places in the defense.

The Bulge fight, up Belgium way was over and artillery shells were more plentiful, so Corps Artillery shot several TOT's (Time on Target fires —for the uninitiated) on various targets during the afternoon of the 21st to dispel any ideas anyone might have of atttacking us. At dusk reports still came in of activity. Two direct fire weapons took the 3rd's sector under fire, and 30 minutes later a patrol wearing GI uniforms fired into its outposts. Since no friendly patrols were out, nor Engineer working parties, this was strange business. Men get a bit jittery when they are not sure whether the GI approaching their position is friend or foe. Consequently, a few white phosphorus shells were fired into the building across the stream, just in case. Must have been deep cellars in those houses, because results were negative.

About 2200, patrols from the 1st Bn. reported five enemy tanks in the vicinity of Camp d'Oberhoffen and infantry digging in along the edge of the town near the railroad. The BBC broadcast

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for the 21st said, quote: "In Northern Alsace the enemy remains quiet and north of Strasbourg two villages have been retaken by the French and Americans" unquote. He may have been quiet in the French sector but there was ample evidence he was alert in ours.

Snow and cold during the night of the 22nd didn't add to the comfort of the men in their foxholes. Moreover, the new day started out with a report from B Co. at the unheard of hour of 0220 of trucks and tracked vehicles unloading men across the river to their front. A patrol hit C Co. at 0530 and B Co. drove another one back across the river shortly after. Kraut for breakfast, Gad! All outposts were withdrawn and a TOT was fired. We'd show 'em for getting us up early!

TOT's were a good morale factor besides catching the Krauts unaware. It felt good to hear, all of a sudden, a series of artillery booms and the swish of a lot of shells in the air at the same time which you knew were heading for some spot where you were not.

Hitler's new V-weapon, the jet-propelled plane, appeared over our area during the day and dropped bombs — one of which caused casualties in "A" Company, destroying the Company CP and breakfast in the bargain. We retaliated with two bombing missions on Camp d'Oberhoffen. Major Hermann Schulze, the Regimental S-2 and acting S-3 since Major Hillier's evacuation, was sent to the rear with representatives from all units to make a reconnaissance of a new position if another "strategic withdrawal" was found necessary. Then came another tragic event—the plan for our relief was called off. More enemy vehicular movement was noted near Oberhoffen, and some of the vehicles were our own captured jeeps and trucks. This was adding insult to injury.

At 1800 on the 24th, the 315th actually started the relief of the Regiment. 1st was to go to Winterhousen, 3rd to Niederschaeffolshein, a town the 314th had utterly wiped off the map on our first trip through Alsace. Each battalion was to be prepared to counterattack in two different directions. The 311th F. A. remained behind, but long suffering Cannon Company, commanded by Capt. McCrystle, which had now fired over 20,000 rounds, was pulled out for a rest. Co. F was to be the "Palace Guard" at Kreigshein. That's what it says here, but every time CT 4 went into reserve something always happened. This was no exception!

The relief was completed in a snow storm just before midnight, but before the 1st Bn. had closed into its reserve position a report was received that the enemy had crossed the Moder River between Neubourg and Schweighauson and had made a breakthrough in the 222nd Infantry sector necessitating putting the Bn. on a one hour alert. When the 3rd Bn. closed in at 0030, it was also placed on a one-hour alert. At 0130, orders were received to have the 1st Bn. proceed on foot in knee deep snow 2000 yards north of Winterhausen to Ohlungen immediately. If there is any more discouraging thing than to have a deserved and promised rest so short-lived, there wasn't any GI or officer who knew it at this time.

Task Force Wahl was formed to chase the Germans back across the Moder where the right arm of their pincer movement to take Hauguenau had broken across in the sector held by the 222nd Infantry of the Rainbow Division. Lt. Col. Montie F. Cone, the new CO of the 1st Bn., was ordered to report at 0200 hours to Gen. Wahl in Ohlungen. Other units of the 314th joined the "task force" as fast as sleepy men with frozen feet, and scared drivers on slippery roads would allow.

The Red Battalion was to move to Schweighausen and from there attack east along the main road to Neubourg with two medium tanks as soon as possible on the 25th. Due to difficulties in communications and the late arrival of the tanks, the battalion did not attack until about 0530.

Schweighausen was reported clear by 1st Battalion of 222nd Infantry, 42nd Division, and secure in the hands of its Company F, with whom their battalion CP alleged to have good communications. Consequently, our 1st Battalion sent out a reconnaissance party under the leadership of 1st Lt. Pifer to locate an appropriate spot for an advanced operating CP and to install communications. Lt. Pifer in the semi-darkness before dawn selected a likely house with a well shored up cellar, and a telephone was installed. The Medical Detachment sent forward Captain Kaiser with one or two aid men, and Sergeant Bacon from the Battalion S-2 Section was left by Lt. Pifer at the forward CP. Lt. Pifer and his crew men returned to Ohlungen. With the situation apparently all clear, the battalion's two tanks started moving down the road to Schweighausen. As they reached the edge of the woods on the west edge of town one tank was knocked out and the other went into a ditch, after which it was destroyed by its crew. Both crews escaped.

The foot troops continued on with little opposition until their point reached the brewery about 500 yards west of the town. They found the brewery occupied and a fire fight ensued. Clearing the brewery, the troops progressed on to the edge of town where a sharp fire fight took place. By now it was getting light. From the battalion's vantage point on the slope above the town it was plain to see the forward CP was in trouble. Later reports disclosed that its handful of men joined those of the 2nd Battalion being evacuated as PWs to Hammelburg Laeger.

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If this town was clear, our troops were putting up a hell of a fight for some unknown reason. Co. B was sent around to the left to clean out the woods and became pinned down. At this time CC "B" of the 14th Armored Division was ordered to clean out the woods west of Schweighausen which had been such a source of trouble. It was not until late afternoon that CC "B" arrived, but by 1830 the town was cleaned and securely held by the 1st Bn.

Meanwhile, 3rd Bn.'s rest was also short-lived, for at 0530, on the 25th, they received orders to make a motor move. This plan died an early death, as upon report of further crossings in the 222nd Infantry sector, the 3rd Bn. was ordered to move on foot from Uhlwiller toward Neubourg to restore the line of the 3rd Bn., 222nd Infantry. Along with five light tanks, the Bn. moved out at 0700 and by 1100 it was attacking east through the Bois d'Ohlungen, with slight resistance. As it continued, however, Co. I ran into artillery and mortar fire, followed by a counterattack that threw it back 400 yards. Regrouping, Item Company countered on its own and regained much of the lost yardage. The battalion dug in for the night with Co. I's left flank on the main road running north and south through the center of the woods. And Co. K tied in with units of the 3rd Bn., 222nd Infantry, along the south edge of the Bois d'Ohlungen.

The night of the 25-26th was a bad one. Not because the "incoming freight" was so heavy, but because every one was so tired they couldn't stay awake, and so scared they couldn't sleep. It was known that a considerable force had crossed the river and that all of it had not been destroyed. The uncertainty as to when the enemy attack would be renewed was maddening. Also we had left our old friend, the 311th F. A., in our old defense position —we began to wish we were there also—Cannon Co. and Capt. Gorecki with his AT Co. were in position, but other supporting fire had to come from VI Corps Artillery. But come they did, when K Co. reported at least ten tanks approaching their position shortly after midnight. They called for artillery fire—heavy stuff—they would adjust by sound. VI Corps obliged with a battalion of 155's. Soon K Co.'s outpost called back that the fire was landing close in front of them—too close, but keep it there, a few shorts were better than ten tanks. Next morning proved their report was false, but night sounds, when you are alone, cold and scared, are very deceiving. The tanks had been on the other side of the river.

Over in Schweighausen, Col. Cone's men tied in with what was left of the 222nd's 2nd Bn., and took them under his wing for the night. The 1st Bn. had been two nights without sleep, made a six mile hike in the snow and fought a hard battle since pulling out of their defense line for a rest.

The attack for the morning of the 26th called for 3rd Bn. to attack east through the woods. CC "B," 14th Armored, to attack west followed by our 1st Bn., and units of the 222nd to attack north. What would have happened had the enemy made a stand will never be known. They had found the price they had to pay for their bridgehead too high, and had withdrawn across the Moder during the night. 3rd Bn. jumped off at 0730 and by 1100 had restored the old defense line in its sector. 1st Bn. following CC "B" took over the western part of the sector and we again settled down to a Moder River defense. What a "relief" and that can be regarded as double talk!

There has been criticism of the fighting qualities of the 42nd Division but Lt. Col. Purvis said the frozen GI's he saw in the foxholes in the old 222nd defense position that cold morning of February 26th, when his battalion regained it, had died fighting, and had made the German attacker pay a heavy price for the momentary advantage.

On the 27th of January word came that the famous 101st Airborne Division had arrived in the Area and would relieve us from the part of the line we now occupied. At least "topside" was not sending a boy to do a man's work. It also might be noted that the presence of the 101st indicated that the "Battle of the Bulge" was over, but the "Battle of the Little Bulge" was still going strong along the banks of the Moder. After assembling in their original assembly areas, where some replacements were received, both battalions were to move again to the Moder, taking over the sector then held by the 242nd Infantry, generally from the Southern edge of Haguenau to a point south of Kaltenhouse. This was just to the left of our first defensive position now held by the 315th. It was also the sector through which the Germans had attempted to push their left column in their pincer movement to secure Haguenau. The dead found in front of this position when we did take it over on the 28th was additional evidence of why that plan had failed.

There was a slight enemy reaction in front of Co. A, on the afternoon of the 27th, but artillery fire from Cannon Company soon settled any ideas they may have had in the 1st Bn.'s Area. The relief was completed without incident in spite of traffic and snow-blocked roads, and all units headed in the general direction of Winterhausen. Here the tired troops got a well-deserved rest, thanks to a 24-hour deferment of the 242nd Infantry relief by Division.

By 2200 the night of the 28th, the relief was accomplished and the 314th was back in Haguenau again; this time, on the southern outskirts in foxholes and cellars, disposed in the order, right to left, I, K, L, C, B. Company F was attached to the 1st Bn. as a reserve, while Co. A reverted to regimental control. Activity had so calmed down that the next three days and nights were devoted to improving our new position and patrol action. C

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Company tried to capture a three-man enemy patrol in the early hours of the 31st and received a heavy mortar barrage for their efforts, which produced two casualties and everyone wished they had shot the three-man patrol. The church steeple in Kaltenhause was knocked down by direct fire from an enemy tank. The Germans knew where our artillery observers were as well as we did, and were doing something about it.

Right here it might be said that during our fighting days in Alsace the 79th fought and licked, or held some of the finest divisions left in the German Wehrmacht, such as the 25th Panzer Div., 25th Panzer Grenadier Div., 21st Panzer Div., 7th Parachute Div., 553rd Inf. Div., 47th Inf. Div., 405th Inf. Div., and the 10th S. S. Division. In addition we fought the 256th and 361st Volkes Grenadier Divisions in the Siegfried Line. They were a sort of home guard outfit without complete uniforms or equipment, but well armed and desperately fighting to defend their native soil. Some members were draft age; some under it, and could not be classified as well trained soldiers. But give a West Virginia squirrel hunter a rifle and tell him to go out and get food for his hungry family, and although he may not look like the best dressed sportsman in the world, I'll lay you ten to one no squirrel is going to cross that cleared space in the woods with any great degree of security.

No mention has been made of the 2nd Bn. since Drusenheim. The Drusenheim story and what happened after it is told elsewhere in this book and makes an interesting story. The remnants of the 2nd Bn. remaining with the regiment were as follows:

	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Total
Hq. and Hq. Co.	2	45	47
Company E	1	28	29
Company F	5	93	98
Company G	0	44	44
Company H	0	23	23
			241

These men and officers together with a cadre drawn from other units in the regiment were turned over to Major (later Lt. Colonel) Dale G. Hogoboom, Jr., on the 22nd of January with instructions to reconstruct from these and expected reinforcements the new 2nd Battalion. Major Hogoboom was the pinch hitter for the 314th. He commanded the old 2nd Bn. during the time of Colonel Huff's absence through some pretty tough fighting. He commanded the 1st Battalion the last few

Upper: Captured Nazi sausages less "Kraut"—captured in Cherbourg. Center: Anti-tank gun used for firing at enemy in houses across Moder River in the Haguena area. Lower: Commanding Officer, Company K, 314th, studies map near one of the many signs in Scheibenhardt.

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Upper left: Aerial view of the Saverne Gap area. Upper right: Forward observers on the snoop. Lower left: The Third Battalion of the 314th advances up Strasburg Street in Haguenau, France. Lower right: In Cherbourg, one G.I. runs for cover as another G.I. covers his advance.

days at Reipertswiller. Now he was handed the difficult task of equipping and training the new 2nd Battalion for combat. The success of this new unit in subsequent battle is living testimony to the splendid job he did.

A training area in Wangenburg, a mountain town in the Vosges, near the 79th Division Reinforcement Pool, was selected. The first reinforcements were received 24 January at which time a training schedule covered the old standbys—familiarization of weapons, range practice, patrolling problems, conduct of a relief, map reading, mines and booby traps, communication school (radio and wire), driving schools and squad and platoon tactics. The training continued to the 31st of January, and the following day the Battalion was ordered to the vicinity of Haguenau to constitute the regimental reserve. We had done in ten days what units trained two years in the States to accomplish.

The men and officers were eager to prove their ability and to use their newly acquired knowledge and equipment. They felt the new White Battalion was the finest in the Division. One young officer told Colonel Purvis that very thing. The combat-wise Colonel patted him on the shoulder and said: "Son, I believe you're right. I hope you can sell Colonel Robinson on the idea, so he can pick the 2nd Battalion for the next hot assignment."

February 1st found the 79th Division holding VI Corps front. All three regiments held parts of the line, with the 314th's sector running just southwest of Haguenau to include Bischwiller. All units of the Regiment were considerably understrength and spent. Replacements were being fed into the depleted ranks. The new men in many cases had received only brief training and were being converted from Air Corps ack-ack and artillery forces. By and large they were pressed into infantry service after a four weeks indoctrination course given in one of the many repple-depples. The crying need was a rest period to let the lucky survivors rest and the new men be absorbed and trained.

Up north the situation in the Battle of the Bulge had been stabilized. In Alsace the back-lash of the German all out effort stung our thinned and drawn lines. We were hanging on by our teeth and trying to do the best we could with the little we had

and what could be spared us from elsewhere. Artillery was rationed like the meat and sugar back home. As far as GI Joe was concerned, this was the only front in the war. Deep in his heart he was vitally interested in that part of the war 25 to 50 yards to the front of his fox hole. As long as things were going well in that sector, the war was doing okey.

Elements of the 10SS Panzer Division and the 7th Parachute Division had been on our front. But like ourselves, Jerry was preparing for events yet to come, and during the early days of February he was redeploying his crack units from this area. This called for new identifications of the units opposing us. The order of the day from Division was to send out patrols to hunt down Heinies and to "bring 'em back alive." This was harder done than ordered; as was evidenced by patrols reporting back without prisoners.

During the night of 1-2 February Division directed that an identification must be had, and any size force desired would be used, just as long as we grabbed a prisoner.

The 1st Battalion was directed to send out a patrol. Following the plan a reconnaissance patrol was sent out to select a route to Taubenhof Farm where it was known some of the Kraut were holed up. This farm lay a half mile west of Camp d'Oberhoffen directly across the river from Kaltenhouse. A reinforced platoon was to make the assault while another was held in readiness in Kaltenhouse to strike at Camp d'Oberhoffen should the assault platoon run into difficulty.

An early thaw was melting the snow and the Moder River was rising fast. Planks and improvised ladders had to be abandoned for small boats in order to effect the crossing.

The patrol moved out a half hour before midnight. Two hours later it returned reporting the area in vicinity of the Farm occupied. Thereupon the assault platoon went out under command of 1st Lieutenant Wilford R. Barnard. In the buildings west of the Farm the patrol flushed up a couple of prospects for our PW cage, but they managed to escape with an exchange of small arm fire. The patrol went on to the vicinity of the farm but the swollen stream and the now alerted Kraut doomed further efforts to failure. The other platoon also got its patrol over the river but coming dawn forced all to return to home base.

This patrol action was typical of other efforts that followed. The swollen river was now a formidable impediment in itself, and during the period no PWs were netted that could be interrogated for identifications. Such identifications as were made, came from other sources. Major Schulze with the S-2s of both battalions, planned a big-scale raid to capture some prisoners, but identification papers found on a dead Kraut killed in one of the patrol actions satisfied Division's curiosity as to the unit then facing us.

On the 14th of February at Regimental CP in Weitbruch, Colonel Robinson was presented with an Oakleaf Cluster to his Silver Star "for heroism in action," and, at the same time, details were given his staff for relieving the regiment from the line and alerting it for a move to Pont-a-Mousson, France. After 87 days of continuous fighting, a rest was in the offing—a rest and a training period for the thrust across the Rhine as spearhead of the Ninth Army.

So ended probably the roughest and most costly combat month the 314th Infantry had ever had, or would ever have during World War II.

PONT-A-MOUSSON AND BELGIUM

Captain (later Major) Walter J. Jung, Jr., reported to Regiment to take over the duties of regimental S-3, on March 5th. His first job was to direct the relief of the regiment and work out the details of the impending move. It took him less than twelve hours to learn that the life of a regimental staff officer was not all peaches and cream.

During the night, all units were relieved. The 1st and 2nd Battalions assembled in the outskirts of Haguenau for a last look at this now familiar terrain. During the relief Jerry kept things merry with artillery and mortar fire, and the unit relieving the 1st Battalion suffered several casualties, though none were suffered by the Bigwig boys.

The 6th, the day of departure, dawned bright and clear, and since it wasn't Sunday even Padre (Captain) Healy was delighted — everyone's outlook from the Old Man himself down to the lowliest GI was up. We were out of the mess and now it was for wine, women and song, with as much rest thrown in as could be had.

Early in the afternoon without mishap the regiment cleared the Haguenau area. Our route took us through Hochfelden, Saverne, Phalsbourg, Sarrebourg and Heming. Those were familiar names, being milestones on our push forward in November. From Heming we turned to new trails, perhaps more reminiscent to our counterpart of World War I, Maizieres, Moyenvic, Chateau Salins, Nomeny to Pont-a-Mousson. Lights were used in the mountains after dark. Going up and down the steep grades and sharp curves between Chateau Salins and Lemoncourt the serpent like trail of lights was a welcome sight to our blackout accustomed eyes. It seemed to beckon better days to come.

Headquarters and Headquarters Company were located in Jezainville in our rest area. Red Battalion set up at Pompey, nearest unit to Nancy. White and Blue were billeted at Belleville and Dieul-

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ouard respectively, and the Regiment was stretched along the Moselle in numerical order.

Memories of the first day of rest are dulled, but all remember it was a combat soldier's dream of paradise. No artillery, no mortar, no patrols, no nothing, and there were rooms, hot chow, wine and even some beds if you were lucky enough. Showers started, and new clothes were issued. The main reconnaissance was for hay to soften and warm the floor, and wine to warm the heart. The people were friendly and there were even a few girls here and there.

On the second day that anathema of all soldiers reared its ugly head. Regiment had gotten out a training schedule. Captain Jung was on the job all right, and doing his usual job, of finding lots to do. Until the 14th we were engaged in making the most of a rest well earned. As little training was done that GI Joe couldn't duck, and passes to nearby towns were the license of the day. Some, more lucky, got to Paris. All the Company Commanders of the 1st Battalion, headed by the Regimental S-2 and the Battalion S-2 were "ordered" to Paris for a brief orientation course at SHEAF. This movement included some lucky drivers. No formal report of this course of instruction was ever rendered by the Gentlemen who attended, but they did return in dire need of sleep, and with a vast number of usable maps. So something was accomplished.

During this rest period 1st Lieutenant Arch B. Hoge, Jr., four times wounded, returned to the regiment for duty from the hospital. He was detailed for duty with the regimental staff—no use pushing one's luck too far.

The theater in Pompey was kept busy by the Corps movie team, and we enjoyed our first USO show since Luneville in the school house auditorium in the same town. Some of the boys went over to Toul to the Air Corps Base there. Padre (Captain) Healey ran a fast reconnaissance to Reims which made it possible to run several "on-pass" convoys to that wine city, once before the scene of 314th revelry.

The period was not without its mishaps though. PFC Mucio of the 1st Battalion was hit when a hand grenade was accidentally set off. But all in all the new men were assimilated, equipment cleaned and renewed, combat effectiveness sharpened, and things in general readied for the big show to come in March.

As to all things it must, the end came to our rest period on 14 February when the Division was transferred to XVI Corps, 9th U. S. Army. This completed our round in the higher U. S. circles, having been in each Army Group, twice in 1st Army and 3rd Army and once in 7th Army. Later we would be under 21st Army Group (British) and two additional Corps.

We moved by rail and motor to Tongress, Belgium. Like the 314th of World War I, we loaded into the French 40 & 8s. These damnable little railway cars were wet, cold, and generally uncomfortable. The card players complained most of all. Their fingers were too stiff from the cold to deal. What cards were dealt were misrouted or turned over by the eddies of wind swirling through cracks in the side boards. Open eyes invited cinders. It paid to sleep it out, and most did.

At Tongress the troops were trucked to billet areas. Red and White were at Diepenbeek, Blue at Rombershoven, just east of the Chateau housing the Regimental CP at Ridderborn par Cortessem. The 79th Division was in Corps reserve. Reserve or not, action was slated for the 314th. The Regimental staff had made a reconnaissance of the positions of the 137th Infantry, 35th Infantry Division. The second day after our arrival, the Battalion CO's were given orders to make a reconnaissance of positions for the relief of the 137th Infantry.

By Corps order, the 314th on an independent mission from Division was to participate in the Ninth Army thrust across the Roer River.

THE PUSH TO THE ROER RIVER

For some months the line of the Roer River had been stalemated. The Jerries held three essential dams capable of flooding the valley and turning any attempted crossing into a rout. However, by 10 February 1st Army units had secured the dams at the headwaters of the river. There only remained the necessity of waiting for the spring flood waters to subside, so that the enemy winter line could be assaulted.

Ninth Army was to cross between Merken near Duren and Hilfarth, advance and destroy the enemy and seize the west bank of the Rhine. XVIth Corps was to advance to the Roer River, clearing all enemy from the sector, then feint a crossing between Orsbeck and Kempen. The 314th reinforced by spare parts and supported by Division Aritllery was to play the big part in this Corps hidden ball play.

We were to attack from the old MLR held by the 17th Cavalry and the 137th Infantry, clear the enemy from the west bank of the Roer and make the feint. All of this in support of the 35th Division on our right. The remainder of the 79th Division was in reserve and actually never was committed.

The friendliness of the little Belgium Villages was put aside. During the day of 22 February all units of the regiment moved into position, relieving the 137th Infantry Regiment. The 1st Battalion took up positions near Heinsberg; the 2nd around Lieck; and the 3rd in the vicinity of Kirchoven. Outpost lines were occupied preparatory to the attack,

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with elements pushed well out in advance of what had been the MLR.

Once more the GIs were poised for a night attack. This time calculated to carry the regimental front to the west bank of the Roer River. Regiment's plan called for a penetration by the 1st Battallion at 2430 hours and a coordinated attack by the 2nd and 3rd Battalions preceded by an artillery preparation at 0330.

The 1st Battalion attacked, without artillery preparation, and caught Jerry off balance. The attack was resisted only by small arms and small patrol action. All the battalion's objectives were in hand by 0630. The battalion held the west bank of the Roer, from Roerhof, just across the river from Orsbeck, to Hochbruck. In its surprise drive the 1st Batttalion took some 36 prisoners and a number of automatic weapons.

The 2nd and 3rd Battalions jumped off as planned. Company F suffered heavy casualties from Schu mines around the outskirts of Kempen. There's nothing much worse than plowing ahead through a mine field in the dark. Once a foothold was gained in the town, the mines were supplanted by booby traps. Jerry had had ample time to rig this area right. After an all day struggle, the town was secured at 2130 hours.

Blue progressed likewise against sharpened resistence. Several fire fights took place. By nightfall the battalion had secured the line through Karkien and Hingen. Company L continued toward its objective End. It was stopped some 300 yards short by fire from a trench.

Next day, however, with the assistance from a platoon of Company B, 761st Tank Battalion, the final objective was taken. One tank was damaged when it hit a mine.

In the meantime the Army push planned for 23 February was held up by continued high water. D Day was postponed to the 26th and plans for the feint were now completed.

During the next two days forward observers had fun bouncing rounds off the camouflaged pillboxes of the Siegfried line on the far bank of the Roer. The biggest problem was caring for the refugees who seemed to pop up from the ground. They were evacuated to towns just in rear of the MLR and turned over to Military Government.

While waiting the big assault, Major Dale Hogoboom, the CO of Bigwig White received his orders promoting him to a Lieutenant Colonel.

Upper: 79th Division awaiting signal to move onto a new objective. Center: 314th advancing under tank support in Alsace. Lower: Tech. Sgt. Kevasny making telephone report in the Bein Woods.

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Upper Left: 314th Infantry advance through the border town of Scheibenhardt, Germany. Upper Right: A dead German soldier lies in front of typical war ruined buildings in France. Lower Left: Ravaged German village. Lower Right: 2nd Battalion Officers, left to right: Col. Hanna, Lt. Col. Gebert, Lt. Col. Huff, Lt. Col. Hogoboom, Capt. Pasternak, Capt. Moulton, Chaplain Cousins and Lt. Rogers after a retreat parade at Camp Laguna, Arizona.

The planned feint called for smoking Ophoven on the far bank of the river and shelling the area for 15 minutes before H hour. Smoke pots were placed along the river bank and small craft were brought forward.

At 0600 on the 26th White executed the feint crossing with an impressive demonstration of firepower and noise. An unexpected hail of small arms-fire was received in return and artillery fell throughout the regimental sector. Small groups of enemy were seen across the river during the afternoon, and during the day enemy propaganda leaflets were fired into Unterbrush held by Red. Evidently Jerry figured he couldn't whip us with bullets and resorted to words.

White's feint succeeded and the 35th Division forced the River causing Jerry to start pulling out along our front. The next day was spent in position with light artillery falling hit or miss here and there. The 1st Battalion which had patrols across the river sent two platoons to the vicinity of Orsbeck to furnish security for engineers to construct a bridge from Roerhof to Orsbeck. Orders were received from XIVth Corps that Regiment would maintain its present position until the 35th Division had secured that portion of the east bank of the Roer River opposite our positions, then we were to assemble in Heinsberg for a move.

The last day of the month saw the regiment assembling as the 35th Division uncovered our entire front. 1st Battalion closed in Heinsberg in the early afternoon; 2nd Battalion went to Lieck at 1600, and 3rd Battalion remained in its position for the time being.

On 3 March the 314th began its move to rejoin Division which had moved up to the vicinity of Munchen Gladback. Our route lay through Heinsberg, Hilfarth, Ball, Erkelenz to an assembly area in the vicinity of Holtum; a distance of approximately 20 miles. The motor move was without incident. The 1st Batttalion closed into an area in the vicinity of Freihold, near Wegburg. White was at Beek and Blue at Uevekoven. The next five days were spent in these areas operating as Military Governors. Here we saw our first large displaced persons camps for forced laborers, though they were mostly empty. Quite a bit of captured motor equipment was recovered in the woods. One battalion found a mobile

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power set from which power was supplied for lights and radios.

On 9 March the Regiment moved about 35 miles to the vicinity of Amsterrade, Holland; backtracking over the now completed bridge at Orsbeck, thence through Geilenkirchen and Gangelt. In the new area 1st Battalion set up in Grootdoenrade; 2nd in Orsbeek (not to be confused with Orsbeck on the Roer) and the 3d in Schinnen.

There wasn't much doubt of our new mission. What little doubt there was, was cleared up our first day in hospitable Holland. We were "picked" as assault troops for the last big show. The GIs were first lectured on security and then squad units were let in on "Top Secret" plans for Operation Plunder. The 79th with the 30th Division on its left was to be the right flank of the first Army Group crossing the Rhine. The Division was to make the assault with two regiments abreast and the 314th in reserve. The reserve business suited us all right, providing we didn't just happen to catch the artillery and aerial bombing sure to follow the assault.

Practice sessions were held on the Maas River just above Maeseyck, near Roostoren. There was soon no doubt in any one's mind that this was to be one of the most difficult and extensive operations since the original D Day in Normandy. Coordination had to be down to the finest point, because regardless of how well you planned, there would be factors present in the actual crossings that would cause endless confusion.

Everybody became fully acquainted with nautical devices; assault boats, storm boats, LSVPs, 40-ton Bailey rafts and others. They were piping them out for reveille on the U. S. S. Lorraine Cross by the end of the training period.

A sand table 6 by 8 feet was constructed by Major Hermann Schulze, the Regimental S-2. It showed the actual site of the projected Rhine crossing. Houses and roads and railroads were represented by pieces of wood. The river and trees were shown with dyes. Each grid square on the 1-25000 map was blown up to one foot by one foot on the sand table. Meticulous care was taken to give a birdseye picture of the terrain over which we would operate.

Upon completion of the table, each company was given sufficient time for its officers to become as familiar with the area of action as they were with the back yards back home. Squad leaders and men were also shown the table and given the picture.

On 21 March the Regiment moved under cover of darkness some 57 miles northwest to an assembly area near the Rhine. Attached to the Regiment was Company B, 89th Chemical Mortar Battalion. The route forward lay through Erkelenz, Rheindahlen, Hardt, Dulken, Suchteln, Vorst, Kempen, Huls and Tonisberg. The route lead to the Rhine and across the Rhine the road led to victory.

ACROSS THE RHINE

Sweating out the opening guns of the crossing operation, everyone was asking the same question "When will the war end?" And having come through the fighting to now, "How much more luck is there yet to run?" The big problem while waiting to cross the Rhine was how to keep inside and undercover during the daytime. The build up had to be kept as secret as possible if we were to have surprise on our side when things started.

Some 58 battalions of Artillery, massed almost wheel to wheel, and reinforced by mortar companies and direct fire weapons of all sorts to include heavy calibre machine guns were on call to assist in the big push over the river.

The Army Field Order abstracted for our part of the assault provided: "XVIth Corps crosses the Rhine between Wesel and Orsoy to secure and hold bridgehead. 79th Infantry Division, reinforced, supported by 1148th Engineer Group, attacks at H hour, D Day across the Rhine River in zone with two regiments abreast, 313th Infantry on right, 315th Infantry on left to seize Walsum, Overbrush and Dinsklaken and cut road and rail communications running north and northwest to Wesel and press attack to east and southeast to successive objectives."

Attached to the 314th for the Operation was:

Company B 304th Medical Battalion.
Company B, 813th Tank Destroyed Battalion.
Company B, 717th Tank Battalion.
Company B, 89th Chemical Battalion (4.2).

The plan called for the Regiment to be prepared to cross the Rhine on Division order to either:

(1) Seize Dinslaken
(2) Pass through to seize objectives D and E.
(3) Assist either assault regiment in reducing close-in defenses.

Final phases of the big plan were discussed in detail at a meeting at the Regimental CP attended by all commanders on the evening of 22 March. The Regimental plan was broken down into four possibilities as follows:

Plan A—The first battalion with 1st Platoons of Co. B, 717th Tank Battalion, Co. B, 813th TD Battalion, Co. B, 89th Chemical Battalion, and Anti-Tank Company attached, attack and capture Dinslaken. The 2nd Battalion with 2nd Platoons of all units mentioned above, attached, prepared to by-pass Dinslaken, attack and capture Lohberg area. The 3rd Battalion with the 3rd Platoons of all mentioned units attached, prepared

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to assist either the 1st or 2nd Battalions in securing objectives.

Plan B—1st Battalion with same attachments as in Plan A, be prepared to assist the 313th Infantry in reducing local resistance or to relieve 1st Battalion of the 313th Infantry, of mission of securing right flank of the Division or to relieve 3rd Battalion, 315th Infantry of mission of securing bridges across canal and river and to protect the left flank of the Division. The 2nd Battalion with same attachments as above be prepared to assist our 1st Battalion in any mission under this plan. The 3rd Battalion with same attachments as above, in Regimental reserve.

Plan C—Assemble the Regiment with attachments in vicinity of Dinslaken and be prepared to attack on order without delay.

Plan D—To get off the roads and allow the armor to pass through.

Obviously it suited everybody's taste best to follow Plan D, but equally obviously it was the least likely to be implemented.

The hours wore on, and in the early evening before D Day the troops moved forward by QM truck some four or five miles. From that point they footed it about two miles to the forward assembly areas. Everyone dug in for as one GI said, "You can't move a damn inch without stepping on an artillery piece" and counter-battery fire was expected.

At 0200 hours the show began with a roar. Ammunition was definitely not rationed now; there was only the one question of how much could be poured down those tubes. Plenty was! The sky was a fiery red as far as eye could see, and the air was filled with the swish swish of the outgoing shells. The ground trembled from the drumfire of the concentrated impact, and the unearthly squeals and sounds of combat were unending. It didn't seem possible anything could survive that hail of steel across the Rhine.

March the twenty-fourth was as beautiful a spring day as ever there was. The birds weren't singing, but there were dandelions and spring flowers in the rich grassy lands of the river bottom. With the dawn the men moved on foot in long columns to the river's edge. Some scattered artillery and mortar came in from time to time and a few casualties were suffered, including 1st Lieutenant George MacFarland of 1st Battalion.

During the morning Generals Eisenhower, Simpson and Anderson were at the Division CP to witness the spectacle. This accentuated what we already knew, that our part in the big show was not a curtain speller.

Things went so well for the assault regiments that at 0330 hours orders were received to alert the 1st Battalion and 2nd Battalion for their crossings when Division gave the signal.

The 2nd Battalion started first, crossing the river at 1000 hours, using Baker Beach in the 313th area. In a half hour it had closed into its assembly area on the Kraut side of the river just west of Overbruch. The 1st Battalion using Able Beach in the 315th area, crossed about noon and closed into an area in the vicinity of Overbruch about 1300. It received light scattered artillery fire from Dinslaken-way as it hurried across the fields. The 3rd Battalion followed the 2nd over Baker Beach and started crossing around noon. It closed into an assembly area just to the right of the 2nd Battalion.

The plan of attack was coordinated with the 315th and 313th Infantry Regiments. The 314th was to attack in between them as the 315th pushed north and the 313th south; to expand the beachhead in width before heading due east. This was substantially Plan "A."

The 1st Battalion dug in along the railroad bank just short of Overbruch and awaited orders to push forward. While here several casualties were suffered from fire from a direct fire weapon across the canal at Walsum.

At 1630 hours the 1st and 2nd Battalions jumped off without attached tank or TD support. Rapid progress followed against moderate resistance. The Kraut didn't seem to be in the mood to resist for long. At the edge of Dinslaken C Company forced an entry into a big factory, and by 1900 hours had reached the railroad tracks leading into the city from the northeast. A and B Companies echeloned to the rear swept the area clean. Meantime the 2nd Battalion plowed down the center of the regimental sector meeting the same kind of spotty resistance. All buttoned up for the night with the railroad tracks as the line of outposts, the 3rd Battalion remained in reserve near Overbruch, poised to deliver the punch wherever it might be needed.

Shortly after midnight, the Cannon Company had its guns across the Rhine and in position to support the attack on D plus 2. During the cover of darkness the Regiment crossed 147 vehicles over the river without mishap.

The objective for the second day's fighting was the wooded high ground just west of the incompleted but graded autobahn, some five miles inland from the river.

At 0700 hours the 1st and 2nd Battalion jumped off together in a continuance of the attack to enlarge the bridgehead. Soon afterwards both battalions received fire from 40-mm AA guns firing horizontally.

Companies C and B led off for the 1st Battalion. C Company followed up the river on the west

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Upper Left: Burning village in the Hagenau Area. Upper Right: Training in Jeep river crossing during Tennessee Maneuvers. Lower Left: Giving the Infantryman tactics and artillery training. Lower Right: Discussing one of the problems of the Tennessee Maneuvers.

side of Heisfeld, while B Company pushed into town from the east. Both companies were on their objectives by 1200 and the town was secured. After a reorganization of positions, the attack was pushed forward. Some delay and a brief but brisk fight ensued when a strong point lying over the river in the 315th's area denied further advance. It was reduced with the aid of TD's and the advancing 315th. The battalion was on its objective by 1500 hours.

Company E led off for the 2nd Battalion while Company F made an attempt to move down the road east of the railroad tracks, but due to heavy fire from six 88mm guns was forced to withdraw and follow Company E. In moving on its objective from the flank, F Company by-passed Eickhof, and it was not cleaned out until early the next morning.

During the night orders were received from Division providing that on 26 March the 134th Infantry of the 35th Infantry Division (temporarily attached to the 79th) would relieve the 315th Infantry and attack northeast. The 314th Infantry was to maintain contact with the 134th Infantry on the left during the attack and pivot on the right. Also the 315th Infantry would take over part of the 2nd Battalion's sector, relieving the 313th Infantry during the day of March 26.

3rd Battalion was still in reserve. But it and Regiment received intermittent shelling most of the night. During the night a horse drawn 88mm gun was moved into the 2nd Battalion front. As soon as one of our FOs could register in on it, it was effectively silenced, but silencing the 88 did not silence the noise of Jerry digging in all across the regimental front.

The third and final day of the operation as far as we were concerned called for the 1st Battalion to drive ahead and sieze the commanding ground in Zur Forst Wesel to the edge of Koter Bruch. This was to carry the attack some 3000 yards forward. 2nd Battalion was to remain in position, improving its defenses. It was to send out combat patrols, testing the situation to the east, 3rd Battalion was to come from reserve and slide into position between 1st and 2nd Battalions. The plan called for 3rd battalion to follow the right elements of 1st Battalion closely and take over the defense facing south. As the attack of the 1st Battalion progressed, 3rd was

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to initially take over that part of the line held by B Company.

1st Battalion jumped off with A Company leading, followed by B Company. A Company cleaned out a strong point just beyond the autobahn, about 500 yards out from the old position. After reaching the open ground west of the forest both A and B Companies pushed the attack vigorously advancing well ahead of the 134th Infantry on their left. By noon A Comany had its northern half of the battalion objective. Two tanks and dug-in infantry held up B until 1400 hours, when the entire objective was taken, the tanks having retired. This lined the battalion up on the final objective with A Company on the left and B Company on the right. The line was consolidated and outposts posted.

At 6700 hours Company I relieved Company B and moved into the line without material resistance. K Company started moving in on the left of I Company an hour later. L Company followed B and flanked into the 3rd Battalion line. Its left flank followed B without difficulty and tied in on the objective, but its right had to fight its way up on line.

During the afternoon I Company received orders to push its right flank through the woods to the main road running north and south on the east of the woods in its sector. This permitted it to tie in with E Company which had pushed forward. All points were secure and tied in by 1700 hours.

Meantime, E Company of the 2nd Battalion in pushing forward had been delayed most of the day by strong points in the houses in the eastern top of the woods. As E Company cleaned them out and progressed forward, F Company started moving along the southern edge of the woods. The Company was hit by a heavy artillery concentration which was immediately followed up by a counterattack of an estimated 100 enemy. The formation of the attack had been reported by PWs and was not therefore a complete surprise, though jeep planes sent to spot it had failed to note the enemy concentration. The counterattack was broken up by our artillery and chemical mortars. The 315th Infantry slid left for about 1000 yards and took over that amount of the 2nd Battalion's sector. This readjustment of boundaries was completed by the 314th relieving Fox Company at 2030 hours.

In the early morning of 27 March the 137th Infantry passed through the sector of the 1st Battalion. By 0845 the 1st Battalion had closed in its

Upper: Keeping warm with wind breaks made of empty 105mm. shell cases. Center: Advancing over a railroad track in Germany after crossing the Rhine. Lower: Readying a 50-cal. Machine Gun to watch a road junction in the German forest.

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assembly area in Heisfeld, and passed to Regimental reserve.

The regimental front now faced south toward Sterkrade and the Rhein-Berne Canal, with the 2nd and 3rd Battalions on line. The highly touted operation of "Crossing the Rhine" came to a close. Next we were to clean up the industrial cities of the Ruhr.

STERKRADE

The days of 27 and 28 March carried the attack easterly to the edge of Sterkrade. In pushing forward, the I & R Platoon, operating on the regiment's left flank, bagged seventeen PWs. The 2nd and 3rd Battalions captured six 88mm guns and other equipment. It took some bitter fighting to reduce each successive strongpoint. One result was the firing of a large oil refinery. Most of the lads in this sector will remember its swirling smoky blaze which lighted up the night sky with a lurid red.

The actual battle for the city began at 0600 hours of 29 March. The 3rd Battalion was on the regiment's left with the 2nd on the right. Only scattered resistance and light fighting met the early advance. The 3rd Battalion was on its objective at 1415 hours, but the 2nd Battalion slowed by flanking fire reached a position half-way between its LD and END phase line by evening. According to plan the 1st Battalion was committed on the far right after the 2nd Battalion had advanced far enough to allow it to begin the reduction of its piece of pie like terrain. Meeting but little resistance it reached its objective by noon. However, its left flank was bent back until it could be covered by the advance of the 2nd Battalion. The following day all lines were pushed out to the Rhein-Herne Canal, tied in, and consolidated. There we sat for a week, struggling with problems of military government and civilians, some of whom persisted in crossing our lines and attempting to cross over the canal into enemy territory.

While waiting a Corps team came along and showed movies practically in the front lines. Judy Garland's "Meet Me in St. Louis," was the feature event. This was war more like it should be.

Just about now, the rage for German pistols was at its zenith. Many men had accidentally shot themselves or others in the heavy familiarization program and horse swapping Kraut weapons that was going on. There were even rumors that the Division Commander threatened to Court Martial the next unfortunates involved in any such shootings. Division held a meeting on 5 April of Unit Commanders at its CP. Colonel Robinson while in attendance was accidentally shot in the arm by General Wahl, the Assistant Division Commander. The weapon was a small captured German pistol of light caliber. However the wound necessitated the Colonel being evacuated and absent from his command for about ten days. General Wahl later said: "Shooting Robinson was the only constructive thing I did after joining the 79th." That—after all the help we had given the General at Schweighausen! At any rate, Colonel Robinson can lay claim to being the only "known" American Colonel in World War II who was shot by an American General. Another first for the 314th!

While visiting a few days later with incoming casualties at the evacuation hospital in support of the regiment, Colonel Robinson noticed a "B" Company soldier lying on a litter with an apparent severe arm wound, waiting his turn to be operated upon.

"Well, son," said the Colonel, stepping by his litter, "where did they get you?"

"Oh, the Germans didn't get me," replied the soldier. "My buddie found a P-38 and while he was trying to take it apart it went off and hit me in the arm."

"Damn it all," replied the Colonel, "these damn German pistols are killing or wounding more good American soldiers after we capture the weapons than the Kraut ever wound or kill with them."

"That's right," said the doughboy, "I understand our Regimental Commander was shot by one the other day."

"Well, who the hell do you think I am?" rejoined Colonel Robinson, off-guard.

"Oh, are you Colonel Robinson," replied the surprised soldier. "I'm mighty proud to know you, Sir!"

Sunday, April 1, was Easter. Church services were held in a fine old cathedral near the Regimental CP. The park around the cathedral was used for a tank motor park. The contrast between these ugly monsters of war and the beautiful religious service, will long remain in some memories.

Another highlight was plenty of eggs for Easter Day. The boys had captured a Kraut food dump in Sterkrade and eggs were the principal item. But some fine wines had also been recovered in a storage house next door and served well to taper off the eggs.

On April 5th Colonel Robinson having been evacuated because of his wounded arm, and Lt. Col. Davis being on leave in England, Lt. Col. Ernest Purvis of Blue assumed command of the Regiment. Captain (later Major) Robert L. Pitts took command of the Blue Battalion.

During the week the 2nd Battalion was pulled out of line and used as a guard unit for some intelligence targets in the area. The quiet sector was divided between the 1st and 3rd Battalions.

On April 5th, Lt. Col. Dale Hogoboom, the father and commanding officer of the new second Battalion, was ordered to the 106th Division and Major Raymond E. Jess, executive officer of the 1st Battalion took command of Bigwig White.

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STEELE

On April 6th the 17th Airborne Division relieved the 79th in the Sterkrade area. Our Regiment moved some five miles east and north to Bottrop and passed to Division reserve. The Division's last attack mission was on its way up. The objective was the big city of Essen and its suburbs including Steele. The Regiment was not sorry to hear it was in reserve, for all felt the war must soon end, and luck had run out for some along the canal at Sterkrade where snipers had been thick.

The job now was to clean up the balance of the industrial Ruhr cities. On April 7th at a meeting of unit commanders, Lt. Col. Purvis, outlined our last battle mission. The 1st and 3rd Battalions in accordance with the plan crossed the Rhine-Herne Canal in the early evening, and prepared to attack between the assault regiments to take Steele. The 2nd Battalion was relieved from its special mission and returned to Regimental fold.

The attack began at 0930 hours. It had taken some time to get far enough forward to make contact. Jerry was about through with the war and all elements advanced rapidly against light spotty resistance. The 2nd Battalion was assigned a pie-shaped town, Sevingham, lying just east of Steele and high above it. They assaulted up the hill and took the town with a minimum of trouble. 1st and 3rd Battalions were on their objectives early.

A high culm pile in the 1st Battalion area provided excellent observation across the Ruhr River. On a high knoll opposite was a strongly built Kraut AA position. The Kraut were having fun spraying all the roads with their AA weapons until Capt. Judson Freeman, of the 311th Field Artillery, spotted them and put down a barrage that drove them to shelter.

On this day Lt. Col. Davis returned from leave and assumed command of the Regiment. Lt. Col. Purvis reverted to command of Blue. During the evening Blue was relieved by the 315th Infantry and passed to reserve.

On April 10th the 1st and 2nd Battalion attacked. The 2nd Battalion reached its objective in short order, but Red was held up by another AA position which was provided with concrete observation towers and well fortified. This halted the advance of B Company and delayed C Company. By midafternoon, however, with tanks in support B Company made an aggressive assault up the slope and sustaining several casualties, took the position. Jerry lost a good many men as the position was overrun. He capitulated too late, and tried to run across the fields to the protection of the far bank of the Rhur River. He could still delay and resist and take toll of men, but he definitely couldn't win.

Just at dusk the 3rd Battalion was committed in a drive to reach the Ruhr River all along the regimental front. Before midnight the entire area was in hand and secured. Though we didn't then know it, we had completed our last attack mission.

The 17th Airborne again took over our sector, spreading outward from Sterkrade to include this newly won ground, and on April 14th we moved to the vicinity of Dortmund. The 75th Division was supposed to carry the attack in our new area to the River Line, but Blue had to wait for them to clear its area before it went on line, and there was some sporadic light fighting up and down the line, though no units of the 314th were actually engaged.

Just before the move and highlighting the end of our combat days, General Wyche presented the Distinguished Service Cross to S.-Sgt. Claude K. Ramsdell, of Blue Battalion, at an appropriate ceremony in Company L's bivouac area.

In the Dortmund area our first job was to hold and outpost the River Line until we were uncovered by friendly troops pushing up from the south. This push was to close the Ruhr Pocket. A high piece of terrain in the 1st Battalion area provided excellent observation across the Ruhr River and over the river plains stretching into the Ruhr Pocket. Enemy could be seen moving about the roadways and several large concentrations were reported. Quite frequently he let loose with some of his remaining ammunition and threw sporadic harassing artillery fire into our arms. But our orders were not to shoot; Jerry was to be kept on the opposite shore but not annihilated.

On the evening of April 14th Blue reported that its Company I had linked with elements of the 8th Infantry Division which had uncovered our front. For us, the war was over.

On the 16th Colonel Robinson returned to the Regiment and assumed command. With his arrival we were officially informed that our front was uncovered and secure and that we were to pass into the next phase — military government. Rumors of unconditional surrender were thick, all knew it had to come soon.

OCCUPATION

Phase 2, it was called at high level, but it meant occupational duty which in turn meant a little bit of everything, and a great deal of some things. Military government of the area occupied, care of displaced persons, including their repatriation to their mother country; guard of prisoners of war, policing the Russian-American zone boundaries, and thousands of other details too numerous to mention. It was a "paper war" that kept everyone hopping to comply with the last order before a new one was issued.

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The big problem was displaced persons. Germany was a hodge-podge of races and peoples from other countries who had either (1) collaborated with the Germans, (2) retreated before the advancing Allied Armies from both directions, or (3) been forced to work in Germany when their native country had been overrun by the now defunct Wehrmacht. These people posed quite a question. They had to be fed, sheltered and cared for right away. They were a menace to law and order, because a good many of them were attempting to get their revenge by looting, and did not hesitate to punctuate their requests with a few shots. People could be seen streaming in all directions on the main roads, some trying to get back to their homes, some hunting relatives, some just going because they knew nothing better to do. They were all ill-kept, hungry and poor. Something had to be done for them temporarily until governments could coordinate their repatriation. Dortmund being in the center of the factory district (the Ruhr Valley), and most of them having been employed in factories, the situation there was particularly bad. As a consequence, the regiment established five displaced persons camps to take care of both recovered Allied prisoners of war and displaced persons. In a short time the camps had a population of 19,005 displaced persons, not counting the thousands of Western Europeans—whom we promptly transported back to their native countries. Business was rushing. The camps had to be administered in a diplomatic manner, yet guards had to be stationed on all walls surrounding the former German casernes, used for the housing of these people. Even so, at night over the walls they went, looting the countryside and causing dispatch of troops to round them up and return them. The now Captain Benjamin H. McElhinney of 1st Bn., proved his bars were not misplaced by the manner in which he administered the largest camp in the Division Area. It became the show place for high-ranking visitors, and the pattern for other Divisional units to follow. The medical and health problems alone would have discouraged men of lesser stature than Captain George J. Moore and Major Paul T. O'Keefe. Complete hospitals were organized and staffed, and in short order were working to maximum capacity, including first class maternity care.

By May 1st all knew the war's end was a certainty, if not an official fact. Every blast of a radio found men grouped around it, waiting for that fateful moment when it would all end. On May 7th, First Lieutenant Donald T. Rhedmon, Liaison Officer, returned from Division with a written message signed by General Eisenhower. It read: "A representative of the German High Command signed the

Upper: Men of the Field Artillery move through the wreckage of Essen, Germany. Center: Smiling Frenchmen watch Americans "Clean up Cherbourg." Lower: Adolph Hitler Strassa in Dinslaken.

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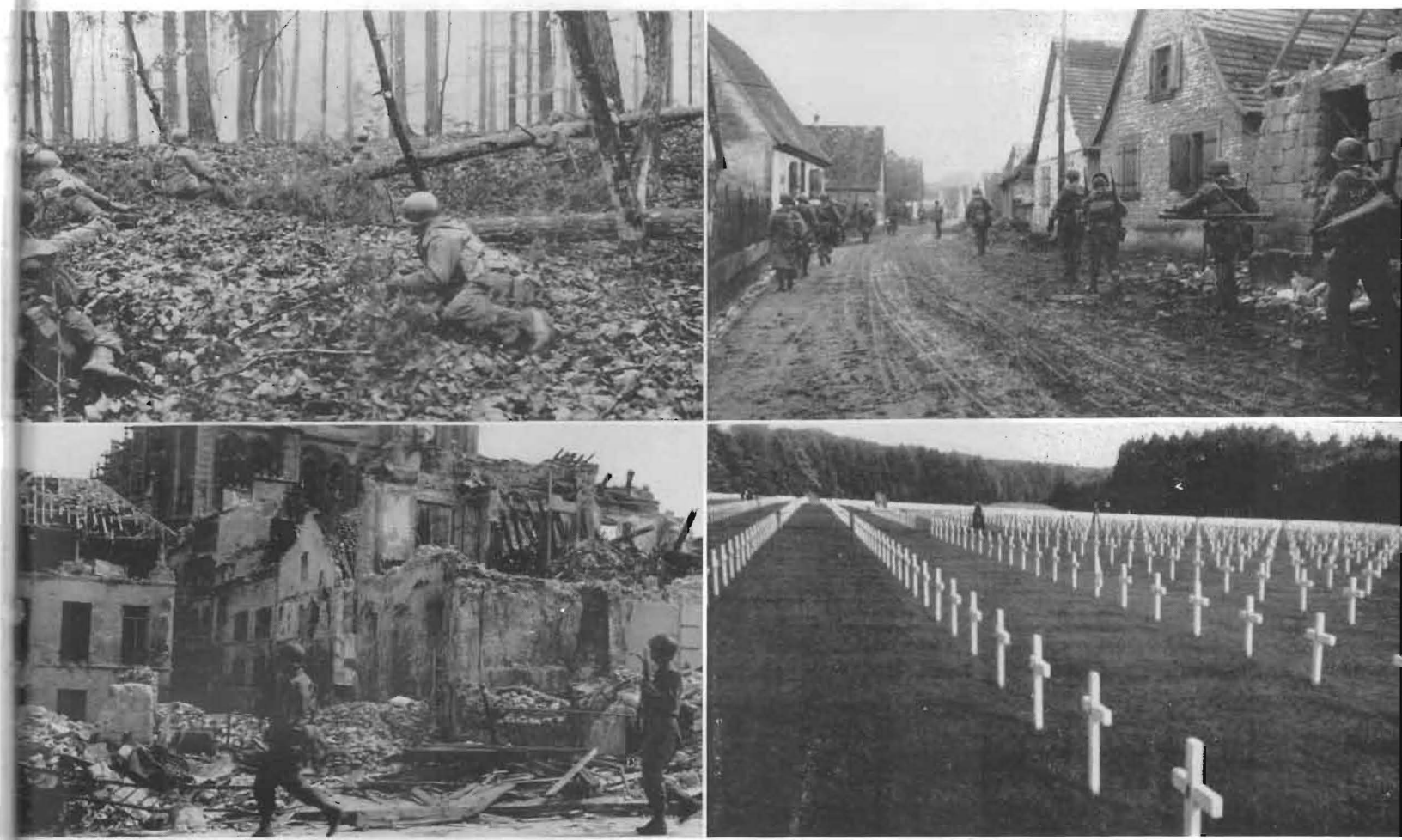

Upper Left: Waiting for the Jerrys to move up in the Bein Woods. Upper Right: Moving out through a shattered French Village. Lower Left: More artillery destruction. Lower Right: Jayhawk cemetery somewhere in France.

unconditional surrender of all German Land, Sea and Air Forces in Europe to the Allied Expeditionary force and simultaneously to Soviet High Command at 0141 hours European time 7 May, 1945, under which all forces will cease active operations at 0001 hours 9 May, 1945. Effective immediately all offensive operations by Allied Expeditionary Forces will cease and troops will remain in present positions. Moves involved in occupational duties will continue. Due to difficulties of communication there may be some delay in similar orders reaching enemy troops so full defensive precautions will be taken. . . . "

That was that! It was all over. Just that easy!

It meant no more fox holes, no more K-rations, no more bullets, no more nothing but living. At least until we got shipped to the Pacific Theater, which of necessity had to be a long way off. There was no way to describe the feeling you felt, like a person who had died for a while, and now had a chance to live once more by some strange quirk of the powers that be. Simultaneously, an announcement of the Army policy of releasing men, retaining a European Army, and redeployment to the Pacific Theater came out. The system was to be based on points with one point for each month's service in the Army, an additional point for each month over-seas, battle stars were worth five points, each decoration worth an additional five points, and if you were good enough man to have children, each one of them was worth twelve points. It placed the stress on combat service and fathers. The first factor everyone agreed on, but some of the single men couldn't see where being married should affect their lease on life one way or the other. Certain point categories would be redeployed to the Pacific Theater (the lowest, naturally) next medium would remain in Europe as part of the occupation force, and the highest point category would be returned home; some for discharge and others for retention in the Army there. Anybody who didn't have a basic knowledge of arithmetic learned it right then and there, and the papers and pencils flew trying to eke that last point's worth out of this war. All in all though—at that time—every man was satisfied with the policy upon which these important matters were calculated.

During our sojourn in Dortmund some important changes took place in Command positions.

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Lieutenant Colonel Ernest R. Purvis, who had trained the 3rd Bn. for action and led it successfully in all its combat, excluding the period he was hospitalized for a head wound received in action near Le Haye du Puits, was nominated for rotation and left for home. He carried with him the respect of every soldier who knew him and one of the finest combat records of any commander in the 79th Division. His executive officer, Major Henry F. Koch, preceded Colonel Purvis on rotation a few days. He also had made a reputation as a combat leader during the dark days he commanded the 3rd Bn. in Col. Purvis' absence. Major Robert L. Pitts assumed command of the Battalion and shaped its destiny until Lt. Col. William H. Hillier—now happily recovered from his chest wound—returned to us for duty.

Lt. Col. Daniel R. Norman, a veteran of the Bulge fight, took over command of 2nd Bn. a short time later, from Major Raymond H. Jess, who had taken over from Lt. Col. Dale D. Hogoboom, at the time of the latter's relief. Many other lesser changes of command took place, too numerous to mention. Faces changed, but the will and spirit of the regiment to do an "A No. 1" job remained firm.

V-E Day was followed by a training programme with emphasis on the Japanese phase, administering displaced persons camps (which took about half our personnel) and normal guard duties in what was still considered a hostile country. Military Government entailed any number of things from maintaining law and order to the actual governing of the people. As for the garrison side of living, everyone was once more confronted with bedchecks, reveille, retreat, inspections, military courtesy, guard formations and the like. One thing presented a problem—fraternization. It was a high-sounding term for a relatively simple matter—boy meets girl. The American soldier, being 100 per cent American, is apt to forget quickly. He had just been released from the danger and the tension of combat, and was ready to enjoy life again. It was a certainty that some would welcome association with German civilians. It was equally as certain that the conquerors, with their abundance of food, chocolate and cigarettes, would be sought after by the Germans. Probably these facts were recognized by the higher-ups and the rule of non-fraternization was enforced. It was a necessary evil, and about as popular as the 18th Amendment. Later on the rule was revoked, but not until after many had paid a $65.00 fine for trying to spread "the American way of life."

Dortmund was located in the British Zone of Occupation, and on 28 May we received word that the 48th Royal Artillery would take over between the 2nd and 7th of June. They would get a going business with plenty of good will thrown in.

Memorial Day service for the entire regiment was held on May 30th at Garden Suburb, a large wooded park in Dortmund. Warrant Officer Kenneth M. Allison was in charge of all arrangements for this memorable gathering. An air raid shelter upon which a 40 foot flag pole was placed was converted into a lasting monument to the heroic dead of the 314th Infantry. Four service flags, each with five gold stars representing the deceased of each company, flanked the flag pole. A 3½ ft. floral wreath of Infantry colors was placed at the foot of each service flag, and a five foot wreath spelling out 314th Infantry in red roses and syringa, set in front of the monument, completed the flower arrangements. Cement posts connected by white rope formed a fence around the entire mound.

Colonel Kramer Thomas, Chief of Staff of the 79th Division, a great soldier and trusted friend of the 314th, was guest speaker. Lieutenant Colonel Davis spoke for the Regiment, as did Chaplains Heckman and Healy. The playing of taps and the firing of a 21 gun salute concluded the ceremony. It was a sober moment for everyone of the 1400 troops present; not so much because of what was said, as for the memories it brought back of comrades who had died at Cherbourg, La Haye, Foret de Parroy, Alsace, etc., & etc. It was a little like attending your own funeral service, a feeling of: "There, save by the grace of God lay I" swept over the crowd. The difference between life and death in battle is often less than the flash of a humming bird's wing. The French, long accustomed to the fortunes and misfortunes of armed conflict, explain it all, at least to their satisfaction, by saying, "C'est la guerre!"

June came in and with it we were on the move again. This time it was a trek of some four hundred miles, to Czechoslovakia, in the vicinity of Cheb (Egar), the largest city in Sudentanland. Also Brigadier General Leroy H. Watson had replaced Major General I. T. Wyche as Division Commander. General Wyche was promoted to Commanding General of VIII Corps. It was a new deal all around.

The 3rd Bn. led off on June 5th, followed by the rest of the regiment at intervals. At a ceremony held by the 2nd Bn., and the British, the American flag was lowered and the British flag was raised over the city of Dortmund. This officially signified the turnover of the area to the British forces. The last unit moved out of Dortmund on the 9th of June, at which time the Division was transferred from the control of XVI Corps, Ninth Army, to V Corps, Third Army. In all, we saw service in each army group, four different armies and nine different corps while overseas. The following letter was received from the Commanding General XVI Corps (we took the Corps' first prisoners of war) and published to the troops:

"1. Upon your relief, or imminent relief, from attachment to this Corps, I desire to extend to you, your officers and men, my sincere appreciation of the high quality of service rendered while under

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my command. Regardless of the mission assigned, whether combat or other type, all have been performed promptly, cheerfully and efficiently."

"2. It is my hope that this parting is temporary, and that we shall soon meet again to exert our combined efforts in the final and complete defeat of our remaining enemy. Until then, good luck, and God Speed."

Regimental headquarters was established at Konigsberg on 10 June, and control of the area taken over from the 1st Infantry Division. Our new duties here consisted mainly of maintaining road blocks, guard duty, military government and training. We were occupying that section of Czechoslovakia opposite the Russians and had to maintain an elaborate system of road blocks for controlling both incoming and outgoing traffic to the Russian Zone.

It was a repetition of the life at Dortmund, with care for displaced persons. Training became more intense—we were still at war with Japan.

June 26, 1945, was the first anniversary of the fall of Cherbourg. Special dinners were held in all mess halls; the first Regimental newspaper "The Falcon," was printed by Lieutenant Harry B. Miller. In Cheb the 2nd Bn. held a parade in honor of General Watson, who decorated twelve men of the Regiment with Silver and Bronze Stars. The officers honored Colonel Robinson with a birthday party — on his 45th birthday they had given him Fort du Roule!

Fourth of July, the 2nd Bn. held a gala parade in Cheb. General John S. Winn, the new Artillery Commander, reviewed the troops. This was followed by the unveiling of a plaque changing the name of the city's principal street from Hitler Strasse to President Roosevelt Strasse. Time had marched on!

Not to be outdone, the 1st Bn. on July 8th celebrated the first anniversary of the capture of La Haye du Puits with a review for General Watson on their parade grounds in Falknov. All Companies of the Battalion were designated Combat Infantry Companies and were presented guidon streamers. General Watson also presented decorations to several officers and enlisted men.

The Division was given a Category II status. This meant we would re-equip, retrain and be shipped to the States as strategic reserves with the possibility—and probability, every one felt—of being committed in the Pacific Theater should the need arise. It was a foregone conclusion we hadn't seen the last of combat.

To meet the new conditions, a wholesale judging of personnel began—getting high-pointers out to other units due for early departure home, getting low-pointers in for additional training, and transferring medium pointers to units scheduled for occupational duties. This brought about important changes in key personnel: Major Walter J. Jung, Regimental S-3 since Moder River days, and Major Hermann G. Schulze, Regimental S-2 throughout the war, left with 16th Armored Division and were replaced by Captain James Flannery and Captain Donald M. Talcott. Capt. Talcott's old job of S-1 was filled by 1st Lieutenant Martin F. Leffler. Lieutenant Colonel Jean D. Scott, another Bulge fight veteran, took command of the 3rd Battalion, relieving Lt. Colonel Hillier, who went to Division as G-3. Shuffles such as these were being made in all battalions, companies and in the squads. The 314th was putting on its war paint again.

There were not many Czechs in our area; the population was almost totally Sudentanland Germans. They were friendly to Americans and hard-pressed by Czech government officials and soldiers, who were not inclined to show any consideration for Sudentanland persons, be they men, women or children. This attitude did not set well with the average GI, and when fraternization became legal they were not slow to show their feelings. Maybe it was a good thing that another move was in the offing.

Before that move, however, two more ceremonies of note were held in Czechoslovakia. The 2nd Bn., whose members had become parading demons, represented the 79th in a parade in Pilsen in a celebration marking the return of President Benes to his country. They were by far the smartest and most military appearing unit in that gigantic parade. In Konigsburg all units of the regiment participated in a ceremony requested by the Burgomaster that changed the name of the main street from Egar Strasse to Trida Robinsonova (that's Czech for Robinson Road) in honor of the Regimental Commander. It was felt in some circles that Lieutenant Townsend Kirthlank's forty-five on his desk at M. G. headquarters, was an aid in helping the Burgomaster select the name Robinson rather than Roosevelt, Washington or some other "great Americanova" for this honor.

The new move started on the 3rd of August. Our objective was the isolated village of Dalherda in Bavaria in the vicinity of Fulda, and our trek lay through Bayreuth, Bamberg, Schweinfurt and Bad Kissingen. The main idea behind this new change of scenery was to get us into an area where we could complete preparations for shipment to the States. The area was an old German panzer division training ground, and ideal for training. But the weather man was still on a V-E Day spree and rain plus fog was the only kind of weather he could put out. The altitude was over 4,000 feet and the only town near was the beat up village of Dalherda, which the Germans had used for their "combat in cities" training. Some of the houses had walls standing, but few had roofs, and certainly none had windows. This meant soft billets were out and everyone went

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Upper Left: Aerial view of the Hagenau Area. Upper Right: Taking a few seconds off before moving out with the tanks. Lower Left: Rubble littered street of battle-scarred Rohrwiller, France. Lower Right: Chow during Tennessee Maneuvers. Left: Maj. Hillier. Center: Col. Hanna.

back again to a mixture of tents, mud, mess kits, rain, straddle trenches and cold. This was not a happy place to soldier in after the "to the victor belongs the spoils" sort of existence we had lived since combat.

Tactical firing problems and POM qualifications became first priority. Ranges were constructed by the dozens and the old dawn to night qualification grind began again. Inspectors came in droves, including Major General McAuliffe, famous for his "NUTS" answer to the German ultimatum at Bastogne. The general had been given command of the Division, but kept it only a short time. Might have been we were too rough for him!

On August 10th, Lieutenant Colonel James P. Davis, Regimental Executive Officer, and a tower of strength when things looked dark, left for a new assignment in the Berlin Enclave. Lieutenant Colonel Scott became Regimental Executive and Major Pitts again took command on "Bigwig Blue." The following day the regimental liaison officer brought good news from the folks down in the valley. We were for shipment to the USA with an availability date of August 2. We were going to get out of the mud at last. We knew we might be heading for another war but on the way there we were going via home sweet home.

Then, with the suddenness of the atomic bomb itself, came V-J Day. Now it was really over. Celebrations were in order, but Dalherda was a hell of a place in which to celebrate, so all attempts fell a little flat. The rain just fell!

Besides folding up the Japs, the atomic bomb folded up our home-going plans. Orders came down rescinding the alert and in its place substituted another move. The Division was to replace the 99th Division and the 6th Armored Division on occupational duties, while they were to be sent home and disbanded. It didn't mean a move of any consequence because we were training in their areas. On 23 August, the regiment relieved the 395th Infantry Regiment of the 99th Infantry Division and the 735th Tank Battalion. Our new duties consisted of normal occupational duties including an abundance of DP and PW camps to look after. We were again manning road blocks along the Russian Frontier in Germany. We took on a new training schedule for any spare moments, which accentuated I &

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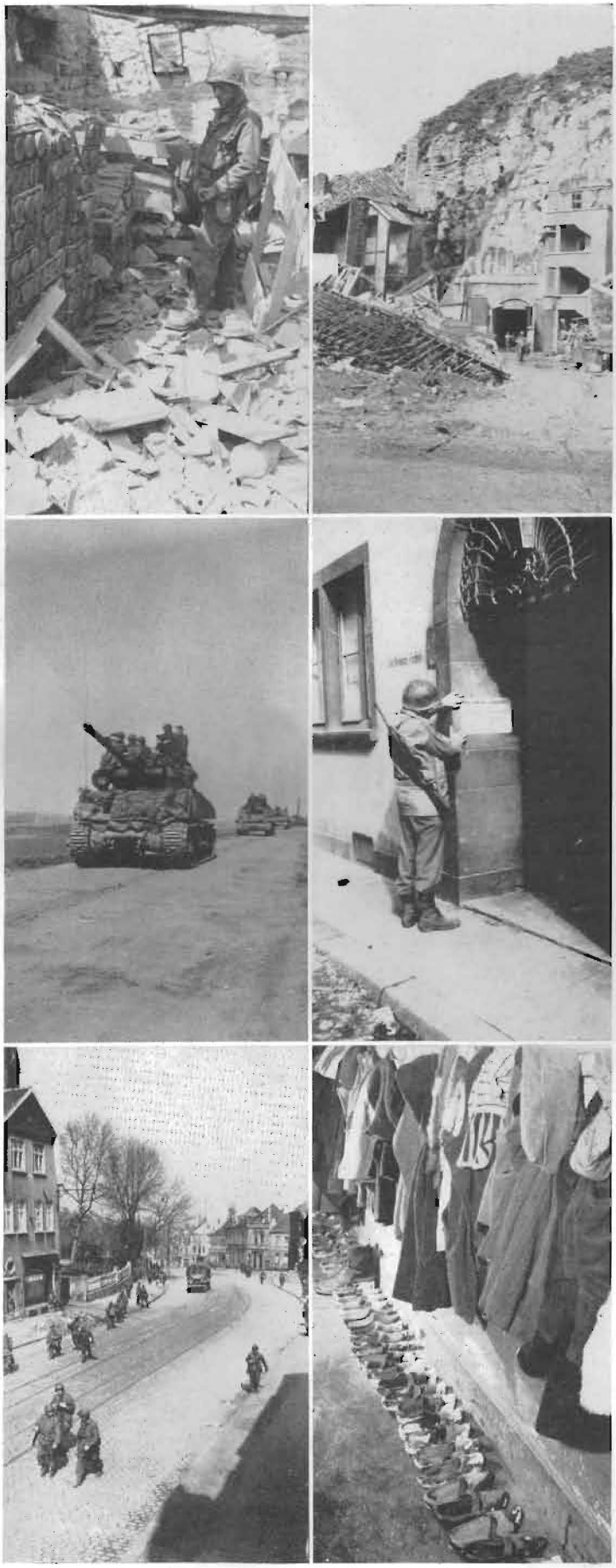

E work, athletics, and disciplinary drill rather than anything tactical now that the war was over. Third Battalion found itself governing a large civilian internee camp which had been an old German caserne known as Hammelburg Lager. The fates smiled on this, because this was the place where most of our 2nd Battalion had been interned after their capture at Drusenheim in January. Point scores were lowered meanwhile, as all during the period since Czechoslovakia, men were taken from the unit and replaced by low-point men, until there were very few familiar faces around, except those who elected to remain with the regiment until it eventually went home.

The regimental units settled down in their last permanent homes in Europe, as September and October moved slowly by with men coming and going much faster than in combat. Headquarters Company as usual was low man on the totem pole in billets and set up housekeeping in the cow town of Munnerstadt. First Battalion was at Konigshofen, 2nd Battalion at Mellrichstadt, 3rd Battalion and Service Company at Hammelberg Lager, while Cannon and Anti-Tank Companies lived in style in the resort town of Bad Bruckenau. After a few weeks of hard work, the area was up to the 79th standard and life was worth living again. However, the end was near.

In the last part of October, all regulars and low-point men were ordered out and the regiment alerted for shipment home. Among others this took Colonel Robinson who had led us all through combat. He was ordered to XV Corps Headquarters at Bamberg to become Corps G-5, and later Chief of Staff. The date of his leaving, October 12th, was designated "Falcon Day." The regiment paraded through Munnerstadt at which time the main thoroughfare was designated "Cross of Lorraine" strasse. Colonel Robinson reviewed the troops for the last time. Then every one repaired to Hammelburg Lager Athletic Field where a football game between 79th Division Special Troops and the 314th Infantry football teams was played for the Division championship. The game, well played and hard fought, ended in a tie. That evening a dance and farewell banquet was held in the ballroom at Hammelburg Lager which all the Regimental officers and some from Division attended—several coming from a great distance.

Lieutenant Colonel Montie F. Cone, C. O., of Bigwig Red, became Regimental Commander and held it until relieved by Lieutenant Colonel Pritchard who brought the regiment home.

The Division was relieved by the 1st Infantry Division on November 15, 1945. The Regiment

Upper Left: Stores of German ammunition used in the defense of Cherbourg. Upper Right: One of Hitler's much vaunted west wall defenses in France from which hundreds of Germans have just surrendered. Left Center: 79th Division tanks moving up. Right Center: Wonder what this "Off Limits" sign is for. Lower Left: Rhur Pocket after crossing the Rhine. Lower Right: An old familiar scene in Holland.

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moved to Aschaffenburg Tent Camp for several days, then entrained for Marseilles, France. Sailings from Marseilles started the last week in November. Company size units of the Regiment landed at ports along the eastern seaboard of the U. S. from Boston, Massachusetts, to Norfolk, Virginia, ten to fifteen days after leaving France.

The 79th Division, including the 314th Infantry, was deactivated officially on December 11, 1945, thus ending the saga of a proud organization in World War II.

There was not much fanfare connected with the demise of a regiment that had traveled so far, worked so hard, fought so well and changed the lives of so many men. Final honors were waived by the War Department in its attempt to appease the popular cry of get the boys home by Christmas. C'est la guerre!

Nevertheless, the men who may hereafter wear the Cross of Lorraine and the Sign of the Falcon will have a lot of tradition to live up to. They may not know the men who made and died for these traditions, nor the months of hell it took to build them, but for them we leave this outline.

We know the men—and we know the whole story. The men are us and we made the story. Should any one be interested in further detail just ask any 314th Combat Infantryman, from the front line scout to the regimental commander, to tell you —he will! He will, because he was there and knows it all by heart, and in his heart he is proud of the job he and his unit did.

THE BATTLE OF REIPERTSWILLER

The action of the 1st Battalion in the vicinity of Reipertswiller is told separately because it was entirely independent of the balance of the regiment —a not too little war all its own.

The 45th Division was fighting in the Vosges Mountains on the left flank of the 79th. A breakthrough in their area occurred. In order to meet it, two battalions of the 313th, one battalion of the 315th and 1st Battalion of the 314th were hurriedly shifted west. Our 1st Battalion was relieved from its defensive position, loaded on DUKS and pulled out shortly before midnight.

At 0400, the 2nd of January, after a long cold ride, the battalion arrived in Zinewiller. Attached to the 313th and acting under orders of the Commanding General of the 45th Division, they were alerted at 2000 the same day and moved on GM trucks to the vicinity of Picardie. Finding no billets at Picardie, the column continued to Lichtenberg, a small town nearby, which was some eight miles from Zinewiller. Arrival was made at 0220, too early to be up and about in the cold mountain air of the Vosges.

The German troops in the area were making a strong bid to force the thin U. S. line in the Vosges, recapture Saverne, and cut the only supply line in northern Alsace, which ran through the Saverne Gap. If successful, this would cause the retirement of all Allied troops in northern Alsace. The Germans must have known the Bulge fight up north was causing replacement and supply shortages to the Seventh Army. They were striking while the iron was hot and the weather cold.

At 0900 Companies A and B attacked and met little opposition in taking the high mountainous ground west of Picardie, which was known as Buxenberg Hill. Patrols, which were then sent to the high ground north and west of Buxenberg Hill, reported those points lightly held. Company B moved out in a swing around the left of the adjoining high ground, and came in on the rear of it, taking seven prisoners in the process. For the night Companies A and C remained on Buxemberg Hill and Company B on the high ground it had captured during the early afternoon.

The mission of the 313th Infantry for the next day was to continue the attack to secure an objective along the line of the road running east from Mouterhouse of Baerenthal, some 6000 yards north of Picardie. The orders received at 2200 directed the 1st Battalion to assemble south and west of the town of Reipertswiller, then attack and seize the high ground about 1500 yards north and slightly west of of Reipertswiller, known as Hill No. 388. This hill was to make battalion history.

The winter at this time in the mountains was at its worst. Cold, snow, high altittude, with the wind always howling through everything, including your clothes. No matter how many clothes one had on, it was impossible to stay warm more than four or five minute in that weather. Trying to dig foxholes in the frozen earth was next to impossible.

At 0700 on 4 January the Battalion received orders to attack three hours later. Company A led off, and soon discovered that a ten-man enemy patrol was following it. Company B, on the strength of this report, was ordered to follow and wipe out infiltrating enemy. By 1530 Company A had seized Saegmuhl, a small town 600 yards up the road from Reipertswiller. They had taken a luscious catch of 124 prisoners and moved on up to high ground about 400 yards to the north which commanded the town. Company B moved in on Company A's right flank, and Company C moved into position on the hill taken by B Company the previous day. During the morning, Major Raymond E. Jess, the Battalion CO, was evacuated due to illness and Captain Walter J. Jung, the Battalion Executive Officer, assumed command of the Battalion.

On the 5th the attack continued, with A Company. Half way to the objective (Hill 388) the

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Company met stiff resistance, consisting of heavy small arms, mortar, and artillery fire that stopped their advance.

Members of Bn. Hq. Co. were engaged at the eastern outskirts of Lichtenberg with a large enemy force, who attempted to occupy the high ground in the vicinity of the castle. At 1715 Company C started taking up defensive positions around the castle, relieving the members of Hq. Co.

During the day Company B had moved up and tied in with Company A some 500 yards from Hill 388, where other companies remained throughout the night. At 1000 Major Dale D. Hogooom, Jr., Executive Officer of the 2nd Battalion, assumed command of the 1st Battalion.

Mortar and arillery fire were heavy as usual with plenty of tree bursts. On the morning of the 6th, Battalion ordered Company C to send out patrols to determine the strength of the enemy attempting to take the castle at Lichtenberg. If the Krauts could take the castle, it would afford them a good observation point of our supply route into the area, and get behind us at the same time. The patrols reported that approximately a battalion of enemy had infiltrated around our right flank, and strongly held the north-south ridge, which was about 200 yards east of the castle. During the morning it was reported that the enemy was in Picardie. That was serious, for it put the enemy behind our lead elements and in position to cut our main supply route through the mountains.

A battalion of the 276th Infantry was ordered to relieve Company C, and secure the ridge east of the castle. At 1800 Company C was relieved and moved over to position on a ridge overlooking the town, which became known as Reipertswiller Ridge. Two companies of the 276th Infantry assisted by tanks cleared Picardie of the enemy and netted 150 prisoners.

Patrols sent out at daylight of the 7th reported Hill 388 still occupied by the enemy. However, at 1155 after a stiff fight, A Company was sitting on Hill 388 with B Company on the hill to the southeast. As A Company's left flank was hanging in midair, I Company, 180th Infantry, was requested to move up to cover. Contact was made at 1700 and the tie-in effected. Due to the nature of the terrain at the tie-in point, a machine gun section from Dog Company was moved up and dug in position. The tie-in point was later the subject of bitter action. We never were quite certain who held it—ourselves, the 180th or the Krauts.

The situation on the night of the 7th was in very much of a state of flux; in fact, the whole Reipertswiller action was "fluxy". The rear areas were as dangerous as the forward areas. Infiltration was the order of the day, instead of an occasional occurrence. Bringing up supplies was as risky as front line fox-hole duty. When the normal supply routes were cut off by the enemy, mules were recruited and used to bring in food and ammunition over cross-mountain paths through the woods. It was during one of the trips up the side of the mountain with rations, water and ammunition that an artillery and mortar barrage fell in amongst the mules and their colored caretakers. The soldier leading the "Bell Mare" was reported as saying: "Mule you is on your own—I is parteeing. This is no place for the both of us."

At 0800 on the 8th an enemy attack of undetermined strength cut the tie-in point between Company I, 180th Infantry, and A Company. D Company's machine gun section was captured and I Company driven back. This action forced Company A to bend its left flank back. Company I countered and by 1450 had retaken the lost ground, except that the enemy still held the tie-in point. One platoon from C Company successfully attacked there and restored our lines completely.

On order from the CO of the 313th Infantry, A and B Companies staged a demonstration at 0700 the following morning to cover an action in the 180th section. For their pains both companies received a plastering from Kraut artillery. The remainder of the day was quiet.

Pursuant to verbal orders, an attack was launched at 0900 the 10th of January, with the objective le Dundenkopf Hill, which was about 1000 yards north of Hill 388. About 300 yards north of Hill 388, the leading unit, Charlie Company, met heavy resistance. One platoon was practically wiped out and the rest of the company pinned down under a rain of small arms, mortar and artillery fire. Smoke was used to cover the withdrawal of the company to its original position. It had to be brought in so close to our men some received burns from the white phosphorous.

Litter bearers attempting to remove the wounded were driven off by enemy small arms fire. Then to the amazement of everyone, German medics advanced under the protection of a large Red Cross banner, and evacuated to their own lines, the wounded of Company C who remained on the battlefield. Apparently their high command also wanted identifications.

On the 11th, Company F of the 180th Infantry had replaced their I Company on the left flank of Company A, and again the enemy had infiltrated through the tie-in point. There followed an attack in such force that Company F had to withdraw. Once again Able's left flank was exposed. A platoon from C Company was rushed to the disputed flank position, but the enemy continued to press its attack so vigorously that in the late afternoon Companies A and B and the platoon of Company C were also forced to withdraw. Actually, with enemy infiltrating in the rear the battalion was out on a nose by itself, and

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was almost cut off when the order to withdraw came. Company A took up positions on Reipertswiller Hill. Company B took defensive positions in Reipertswiller and Company C held Sargmuhl.

In an effort to regain the lost ground, the 2nd Battalion of the 157th Infantry was ordered to attack through C Company's position and retake Hill 388. This battalion attacked at 2045. They were able to advance only 400 yards beyond Saegmuhl before being stopped for the night. However, after repulsing a counterattack the following morning. they were able to retake the southeast end of Hill 388.

They were welcome to it for all of us. We wished them more luck than we had had holding it, but such was not to be. Orders were received at 2100 to take over their position. Under cover of darkness the relief was effected.

At 0600 on the 13th the 1st Battalion was attached to the 180th Infantry. New attack orders were on the way when it was discovered that the old tie-in point was again held by the enemy. Since no one wanted a repeat performance of the preceding day's operations, the new attack was deferred and plans made to clean out the tie-in point again. Next morning at 0800 a platoon from B Company attacking with tank support swung around to the left of Company C and retook the old position. After this action the 180th Infantry moved up on the left flank of the battalion. This time we hoped they would stay there. Each time this point had to be retaken was costing us casualties we could ill afford to lose.

It did prove to be the last trouble we had with the tie-in point and Hill 388. Orders were received for our relief on the 15th after a limited attack by B Company during the morning to straighten out lines. B Company met no resistance in reaching its objective.

The relief was made by the 3rd Battalion of the 180th Infantry at 2100 and 2200 the Red Battalion was on trucks ready to move to an assembly area in Oberhoffen and rejoin the 314th.

The relief was a blessing; no matter what waited in the new area it couldn't be as bad as the past two weeks had been. The battalion was tired, depleted in strength, and low in morale. It was good to be heading home again to Bigwig White and Blue, units that fought the same kind of a fight that you did; units that stayed tied in, once the tie was made.

Upper: Tanks and Infantry attack an Alsace town with road block north of Strasbourg. Center: Funeral procession of Russian slave laborers who are burying one of their dead who died in a Nazi Labor Camp. Lower: Jerry fortification in the Dinslaken Area which was equipped with six to eight 88's overrun by the 314th.

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is still under fire. Upper right: Ammonia plant southeast of Dinslaken, Germany, wrecked by Allied bombing. Lower Left: Women and children welcoming their Yankee liberators. Lower Right: Hedgerow fighting in Normandy.

We had held the enemy in the mountains and the Saverne Gap was safe. But the old men in the battalion were saying this was as bad as anything they had gone through yet—some said it was the worst. It wasn't only the fighting, but the cold, and the uncertainty of where the enemy would strike. The whole two weeks had been one constant alert. It all added up to make the "Battle of Reipertswiller" something to tell new rookies about to properly impress them with the fighting that had gone on before they had joined, and to warn them of what might be expected of them in the future.

FROM DRUSENHEIM TO MOOSBURG

The Story of a P. W.

By Captains Chester Pasternak and Eugene Kirby

The battle of the Bulge started on December 16, 1944. Every one knows or has heard about that gallant American defeat and subsequent victory. Not many, unless they had relatives in the VI Corps, know about the Battle of "The Little Bulge" that started in Alsace in January, '45. It got as far as the Moder River and then was halted by the 79th Division, assisted by other just and valiant organizations. Following is a story covering a phase of the battle of the "Little Bulge."

On January 9th "the Fuehrer" issued orders that Haguenau, Alsace, France, must be retaken and all American forces located between the lower Vosges and the Rhine eliminated. The crack panzer Corps, having failed to break through in the Hattan sector, was now to try in the direction of Sessenheim and Drusenheim. The 7th German Parachute Division lined up with the 10th SS Panzer Division, were to make the attack. Infiltration across the Rhine assisted. On January 16th and 17th Denglosheim and Roeschwoog were taken, and there followed a build up of the enemy around Dalhunden, some three kilometers northeast of Drusenheim. A ferry was operating across the Rhine in the vicinity of Fort Louis. The Kraut also held that portion of Drusenheim on the Rhine side of the Moder River. They were well supported with mortar and artillery.

On 17 January, 1945, Companies A and B of the 1st Battalion were attached to the 3rd Battalion of the 232nd Infantry, Rainbow Division. They went into line in the southeast part of Bois de Ses-

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senheim, along the railroad tracks leading northerly from Drusenheim, generally about a kilometer and a half northeast of the 2nd Battalion's north flank. Sandwiched between A and B Companies was K Company of the 232nd. On January 18th, K Company of the 232nd Infantry, was hit and driven back causing the loss of a part of a machine gun platoon of D Company, 314th. A counter attack failed to restore their former line, but some ground was regained. As far as combat effectiveness went, the 314th Companies were at less than half strength. During the day of the 19th B Company men observed Krauts crossing the Moder River to their front in rubber boats, but requests to the 232nd for mortar or artillery fire went unheeded. In the early dusk a heavy concentration of enemy mortar and artillery fire was placed on Bois de Sessenheim, and the elements of A and B Companies were ordered to withdraw to Bois de Soufflenheim, about one kilometer to the west. The stage was set for events to come.

The situation for the 2nd Battalion of the evening of January 19th was indeed tense. There was little left but an outpost to bolster our north flank, and all around Drusenheim on the other side of the Moder the Kraut gathered his strength. To our right rear a railroad bridge over the Moder gave Jerry a corridor by which to pay us a call. We were in a spot all right. Throughout the day our observation posts reported enemy massing troops and equipment in the woods up north and across the river to our flank and front. All day the air sang with artillery, and now and then came a merrier serenade that sounded like the TOT with which in better days we had punished our foe. All one had to do was to stick his head out of his fox hole, and bang—Jerry would send over a swift and unfriendly greeting.

About 1630 hours, after our supplies were brought up and we were about ready for delivery to the troops, we got what at the time we considered our usual supper barrage. We were pelted for better than an hour. This was the beginning of the attack on Drusenheim. We estimated Jerry was using about 100 heavy pieces. Later we found out that he had even more. When the artillery and mortar died down, we could hear his tanks and troops advancing. We turned loose with what artillery we could get, and the boys opened up full blast with small arms, tossing in what mortar shells we had. As long as we had ammunition we held off the attackers, though early in the fight our two TD's and our three 57 mms were knocked out. We estimated that the enemy had an armored strength of about 20 vehicles. His plan of attack was to cut off all of the roads from our rear, thus cutting our route of escape. He first feinted with plenty of fire and a demonstration from the south side of Drusenheim and down near the railroad bridge. As Colonel Huff had expected, however, the main attack came south along the railroad tracks. For a while our radio and communications held up, but as time went along, it was of less and less use. After things got real hot, and we knew we were in for it, F Company on our tail was able to withdraw with small casualties. We felt the rest of us were trapped unless someone could bust through from our rear. No one did.

Hand to hand fighting went on until the wee hours of the morning. The boys were getting rid of those black sweaters. As our Battalion CP was near the center of town, the command group was not captured until about 0430 hours on 20 January, 1945. By a little after 0500 hours, Jerry had sewed us up, and here's where the fun began, but not in jest. Just before we destroyed our equipment, we sent a message to our artillery to continue pouring interdictory fire on the river bridge in the center part of town. We wanted to discourage Jerry, if we could, from strolling in from the south.

Well, it was just our damn luck that the Jerry headed us down toward the bridge. Every few minutes, if not seconds, whizz, along came one of our 105's whistling a very foreboding tune! Boy, we sweated out those shells! Fortunately, none landed among us, or we wouldn't be here to tell this story. Every time a batch came in the German guard would hit the ground, and say "Your Comrades!"

The rough part about waiting at the foot of the bridge was, Jerry took away our gloves, and brother, it was cold that morning. To make matters worse, some of the guys had Arctic shoes, and Jerry made them take them off and stand in the snow with their stocking feet. After a guy tries to keep his hands up over his head for a while, they become tired and have an awful tendenoy to drop. This is what those sons-a-bitches liked. Over they'd come, and give the boys the butt of their rifles across the elbows. Before long, all fingers were frozen, and some of the fellows who couldn't keep their hands up, and had been slapped a few times, found their hands splitting and blood running freely. To make it worse, the men who were wounded had to stand and take it the same as the rest of us.

About 0700 hours Jerry had his breakfast, and then decided to take us to his Division CP. We crossed over the bridge and walked along the raised highway to Dalhunden, some 500 yards from the Rhine. Here we were separated. Officers were put into one group and GI's in another. Then we were searched and stripped of most of our clothing. Jerry seemed more interested in our clothes than he did in getting information. After the Intelligence "big shot" got through with us, everyone down to the lowest buck private took a chance in helping us get rid of what warm clothes remained to us.

We hung around the vicinity of this CP until dusk. Then we were marched down to the Rhine where we were to have been moved across the river

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by ferry. But the ferry busted down that night, and we ended up in a barn for the night and most of the next day. Finally on the third day of our capture, at dusk, they had the ferry repaired and running and we crossed the Rhine on our way to a PW camp.

When we reached the German side of the river we were met by one of those pistol-toting Hitler henchmen who thought he was king. The first thing he did was to put about a hundred of us in a room about 12 by 12. There the bastard kept us for two hours, and almost drove us crazy. Conditions were so crowded that most of the fellows got cramps, and all were in pain. Finally, when he decided we had had enough, he ordered us out and we began our marching.

Now we could see all the German installations. He had plenty! Guns and tanks were all over the damn place. He had only one thing in mind. We were all thinking about the Third Battalion. Had it pulled back? For with this equipment, thought us, the Third, too, was doomed and headed for our destination.

For our first trip into Germany we were escorted into the Black Forest. Boy, it was rough walking. No food for four days, and the snow was about a foot deep and sometimes more. Then the hills, they were mountains! Something a mountain climber probably dreams of, but not a poor guy who is hungry and cold. Finally, after hours of marching, we struggled in Baden Baden. But we didn't enjoy our baths! Here we went behind our first barbed-wire enclosure. Inside we were herded into a room already occupied by others from other outfits. We stacked up about 27 strong in rooms eight by eight. My room was dirty as a pig pen. Rats and mice were running all over the place. Cooties were a dime a dozen. As we were locked in, we couldn't use the latrine. So one corner of our crowded quarters was it, and after a couple of days it smelled to high heaven. From here we were taken one by one to be interrogated by a man who wore a red cross band. He was supposed to represent the International Red Cross. One word from this Jerk, and even a dummy knew that he was a prize member of the SS, or what have you.

The first thing he did was to offer you a cigaret and to tell you of the good he was going to do for you. Then he would try and get some dope out of you. He would ask an international question and now and then, coy-like, he'd throw in a question on our operations. It seemed like he was more worried as to what our reactions were toward the Kraut, and what would happen if we won the war, than in getting tactical information.

After all the boys got a going over, and this took a couple of days or so, we were told we were to be moved to a new stalag. After this welcome news, a guard comes in and throws us a loaf of bread and some sausages on the floor, and off he takes. This was our first food in days. Just imagine dividing a loaf of bread among twenty-seven hungry men. To everyone's surprise, every one remained cool and by some means we divided the bread and sausages, and all were satisfied. I was selected for that job, and I could just see a knife in my back if I cheated someone of his share.

Late that afternoon, about January 27th or 28th, we were lined up and marched to a railway station. We reached the station before the train, and once again we were shoved and pushed into a barn. It was so crowded that a man couldn't move his toes even if he wanted to. The weather was about zero. We spent about two days in the cars with the doors locked. In that weather, it meant frozen feet. When a boy had to go, he'd use his helmet. Then we'd try and pry the door open a bit and let 'er fly.

Later on we found out that even though we moved around for about two days we only made some fifty miles. Most of the time was spent in the railroad yards at Stuttgart, over the mountain from Baden Baden. We guessed they were waiting for our Air Force to come along and help them get rid of us.

Well, anyway, our fly boys didn't come over. So they took us off and marched us to an inclosure in Ludwigsburg, which lies maybe ten miles north of Stuttgart. Here we were in a room that was an old horse stable, and it was very cold and wet. By the time the day had passed, we were 500 strong, and most every outfit in the United States Army was represented.

We spent about ten days around there. During that time everybody had dysentery and our situation was rough. Here also they took care of our wounded. We got our first Jerry rations. They consisted of warm water for breakfast, warm water and some spuds or a few peas added for dinner and supper. The latrine in this place was quite a thing, but not the thing you're thinking of. Nearly three thousand men had to use it, and it was one hell of a mess, with every one in camp sick with dysentery. Crap was all over the place! The camp grew more crowded as the days went by and since it was also a French PW inclosure we had to move out.

Once again we boarded the box cars and that was what we really dreaded. By now we didn't trust our fly boys over those railroad yards and bridges. We trained from Ludwigsburg north to Hammelburg up the valley via Wurzburg. These places are better known to those of the regiment who came through the war, as the Third Battalion operated a German PW and Civilian Internee Camp in our little old Laeger when VE day finally came, and the Division was centered at Kitzengen just west of Wurzburg. The boys who followed us to Hammelburg after the end of the war saw it through different

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Upper Left: Troops of the 314th crossing the Rhine. Upper Right: French laborers digging trenches for the Germans. Lower Left: It was no fun waiting in a 50-Caliber Machine Gun Emplacement. Lower Right: Row upon row of crosses mark the graves of the gallant heroes of the American forces.

colored glasses than we. There was no Major Kurdy and his Service Company to feed us, and no one wanted to play football or dance.

Things in the Laeger weren't much different than elsewhere, except that we were in camp next to 3500 Serbs. They were said to be all officers, including 39 generals. They had been there in the stockade for four or five years. This sort of boosted our morale a little. We figured if they could stand it that long, we could take it for the rest of the war whatever that was to be.

Food was bad as usual. The warm water we got for breakfast we used to shave with and to keep ourselves as clean as possible under trying conditions. Days passed and the food was getting slimmer and slimmer. During the 45 days spent at Hammelburg every one lost about twenty pounds, and some of course a great deal more. What kept us alive, I guess, was the Green Hornet soup they served us. It consisted of dehydrated carrot tops, beet tops and other green leaves, that even the cows didn't want. It must have been stored for a number of years, for the bugs to have settled in it the way they did. This they would boil and give us for a meal. It would taste like spinach soup with the top just covered with bugs that looked awfully like lice. At first you didn't relish it much, even if you could stomach it at all, but after a while you got to eating it regular like. There wasn't any heat in these buildings so we spent our time when we could in the sack, using the buddy system trying to keep warm. After a while we located a building that was unoccupied. The fellows did a job on this. We hid the boards under our sacks, and each day we'd drag out a couple and keep a small fire going which drove some of the chill from the room.

Just to show you what men will do when they are hungry: if a cat or dog showed up in or around the building, he wasn't there very long. When the snow melted away and the days began to get warmer and the grass was coming out we would pick it up and boil it, and make some soup or some mash out of it. Falling asleep was quite hard. When your stomach is really empty, you certainly can't fall asleep. Even if a room was quiet and everyone was trying to fall asleep, all one person had to do was to mention food and every one was up talking about what he was going to do when he got back to the States. No kidding, it sounded like we'd all spend the rest of our lives eating.

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When a man's hungry, all he can think of is food. The men used to make up menus. Some had as many as a thousand written on any piece of paper they could find. Some of these were out of this world. An example is eggs with chocolate syrup and other concoctions. Others went around and collected names of places to eat in. Thus no matter where they were in the United States they would never run out of eating places. It all sounds very silly now that our stomachs are full again but it wasn't silly then.

All of this time by some means we were getting the daily BBC news broadcast and were fairly well up on the war situation. We knew the armies were crossing the Rhine and with rumors helping along, we had them even closer. Every one had a bet as to the day we would be liberated. One fellow chose March 27th as that was his brother's birthday and his lucky day.

On that day it looked as though he had picked it. We heard that the Americans had broken through and were heading toward Hammelburg. Finally we could hear distant firing. We were ordered to pick up what belongings we had and be ready to evacuate the stalag. We stalled around for time, and finally the Germans said that it was too late to move and that they would turn everything over to us and let us surrender to our own troops. Up went the white flags and whatever else white we could find. Then the fighting began. As always there were a few squareheads who couldn't give in. A little battle had to be fought. Finally everything was cleared up and everyone was overcome with joy. We were once again free men, or so we thought. But it turned out that our saviors were just a company of tanks which General Patton had sent through to see if he could get the Americans out. Well, those who could get on the tanks got on and back we started. We expected a battle, and all took along what spare arms or whatever weapons he could find. Those who could not get onto a tank were to follow along the river and try and get back to the American lines which were somewhere near Frankfurt.

No matter which road we took, the Germans were waiting for us. We'd go barreling down a road in the dark, and bang, an anti-tank gun or a bazooka would open up. Finally we took to the hills ready to fight it out. Then we decided to break up, and work our way back without our tanks. Off we went hoping we'd be lucky enough to get through. Most of us found out, however, there were still too many rivers to cross, too many guards on the bridges, too many strong points to overcome. Slowly but

Upper: Entering a town in Germany that is still under shell-fire. Center: Tank used in guarding one of the streets in Haguena, France. Lower: Tank Destroyer moving into action in France.

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surely we were all captured and once again found ourselves back in Hammelburg Laeger. But the manner of the Kraut had changed a bit. While we were waiting to be taken back to Hammelburg they were trying to be nice and even smuggle us some food. Here's how I was recaptured. I was walking all alone about ten miles from our lines when I ran across an old guard in the woods. The poor guy was more scared than I. It didn't take me long to convince him that he was on the wrong side. So he dives into the bushes and out comes a suitcase. Before long he was showing me pictures of his family, and bawling like a kid. He figured I was going to kill him, as I still had a pistol, taken from one of our tanks. Then he dug out some civilian clothes. We were about to take off when a Kraut sergeant showed up. Right here my plan went awry. This boy just couldn't see it my way. I almost got hung as he thought I was one of the tankers who had come through a village nearby. There, it seems, the tanker had done a pretty good job of things. I had thrown away my PW tags, had a tanker's pistol and helmet, and stood naked of PW credentials. Boy I prayed!

Back at Hammelburg things had changed. The barbed wire fence was down, no guards were in evidence, all of the Americans were gone, and the Serbs were running around free. This was the most freedom those poor guys had had in years. Well, on Good Saturday we were put into the boxcars once again. But this time there were fewer of us, and we got the fastest train ride in Germany. In about twelve hours we were in Nurnburg. This trip was different. Everyone including the guards had changed. The doors weren't locked, but it was useless to try and escape again as all roads were watched. Someone would have picked us up.

In Nurnburg chow was good, but that lasted just three days. Then we began a 150 mile roundabout hike to Moosburg. We didn't try any more escapes, as we were told by an American officer in charge to stick with the group and we'd be better off. The first day things didn't go so well. No sooner did we begin marching than one of our P-51s came over to strike at a railway junction. He strafed our column, and three of our boys were killed. But after they found out who we were, we were untroubled for the remainder of the way.

This was quite a hike. For seventeen days and nights we were on the road, borrowing, begging and swiping what food we could along the way. Every one carried a bag on his back, and many had Red Cross packages stowed away. These were our first full Red Cross packages. Everyone treated them as though they were a new and first toy. Included was soap. All the housewives along the route wanted soap—it was our main trading stock. The bag or sack was light at first, but as we stole and bargained for spuds and food, they got heavier. Some guys were carrying as much as a hundred pounds at the end.

This march was quite a sight. I guess no one who witnessed it will ever forget it. Thousands of PWs had been gathered at Nurnburg. Our column was composed of both English and Americans. It seemed as if there were 200,000. We finally reached Moosburg.

There some seven days later on April 29, 1945, we were liberated for good by the 14th Armored Division. It was good to know we were free once again, and happy was that morning early in May when Old Glory was first raised at 1020 hours to fly over our camp. Now we sat down to decent meals. Those C rations tasted to us like bananas covered with whipped cream!

We were trucked from Moosburg to Ingelstadt. From the airfield there we took off on C-47's to Rheims, France. The clean clothes, good food, and comforting sacks sure seemed heavenly. Here we got DDT'd and scrubbed. Soon we were off to LeHavre from whence we caught the ship back to the best old place in the world—the U. S. A.

314TH'S OWN ARTILLERY

In the early afternoon of June 21st, 1944, six howitzers of the 314th Infantry Cannon Company wheeled into position at the tiny cross-roads town of Les Landes. To the front of the gun position the ground rose abruptly into a wooded crest over which a thin dirt road disappeared in the direction of Cherbourg. To the sides and rear of the howitzers were the typical fields and hedgerows of Normandy. A warm sun shone down on the Cannoneers as they dug in their pieces. In front of Sgt. William R. White"s No. 3 Section, the Battery Exec., 1st Lt. Chester G. Kuhn, carefully laid the howitzers parallel with the assistance of T.-Sgt. George T. Dwyer. Suddenly, T-5 Thurman E. Bodenheimer, gun position radio operator, called out the warning—"Fire Mission"—quickly followed by the forward observer's commands:

"Battery Adjust
Shell H. E.
Charge 3
Fuse Quick—"

Sgt. White watched his gun crew for a moment and at a nod from the gunner, Cpl. Theron D. Brooks, wheeled in the direction of the exec., raised his arm and waited. Seconds later, his arm dropped to his side, the 105 mm Infantry howitzer bucked in recoil and the first round of thousands to follow was "on the way." Up ahead with "L" Co., 3rd Bn., Capt. T. J. McCrystle, C. O., spotted the shell burst, spoke a correction to his radio operator T-5 Adam E. Kruscavage, and the second round quickly followed.

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Very briefly this was the culmination of 20 months of training maneuvers, garrison, more maneuvers plus a good deal of personal sacrifice on the part of the 123 men and officers of Cannon Co., 314th Infantry.

Cannon Company was activated with the 314th Infantry at Camp Picket, Virginia, in June, 1942. Two years later there remained only a handful of the original cadre—transfers, O. C. S., discharges and sickness had all contributed to the turn over. That the Company had emerged such an efficient unit was a tribute to Capt. T. J. McCrystle, its commanding officer from Camp Blanding until the dying days of the war against the Nazis. Cannon Company was a new unit in the Infantry. It was conceived to take the place of the traditional "accompanying artillery," fire power for the regimental commander to use as he saw fit, but, because it was new in the infantry, the difficulties of training were proportionately greater. For many months the company went without howitzers while new types were being tested and proved. In fact, throughout the lengthy Tennessee maneuvers of early 1943 logs were substituted for howitzers. Despite these handicaps, progress was made. Through the cooperation of the 311th Field Artillery Battalion gunners and cannoneers were trained. Terrain exercises, tactics and technique were studied by the officers and non-coms. When the company finally received their howitzers near the end of the maneuvers in April, 1943, they were ready to go forward with their training at an accelerated rate. From Tennessee maneuvers to Camp Forest, Tenn., and to Yuma, Arizona, the California desert, Camp Phillips, Kansas, and finally the Boston P. O. E., the story of Cannon Co. was the story of the regiment—hard training.

In England, while the regiment remained in the midlands in the vicinity of Manchester, Cannon Co. made two trips to Northern Wales and the artillery ranges at Abergavenney. Called back to the midlands in late May, the company rejoined the regiment in southern England.

At noon, on the 22nd of June, 9th Air Force put on an hour long close support bombing for the attack of the 79th Division. Following an artillery preparation, the regiment jumped off for Cherbourg, and was almost immediately up against the most stubborn kind of resistance. Early that afternoon T-5 Jack Soward became the company's first casualty when he was wounded during a mortar barrage while laying wire to the 1st Bn. forward positions. Later that afternoon, a sniper mortally wounded Cpl. Ralph D. Bailey at the gun position. During the remainder of the 22nd, the 23rd and the morning of the 24th, the company continued to fire in support of the regiment as it fought its way forward toward Cherbourg. On the 24th gun sections were displaced forward to better support the final assault on Fort du Roule and Cherbourg proper. Displacement took place by sections, i. e., four howitzers remained ready to fire while two worked their way forward. The third platoon, while moving forward, almost drove into the middle of a "private" war being conducted by Capt. Casey West and his 3rd Bn. Hdqs. Co. as they reduced a concrete pill box that had been by-passed by the attacking troops. Seeking a route around the pill box Pfc. Adolph A. Malinowsky stumbled on another by-passed fortification and returned with fourteen prisoners, the first taken by the company. Moving over a net work of roads that were interdicted by a combination of 88-MM and nebelwuerfur ("Screaming Minnie") fire the entire six sections had moved forward to new positions by early afternoon. As a matter of fact, they had moved forward so aggressively that they found themselves ahead of the 81 MM mortars of the heavy weapons companies, a bold location for as heavy a weapon as the 105 MM howitzer.

On the night of the 24th, Sgt. Stanley A. Stankins, communications sergeant, headed up a patrol that had a rescue mission. T-5 Kruscavage, a radio operator, had been pinned down by machine gun fire all that afternoon. Unable to move himself he was still able to talk over his radio. Under the cover of darkness, Kruscavage "talked" Stankus to his location and in a matter of minutes he was back inside his own lines again. Capt. Rogers, regimental communications officer, also joined in the patrol and was helpful in getting the patrol forward safely.

By the 25th of June, the greater part of Cherbourg was taken or immediately threatened. Pvt. Thomas J. Bruthers, a runner with Lt. Kuhn's forward observation party with the 3rd Bn., was wounded by 20 mm machine gun fire and evacuated by Sgt. James W. Merritt. Later in the day the company fired some highly successful missions on German heavy machine gun positions implaced on the extreme water front of Cherbourg. The 1st Bn. having successfully moved all the way across the city, was stopped just short of its final objective by the flanking fire of these pieces. T-Sgt. Leondis G. Buck set up an O. P. on the extreme left flank of "A" Company from where he was able to locate the machine guns and completely destroyed the positions and allowed the 1st Bn. to move onto its objective and complete the conquest of the city.

With the end of its first campaign, the company found it had learned many lessons. Wire communications were beginning to show their weakness as far as forward observers were concerned, and an increasing reliance was placed on the radios of the company net. Fire was placed on targets much closer to friendly troops than had been thought possible in training, and importance of fast delivery of fires was self evident. The entire company gained in pride and self confidence as it viewed the end of its first successful campaign.

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On the second of July, the company occupied positions 1000 yards north of the Olande River, facing south toward La Haye du Puits. Enemy harrassing fire fell into the gun position during the night, and T-4 Gordon G. Gniffke, the popular company artillery mechanic, succeeded in downing one white cow which failed to halt at his challenge. At 0500 a barrage was fired as part of the artillery preparation for the regiment as it jumped off for La Haye du Puits initiating a campaign which was to see some of the bitterest fighting of the European invasions. Resistance mounted quickly, and fires were requested immediately. Fires were delivered for "A" and "B" companies under considerable difficulty. (The howitzers had been positioned so far forward and the 1st. Bn. requested fire so far to the flank and at such short ranges that the consequent traverse was extreme, almost 180 degrees and the fire consequently became extremely difficult for the observors to adjust with safety.) From this position the howitzers continued to support the regiment during the 3rd and 4th of July.

On the 4th of July, at the command of SHAEF 1 salvo was fired at noon in the direction of the enemy. Soon after Lt. Kuhn guided his guns forward to positions on the high ground directly north of Bolleville. On the crossroads at Bolleville, there is a small Norman church. Around this church and the crossroads the Germans had organized a strong defensive position, the object being to deny the use of the road from the church into La Haye du Puits. "A" Co. on the right, and "B" Co. on the left had spent most of the morning feeling for the flanks of the enemy's position. Capt. Roundtree, "B" Co. CO requested Cannon Co.'s fire and Lt. Kuhn's howitzers promptly laid four out of six rounds directly on top of a hedgerow behind the church. Germans came out of the hedgerow like a covey of quail. In a matter of seconds, every rifle, BAR and machine gun in "B" Co. was firing at the fleeing Germans and within an hour "B" Co. had crossed the highway and shaken the 1st Bn. loose for an advance of several hundred yards.

From Bolleville south to Montgarden, the howitzers continued to support the regiment. On the 8th of July, over 509 rounds were fired, primarily in support of the 1st Bn. Sgt. Stankus, communications sergeant, with his crew of Stasko, La Roche, Douglas and Gross, laid many miles of wire through the hedgerows of that countryside, but it must have seemed as if the tanks of the 749th Tank Battalion were consipiring to ruin his work. It would be difficult to say which the Sgt. disliked more, the Germans

Upper: Aerial view of Essen, Germany. Center. This aerial view of the Krupp Arms Works shows extent of Allied bombing damage. Lower: Another aerial view of the Krupp Arms Works at Essen, Germany.

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Upper Left: Aerial photo showing damage to La Haye Du Puits. Upper Right: Black smoke rises from an American TD knocked out by German tank in Haguena. Lower Left: On foot again somewhere in the Scheibenhardt area. Lower Right: Playing a little volley ball at Camp Laguna, Arizona.

or the sight of his own tanks rumbling down some narrow hedgerow lane tearing up wire as they went. And what the tanks didn't get, the German artillery did. For the next seven days the Company supported the Regiment as it battled among the perplexing maze of hedgerows that was Montgarden. Possibly the technique of close in supporting fire was developed to its highest during this bitter fighting. Missions were fired with the observer and riflemen crouched behind one hedgerow while the shells screamed into the very next field. It was a nervy business at best and called for the most accurate kind of firing as anyone who experienced it remembers.

With the fall of Montgarden and the advance to the Ay River, the howitzers were moved into defensive positions south of the town of Vesly. Defensive fires were plotted, gun crews cleaned up and rested. Several unfortunate cows strayed into the hands of the mess Sgt. and his crew, Charles ("Uncle Charlie") Reed, T-4 LeRoy J. Walker, and T-4 Hugh E. Lee, and ultimately, into the mess kits of the hungry cannoneers. By this time the company had fired 6380 rounds, completed 193 missions for forward observers plus many night harrassing and interdicting missions for the field artillery. Casualties numbered 14 from all causes.

On the 28th of July the 1st Army breakthrough at St. Lo began, by the 29th of July the 314th Infantry was moving south at what seemed a breakneck speed. Coutances, Granville, Avranches, St. James (where we received our first "liberation" reception from the villagers) and Fougeres all passed by. At Lavel the howitzers fired for the 1st time since leaving Normandy. 1st Lt. William D. Cravens fired the perfect fire mission that day when his first round got a direct hit on a German truck. Le Mans where the Marquis dragged the "shaved headed" girls through the streets and where the 2nd French Armored Div. had a wild departure for the Falaise Gap fighting. One week later and the howitzers were in position at LaMele Sur Sarthe. Every one who was there will remember the P-47 with the 500 lb. bomb dangling from its wing. The bomb finally shook loose and fell in the 311th supply train bivouac area.-

On August 18th the howitzers were in position behind the little town of Mantes-la-ville, overlooking Mantes Gassicourt and the Seine River. With

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the crossing of the Regiment on the morning of the 20th a temporary position was occupied in the heavily bombed railroad yards, soon after which displacement across the river took place. The first howitzers of the Allied armies to cross the Seine were those of the 79th Division. The gun position chosen for the howitzers by Lt. Richard D. Orphan, reconnaissance officer, was 500 yards north of Follainville, at the head of a long valley which rose from the shores of the Seine. During the next three days over six Bns. of artillery jammed itself into this valley and it became almost impossible to talk or sleep with the blat of the guns being funneled up to the top of the valley where Cannon Co. was emplaced. It was like trying to live in a megaphone. With the building of the bridge by XV Corps, the Luftwafte came out in force and the .50 cal. machine guns of the Cannon Co. got first crack at many of the ME 109's as they popped over the ridgeline immediately to the front of the gun position and started down the valley in an attempt to get at the bridge. The little valley was just about the noisiest place this side of Berlin.

During the repulse of the persistent attacks of the German 17th and 18th GAF Divisions Cannon Co. fired over 1902 rounds. Defensive fires were repeatedly placed before the 3rd and 1st Battalions. Lt. Wm. Cravens and his F. O. crew were later decorated for their part in assisting "C" Co. in turning back a night attack by enemy armor and infantry. By the 27th of August, the Regiment and its attached units had turned from the defense, and driving hard, had outranged the howitzers. Displacement to Fontenay had just been completed when several rounds of enemy artillery fell into the position and blew bed rolls and equipment about but miraculously no one was seriously injured. On the 28th of August positions among the ultra-modern barracks of the French version of the Gestapo were occupied and on the 29th of August the dash for Belgium began. On the night of the 31st of August, at St. Just, a German patrol penetrated the gun position but was driven off by alert sentries.

On the 1st of September registration rounds were fired over the historic Somme River of World War I, and on the 2nd the snouts of the howitzers were yards short of the Belgium border. On the 7th it was "March Order" and the long road south of the Third Army began, via Rheims, Chalone Sur Marne and Joinville. From September 11 to the 18th the howitzers covered the bridgehead over the Moselle at Charmes and had Bing Crosby for a guest in the motor pool. On the 20th registration rounds were fired on the cross roads just east of the Muerthe River at Frambois. On the 21st the pieces were moved from directly behind Frambois to north of the town. As the convoy pulled up the road enemy artillery plastered the old position, and when they had reached their destination they were forced to wait until enemy artillery stopped falling before they could enter it. From this position the Cannon Co. did over 900 rounds of "business" with the enemy, including many precision adjustments by Lt. Allen H. Conner who finally succeeded in blasting out an enemy machine gunner less than 50 yards from himself. By the 28th of September the Regiment was ready to enter the Forest of Parroy and a long walking barrage was fired before the 2nd Bn. jumped off.

On the 2nd of October, while occupying a new position the prime movers ran into a mine field and several casualties were suffered. That night Lt. Floyd C. Ehrensberger and Sgt. James F. Keener were killed, and their radio operator, Ralph E. Rostow was seriously wounded while firing in the Forest of Parroy. By the 15th the Regiment had cleared the Forest of Parroy and positions were reconnoiterred behind Embermenil. Due to the nature of the terrain and the plan of mancuver it was necessary for the company to enter the zone of action of the regiment to the left of the 314th. This was arranged. However, the terrain to the immediate front of the selected position was not yet completely cleared of the enemy but reassurances that it would be accomplished in a matter of hours were received and occupation took place. Capt. McCrystle cautioned against firing until dark but the howitzers were no sooner in position than 2nd Lt. Allen H. Conner made an urgent request for support. The mission was fired and in a matter of minutes the enemy had taken the position under fire. As the fire was light, it was decided to remain. There followed four days of heavy rains and intermittent enemy fire. A small ditch of water between the guns and the road turned into a sizeable stream and it became necessary to pull out on the night of the 19th. It took the combined efforts of every cannoner plus the maintenance section headed by S-Sgt. Bernard J. Mengay to evacuate the position, and it was not until the next day that all units had cleared the morass of mud that the whole valley had become. Until relieved by Cannon Co., 71st Infantry, 44th Division on the 24th the howitzers were placed near old Fort Manonviller. Due to the acute artillery ammunition shortage the infantry howitzers found themselves increasingly popular with all attached artillery units and their observers. Heavy night harrassing schedules were maintained during this period, otherwise the situation was stable as far as cannon fires were concerned.

For the next ten days the company took over a small and relatively undamaged village just north of Luneville. The company had the town to itself and with the aid of the local fire department hoses got their vehicles and guns cleaned for the first time in many months. Sleep, in real beds for most of the company, lots of loafing, a few movies and whatever wines and schnaps that could be located, took up most of the time.

By the 12th of November the howitzers were firing again, this time in support of the Regiment's

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drive for Blamont and a break-through to the Rhine. An early Thanksgiving dinner was eaten in the rain at Hommartweig where some lucky cannoneers managed to grab some of the fine heavy sweaters found in a warehouse, the former property of the German Army.

On the evening of the 24th, the company pulled into the neat little Alsacian town of Geudertheim. That night many prisoners were taken by all 79th units in town, as cut off and lost Germans walked innocently into the town and the gun position near by. On the morning of the 25th a hasty position was occupied in the town of Kreigsheim, but on the 7th of December the howitzers were still there. Bitter resistance had slowed the Regiment to a stop. Over 1400 rounds were fired here; on the morning of the 2nd of December emergency protective fires were called for and in the next 20 minutes 186 rounds were placed in front of the regiment by Cannon's howitzers alone.

For the next month, it was "fire and displace," day by day, for the cannoneers; December 8, Niederschaeffolsheim; December 9, Haguenau; December 11, Soufflenheim; December 12, Seltz (where the howitzers of the 3rd platoon were used as roadblocks); December 13, Wintzenbach: December 14, Neewiller and December 15, Lauterburg. At Lauterburg the howitzers were emplaced within yards of the German border but it was to be over two months later and hundreds of miles away before the wheels of the gun carriages were to pass over German soil. During the fighting in the edge of the Seigfried Line the company received orders to prepare to move to defensive positions. The Battle of the Bulge far to the north was having its effect on the fighting in Alsace. On the 22nd of December new positions in the rear of Neewiller were occupied. The ground froze that night and it was the last "easy digging," if there is such a thing, that the cannoneers had until the end of the winter. The positions at Neewiller were extensively organized and dug in. T-Sgt. Allen L. McElrea supervised the garnishing and camouflage of the entire position and the terrain surrounding it until the only thing visible to the eye was the smoke curling up from the many small stove pipes that stuck out of the top of the dug-outs behind each howitzer. "Shanty town" was the name the stove pipes brought to mind.

Xmas Eve was very quiet. T-4 Bartlett, Regimental Headquarters radio operator assigned to the company, with the help of the switchboard operators, runners, radio operators and others gave a small party for the children of the neighborhood. "K" rations, cookies from home and candy were wrapped as well as could be for gifts. During the week following Xmas the situation remained quiet to the immediate front. However, under orders from Regiment positions in depth were prepared and three gun positions were staked out at: (1) 1000 yds. north of Eberbach, (2) the northern extreme edge of the Haguenau Forest on the Seltz River and (3) the Maginot Line proper, at Rittershoffen. On the 2nd of January the latter position was occupied. One platoon remained behind to support the rear guard. The withdrawal was accomplished without interference. The Maginot Line position was fully organized under considerable difficulty due to the heavy woods to be cleared for a field of fire. On the 5th of January, however, the Cannon Co. of the 232nd Infantry, 42nd Division, took over the position. A temporary position behind Rittershoffen was taken, when orders to march on Bischwiller arrived. By the dark of the 6th the guns were in position behind the right edge of the city, the only direct artillery support that the regiment had, the 311th FA having remained at Rittershoffen to support the new 232nd Infantry. That night harassing fires were delivered on Herrlisheim and Drusenheim, two towns on the outer edge of the new Rhine bridgehead that threatened our hold on Bischwiller and the Alsatian Plain. On the seventh, heavy firing was done in support of the capture of Rohrwiller and the northern half of Drusenheim. With the entry of Drusenheim it became imperative that a displacement forward take place. Initially the woods to the rear of Rohrwiller were considered but defilade was absent. In fact, the whole plain, from the edge of Bischwiller to the German bridgehead was flat and without defilade of any kind. But in order to support the 2nd Bn. at Drusenheim it was finally decided to go into position in front of Bischwiller on the plain. Only the heavy mists of that time of year protected the howitzer position from enemy observation. On occupying this position enemy tanks began to fire into it, intentionally, or accidentally, and casualties forced a sideways displacement on the 11th to a position behind an abandoned factory building where some concealment was afforded.

On the night of the eleventh, very heavy artillery fell in the position, inflicting casualties. The rotating band from one shell was recovered the next morning it measured 42 inches in length, or roughly 320MM. Corp sound and flash Bn. estimated it to be either 320 or 340 MM. Further, casualties and one piece knocked out were the toll of the long range gun as it continued to fire into the position for the next week. Finally, it was decided to move to an alternate position and it was but a matter of minutes after the "march order" had been given when 1st Lt. James F. Murphy called for emergency fires to be placed on Drusenheim. It was too late, the enemy had surrounded the town and although Lt. Murphy and others from F Co. escaped, the 2nd Bn. was largely captured or missing. A night occupation of positions behind the railroad station at Kaltenhouse followed with the howitzers laid to cover the 3rd Bn. at Rohrwiller. The next morning a quick shift to Marienthal placed the guns in a more central location from which to support

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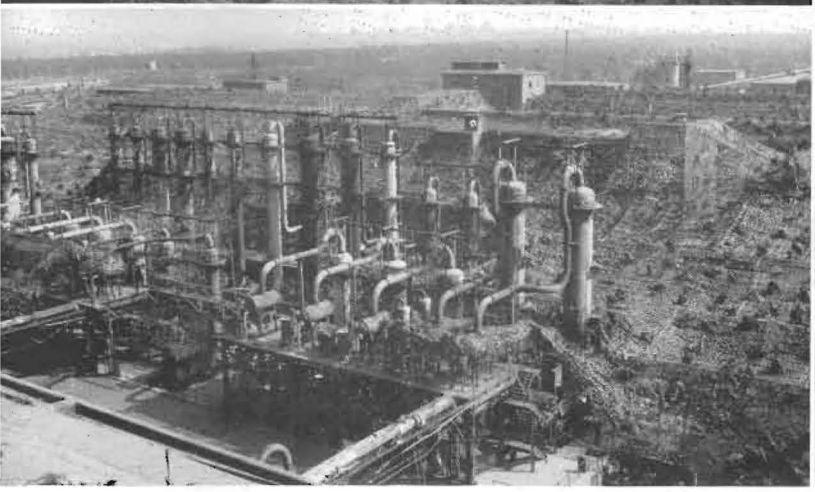

Upper Left: Thick and sticky mud at Fort de Mononviller. Upper Right: Swinging through Avranches after the break through. Lower Left: This German Synthetic Rubber Plant was converted to Allied use after capture. Lower Right: The Jerrys always managed to blow up their vital bridges and railroad tracks during retreat.

the new positions of the Regiment along the Moder River. Rushing to Wittersheim the company assisted the 1st Bn. in driving back the German bridgehead over the Moder River above Haguenau. With the Germans cleared from the west banks of the Moder and the front generally stabilizing, the guns were moved to the east side of Niederschaeffolsheim. Over a month before the howitzers had been in the same position area, and thus completed a "grand circle" tour of northern Alsace. From this position the 20,000th round was fired, veteran Cannoneer PFC John Schwab pulling the lanyard.

On the 4th of February it was again "march order" and the next stop was Marbache, on the Moselle River near Point a Mousson. After ten days of rest the regiment was assigned to Ninth Army and moved to Tongres, Belgium.

On the night of the 21st of February concealed positions were taken at Bocket, 2800 yards short of the Roer River, in Germany. A maximum effort at concealment was made. At 4:45 AM on February 23 a short preparation was fired as the regiment jumped off for the Roer. By noon all German elements west of the Roer were cleared. Most Cannon fires were in support of the newly activated 2nd Bn. Later in the day smoke rounds were fired across the Roer to give the impression that preparations for a river crossing were taking place. All this was done to force Germans to maintain a maximum number of troops opposite the regiment while the major effort was being made further to the south. With the successful crossing and drive toward Cologne the company returned to Holland where it trained with the regiment for the Rhine River Crossing. Leaving Hoensbroek on the 19th of March, the company moved to a concealed bivouac on the 20th. Reconnaissance completed, positions were occupied at night on the 21st. As part of the biggest artillery build up since World War I each howitzer had 150 rounds on hand at the positions with another 150 dug in at a company dump. The howitzers, part in the actual barrage was small but anyone who heard that preparation will probably never forget it.

On the morning of the 23rd, exactly one month after the crossing of the Roer, the crossing of the Rhine began. At 3:00 PM the company began its displacement and was in position across the Rhine

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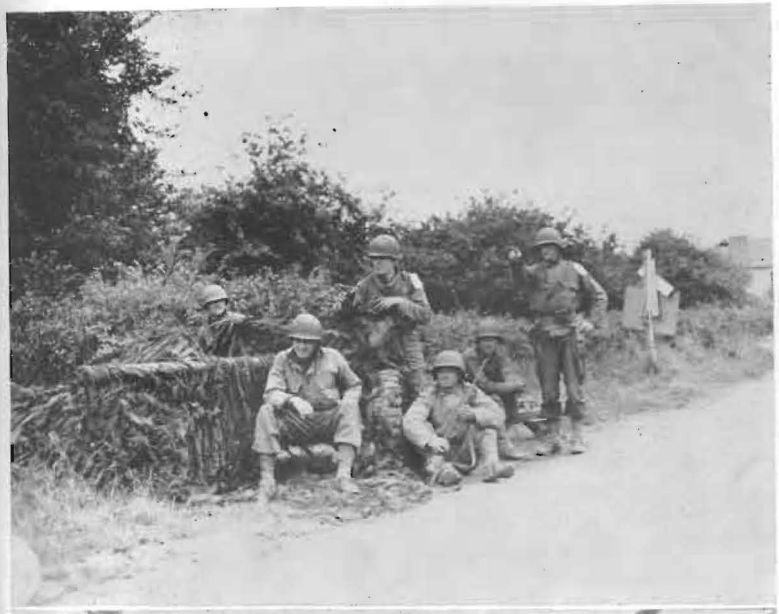

north of Walsum by midnight. On the morning of the 24th displacement to the eastern edge of Dinslaken took place and there the gun position came under artillery counter-battery fire for the last time. Supporting the drive of the 2nd Bn. with its fires the howitzers went into position short of the Rhine-Herne Canal in the heart of industrial Sterkrade. Shifting to the east the 10th of April found the howitzers in position in a beautiful little hillside orchard across the Hattingen. Lt. James Fitzpatrick, a battle commissioned former section chief fired the last mission against Nebelwuerfers on the edge of the Ruhr River. About 11:00 AM in the morning computor Cpl. Louis A. Feder received the "cease firing" order from Sgt. Earl C. Lidstone, located at 311th FA Fire Direction Center. The Ruhr Valley entrapment closed that day and the howitzers of Cannon Co. found themselves without a target. They had fired their last round.

In eleven months of combat over 30,000 rounds of ammunition were fired. Aside from the general preparations for attacks, and night time harassing and interdicting fires, the great majority of missions were fired in direct support of either a company or platoon, at a specific target. By means of direct wire and radio to the 311th FA Fire Direction Center, the Cannon Co. forward observers could not only get the support of their own howitzers but also those of the artillery if they thought it necessary. Many missions were fired by rifle and heavy weapons men and officers on the spur of the moment, and rarely was any mission refused for any reason.

Following the withdrawal of the regiment from combat the company was assigned the area of Dortmund-Mengade for the purpose of military government. This was in the heart of the greatest industrial area in the world, the Ruhr Valley. Displaced persons were probably the single biggest task of the Co., three DP Camps being maintained in Mengade. Following relief by the British 2nd Army, the Company was placed at Fleisen, in the extreme northeastern tip of Czechoslovakia, in the heart of the Sudetenland from which the root causes of the war had started. Here, points were added up, goodbyes said and the first contingent of men left for home and discharge.

Upper: 314th men take a needed rest on the road in France. Center: Roadways are lined with white flags at the surrender of the Rhur pocket. Lower: Infantrymen pause at church services at St. Joseph's church in France.

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The space in this book has been largely devoted to the action of the fighting units of the Regiment —the three Battalions, Cannon and Anti-Tank Companies. The men of these units were the men who wrote this history in blood. Yet we all know that it took the combined efforts of the other units to care for and keep these men supplied. These units were the linemen on a team that played the game of War. No victory could have been complete if anyone had fallen down on the job. None did, and the history of a fighting team that they kept fighting has been written.

The Regimental Headquarters Company under Captain Moore worked endlessly, day and night, keeping the Headquarters of the Regiment in proper tune, keeping mail flowing and rendering a thousand different services. It did a swell job. The Communications Section, under Capt. Rogers, was the best regimental communications section in the Division. For this we have the Division Communications Officer's word. Even under the most trying conditions, adverse weather and severest fighting, the 314th's communications were "in". The men of the Wire Section are the forgotten men of combat. A volume could be written on their contribution to our war effort. The Post Office slogan, slightly changed, could well apply to them—"Neither snow nor rain nor heat, nor fear of death, stays these soldiers from the swift completion of their appointed duties." In battle, success so often depends on control. Control means communications. We had it always, and men of the Communications Section died to keep it that way.

The Service Company, under Captain Bates, and the direction of supplies, under Major Kurdy, were remarkable. When we needed stuff, we got it, period. The bathing and re-equipping of men during each break was an SOP worked out by the Service Company and copied by other units all over the theater. The many thousands of miles traveled by their trucks are staggering. The roads beat the trucks to pieces, but not the men who kept them rolling. The two Meritorious Service Plaques won by this company were earned by the sweat of every man in it. Nor do we forget the Personnel Section, which arrived late in Normandy, but finished doing twenty-four hour shifts when high points became the most important thing on earth—the difference between Germany and going home. Captain Halliburton and his men had a thankless job, but a darned important one. The typewriter sometimes is more important than the M-1.

Along with the best of them ranks our Medical Detachment. Trained and led by Major Ralph Hager, who was evacuated in December, 1944, and then commanded by that prince of soldiers, Major (Doc) Paul O'Keefe. The Medical Detachment covered itself with glory in one of the nastiest and most dangerous jobs on the battlefield. The cry of "Medics" from the throats of wounded men will linger long in the memory of most of us—the picture of men wearing the Geneva Cross answering that call will remain in our hearts forever. Based on percentage of strength, more Silver Stars were awarded the men of the Medical Detachment than to any other unit in the Regiment. They earned them, as they earned the Combat Medical Badges they so proudly wore. One of their officers, Captain Kelmenson was wounded four times in battle, then sent home on rotation before the one having his name in capital letters on it came over. That gives you an idea of the sense of duty the Falcon "Pill Rollers" possessed.

Chaplains are expected to be good. Those of the 314th were! They served their God by serving the men of the Regiment. In the hours of need, in the presence of danger, or at the moment of death, men turn to God for help. In the persons of Chaplains Cousins, Healy and Heckman, they found the way made easy to His presence. Their deeds of mercy, and the comfort of their presence, will be lasting pleasant memories to hundreds and hundreds of suffering soldiers. In their effort to be at all times where they were most needed, all three Chaplains were wounded, and each wears, in addition to the Purple Heart, a Silver Star and a Bronze Star Medal.

The awful task of searching the battlefield for the dead, and their subsequent evacuation fell to the lot of Warrant Officer Allison and his little group. This trying task was carried out with the same thoroughness and precision that marked Mr. Allison's career with the 314th from start to finish; a truly thankless job, but an important one, well done.

Nor do we forget in conclusion the work done by Captain Cassidy and Lieutenant Miller in their efforts to make Special Service mean what the name implies. When the situation permitted, the luxuries of life, such as were available, were rushed down to the last element with dispatch. Movies and entertainment in the breaks, Post Exchange articles, even, at times reached the foxholes, and many a GI is remembered in Europe today by the little French, Czech, Polish, Rumanian, Holland, Belgian and German child, who received the first candy bar of her life from him—thanks to Special Service.

To Lieutenant Harry Miller also goes our special thanks for keeping alive the idea of this Regimental History, and for the vast amount of work and time he has devoted to the publication of this life story of the greatest fighting outfit of them all—the 314th United States Infantry.

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ANTI-TANK COMPANY

It is difficult, in setting down the history of a unit as large as a regiment, to do full justice to every component element of the team. But every element had to do its job in order for the whole regiment to move and fight. This is the story of how the men of the Anti-Tank Company played their part in the 314th's combat history.

The company was first organized with 37 mm. anti-tank guns—not too difficult for four trained men to manhandle, but still not a job for sissies. The results of the North African campaign convinced the high brass that 37's were only pea shooters as far as Kraut tanks were concerned, so when the regiment hit the desert, the men in the 3 gun platoons who thought that 37's were heavy had a new experience in store when the first 57's arrived. It took nine good men and true to move one of these and then it was tough going. But the increased range and hitting power was encouraging. While on the desert the mine platoon began to handle real explosives in earnest and setting and unsetting booby traps became a common experience.

After sweating through POM, seasickness and British "mild" or "bitter" with everyone else, the Anti-Tankers very nearly missed the war. The regiment landed at Utah beach and was assembled and ready to move up to position on June 18, 1944 and the Anti-Tank Company hadn't been heard from. But with an eleventh hour finish Capt. E. J. Gorecki rolled up and announced that the company would arrive on time to join the regimental column about the time it started moving out. It appeared that due to some naval SNAFU, the Anti-Tankers had been landed at Omaha instead of Utah beach and if they had been just a day or two earlier, they might have had to fight their way through to join the regiment.

The Krauts didn't have many tanks in the hedgerows of Normandy, but no one knew for sure just when or where one might appear and the 57's were pushed into position, just in case. This was a real job in the tangled undergrowth and cut-up fields. The mine platoon had plenty of work to do, both in the roads where the Kraut laid mines at every opportunity and, worst of all in the fields where he delighted in sowing anti-personnel mines and booby traps. The mine platoon appreciated its basic infantry training, too, and aided Capt. West and Major Koch in the capture of point No. 9, a strategic pillbox on the way to Cherbourg. Lt. Plymire, the platoon leader, became a familiar sight with a mine detector in one hand and a rifle in the other. The 2nd Platoon, one of the gun platoons, was atttached to 2nd Battalion when it captured Fort du Roule and shared in the glory of a Presidential Citation for its efforts. It was near La Haye du Puits where Lt. Frank L. Stephens and PFC James Higdon tracked down a Kraut tank and maneuvered a gun squad into position where it could account for the 314th's first blood in Kraut armor.

Along the Ay River, the Kraut had plenty of time to sow mines and he took full advantage of it. The mine platoon had its hands full all along the whole regimental front and did an especially good job in aiding "A" company when that outfit got caught in a field full of "S" mines.

The Anti-Tankers were very popular when the long "rat races" across France began. The gun trucks were crowded, but somehow there was always room for some doughboy who was suffering from sore feet or too much French hospitality. The regiment didn't get into a "turkey shoot" in the Falaise pocket as some units did, but while at Mele-sur-Sarthe the Anti-Tankers with the help of TD's and the Air Corps did a fine job on one Kraut armored column which thought it was on the way back to Germany.

At the Seine loop near Mantes-Gassicourt the Anti-Tank Company, along with the rest of the regiment, got its first taste of defensive warfare against Kraut tanks. It was a grim lesson. The Kraut introduced his Tiger tank and in relation to it, the 57 mm was as much a pea shooter as the 37 mm had been in Africa. Despite this, the men stuck to their guns and tried to mess up the tracks or more vulnerable parts of the Tigers. During this action Lt. Kirthlink's 1st Platoon also used HE ammunition against Kraut infantry with excellent effect. The mine platoon had ample opportunity to lay some defensive minefields—but it would have taken a trainload of mines to have covered the front of the regiment. After the jaunt to Belgium and back, the company settled down to slow, wet work of crossing the Meurthe and the Vezouse with the rest of the regiment. The mine platoon helped protect 3rd Battalion in its Meurthe crossing by laying mine fields on both of its flanks.

In the Foret de Parroy, the mine platoon, then under Lt. Reynolds, had another tough job in cleaning out the anti-personnel mines the Kraut sowed in profusion—and at the same time mines had to be planted on all possible approaches to our own troops in order to stop the Kraut tanks. The push to Fort de Manoviller and the ridge beyond meant more clearing of Kraut minefields and laying more of our own. It was on the ridge beyond the fort where Lt. Reynolds led the mine platoon in front of the Second Battalion position and spent an entire night laying a minefield which later discouraged a Kraut attack on 2nd Battalion.

The attack of mid-November, after the Luneville rest period, meant more minefields to clear. The Kraut was dug in on the ridges around Blamont prepared to stay all winter and he planted his mines accordingly. Sgt. Smith took over the mine platoon after Lt. Reynolds was made S-3 of the 3rd Battalion and did a fine job of clearing mines under

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difficult conditions around Barbas for 1st Battalion.

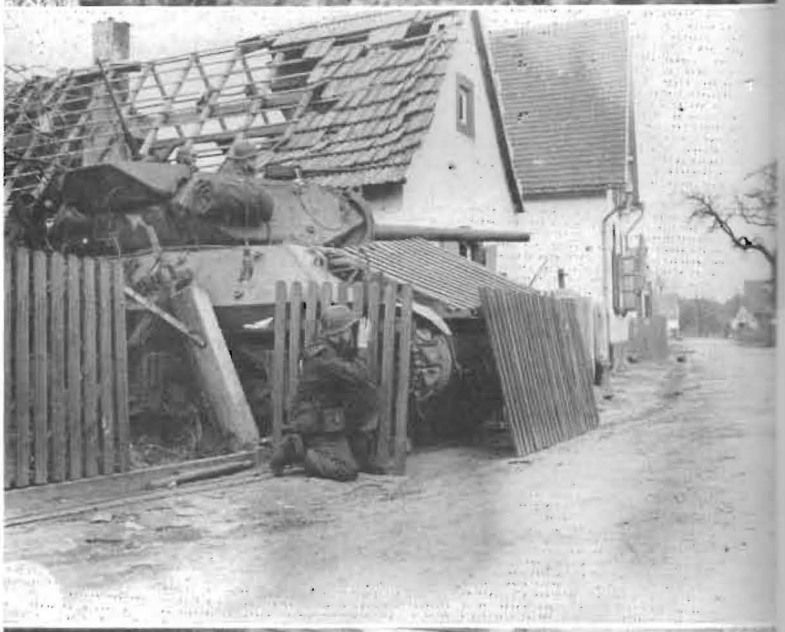
The race through the Saverne Gap gave some of the men a chance to do some sharp shooting and S-Sgt. Claude Silvers used a .50 cal. MG to good advantage on a column of Kraut soldiers. S-Sgt. Barger of the 1st platoon also got in some sharpshooting.

The Alsatian Campaign gave the whole company plenty to do. In addition to its anti-tank job, it gave direct fire support to 1st Battalion attack directed at the woods on the outskirts of Haguenau with considerable success. Mines were a constant problem and got extremely thick as the regiment approached the Siegfried Line.

After the regiment settled down to the defensive on the German border at Christmas time, the mine platoon was kept busy protecting positions with anti-personnel mines and planting mine fields in strategic places. This job continued when the regiment withdrew to the Maginot line. The first platoon accompanied 1st Battalion to the mountains and helped fight the battle of Reipertswiller. Meanwhile, the second platoon moved with 2nd Battalion to Drusenheim. After plenty of action and an imposing number of Kraut vehicles to its credit, the platoon, under the leadership of S-Sgt. Mahoney escaped the trap when part of 2nd Battalion was captured. For this the sergeant got a silver star and a battlefield promotion. Sgt. Silvers and his gunner Edwin Votrain earned decorations for their accurate gunnery during the Drusenheim action. T-Sgt. Melvin Blaustein was on a mine laying detail near the town when the Krauts attacked and there was no way to get word to him. By being alert, he discovered the situation in time to get his men out by some quick maneuvering.

The crossing of the Rhine and the fighting in the Ruhr presented no new problems to the Anti-Tankers—there were still mines to clear and the guns still had to be moved into place even though the Kraut didn't have enough gas to make his armor effective.

With the wide fronts given to the regiment and the rapid movement of much of the European war, the Anti-Tank Company was usually split up and one gun platoon was normally attached to each battalion. The mine platoon went wherever it was needed and occasionally it, too, was split up and each squad attached to a different battalion. Captain Gorecki and his company headquarters were faced with the dual problem of keeping the regiment informed on the anti-tank defense and keeping con-



Upper: Setting up a 30-Caliber Gun in a forward position along the road leading to Buchelberg, in the Bein Woods. Center: 1st Sgt. George Harving with binoculars and T/5 Morris James in tank turret. Lower: German P. W.'s wash at pump in Neewiller, Alsace.

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Upper Left: More Hedgerow fighting in Normandy. Upper Right: On the way to the front in the Bein Woods east of Scheibenhardt. Lower Left: Sand table prepared by Major Schulze for training in the Rhine Crossing. Lower Right: The Break Through at La Haye Du Puits.

tact with their own far-flung units. To do both kept them on the move most of the time.

After the war, the Anti-Tank Company, first under Lt. Johnson and then under Lt. Kirthlink, became one of the best units in the regiment in the sphere of military government and the operation of DP camps. Lt. Kirthlink's work at Konigsberg and Bad Bruchenau was outstanding.

Nowhere was the book more out of date than in the field of antitank weapons and tactics. The Kraut always had something new and better before the ink was dry on the pages of the training manuals. That the Anti-Tank Company was able to contribute to the regimental team despite these handicaps is a real tribute to the courage and resourcefulness of the men who served in the Company and the officers and non-coms who led them.

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INTERESTING COMBAT DATES

15 June, 1942—314th Inf. activated at Camp Pickett, Va.

7 April, 1944—Sailed from Boston for England.

14 June, 1944—Utah Beach (D Day plus 8).

20 June, 1944—Croix Jacobs—1st objective—0415.

25 June, 1944—Ft. du Roule captured.

26 June, 1944—Cherbourg captured.

7 July, 1944—La Haye du Puits captured.

9 July, 1944—Battle for Hill 84 (Point 56).

26 July, 1944—Normandy Breakthrough.

6 August, 1944—Mayenne River Bridgehead at Change.

20 August, 1944—Seine River Bridgehead at Mantes—Gassicourt.

30 August, 1944—Seine Bridgehead breakthrough.

2 September, 1944—Belgium frontier reached.

12 September, 1944—Charmes captured.

13 September, 1944—Moselle River Bridgehead.

19 September, 1944—Mortagne River Bridgehead.

23 September, 1944—Meurthe River Bridgehead.

9 October, 1944—Foret de Parroy captured.

23 October, 1944—Withdrawn from combat after 127 days.

24 October-9 November—Luneville.

11 November, 1944—Start of Vosges Mountain drive.

19 November, 1944—Fremonville captured—Vezousi River crossed.

22 November, 1944—Saverne Gap.

11 December, 1944—Haguenau captured.

17 December, 1944—Germany invaded.

2 January, 1945—Maginot Line withdrawal.

6 January, 1945—Rohrwiller - Drusenheim captured.

19 January, 1945—Second Battalion captured.

20 January, 1945—Moder River defense line established.

25 January, 1945—Bais d'Ohlangen and Schweighausen fight.

7 February, 1945—Withdrawn from combat after 87 days.

8-16 February, 1945—Pont-a-Mousson.

17 February, 1945—Tongres, Belgium.

24 February, 1945—Roer River reached.

5-18 March—Holland training.

24 March, 1945—Rhine River crossing.

28 March, 1945—Battle of the Autobahn.

1 April, 1945—Ruhr pocket created.

7 April, 1945—Rhine-Herne Canal crossed.

9 April, 1945—Steele captured.

13 April, 1945—Dortmund occupied.

16 April, 1945—Contact with enemy lost.

8 May, 1945—VE Day.

2 June, 1945—Arrived in Czechoslovakia.

7 August, 1945—Arrived in Dalherda.

29 August, 1945—Munnerstadt, Bavaria.

15 November, 1945—Start for U. S. A.

11 December, 1945—Deactivation.

INTERESTING DATA

PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATIONS

2nd Battalion—Fort du Roule.

3rd Battalion—Fort du Roule.

1st Battalion—La Haye du Puits.

3rd Battalion—Meurthe River.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUES

Service Company—With one star.

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CASUALTIES

Killed in action	862
Wounded in action	4139
Missing in action	56
Total	5057
Returned to duty	1519
New Reinforcements	4021
Casualties per day of combat	19.7

WAR DAYS

Total days from D plus 8 to VE Day	329
Total days in actual combat	262
Total days in rest and training	67

CAMPAIGN CREDITS

Normandy — Northern France — Rhineland —Central Germany—Alsace.

BREAKTHROUGHS

Normandy—Vosges Mountains.

Seine River—Rhine River.

Prisoners Captured	11,822
Tanks or Armored vehicles captured or destroyed	73
Other vehicles captured or destroyed	144

DECORATIONS

Congressional Medal of Honor—2.

Distinguished Service Cross—3.

Silver Stars—282.

Bronze Stars—757.

Legion of Honor in Grade of Chevalier (French) 1.

Croix de Guerre with Palm (French)—4.

Croix de Guerre with Silver Gilt Star (French)—4.

Croix de Guerre with Gilt Star (French)—1.

Croix de Guerre with Bronze Star (French)—4.

British Military Medal (GB)—1.

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314th INFANTRY REGIMENT ROSTER

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY FIRST BATTALION

Ashley, Wm. H.
Balter, David W.
Barnes, Alva D.
Beaulieu, Albani J.
Bera, Henry J.
Bernarduci, Mario
Bishop, Wm. A.
Blacmon, Dan K.
Bowers, Harold E.
Braziel, John B.
Brigham, Maurice K.
Brindamour, Agenor H.
Browne, Robert W. S.
Brumfield, Howard O.
Buettner, Karl A.
Bullard, George F.
Burrell, Charles B.
Carter, Wm. J.
Casadonte, Joseph J.
Chisnell, Robert E.
Choina, Leo J.
Claypool, Charles L.
Coleman, Eric W.
Connors, Raymond W.
Cook, Charles E.
Cohen, Louis
Davis, Earl
Dix, Douglas F.
Eden, Russell L., Jr.
Edwards, ThomasA.
Feger, Robert E.
Fernow, Elmer W.
Fertig, James B.
Fisher, George W.
Fitzgibbons, Thomas E.
Golbraith, John N.
Gass, Charles
Gottfried, Harold L.
Gregoire, Lionel G.
Hambruch, Clayton W.
Harshman, Reuben D.
Hegyi, George
Higgs, Homes B.
Hoffman, Wm. G.
Jobst, Francis W.
Johnston, Gail F.
Johnson, J. H.
Johnson, Alaf A.
Johnson, Nelson K.
Klein, Henry C., Jr.
Kroll, Harold C.
LaFrance, Roger A.
Lewandiski, Robert M.
Lincoln, John H.
Lindsay, Gordon W.
Long, Wm. G.
Lukish, Reginald J.
Marshowsky, Michael
Martin, Esel V.
Martineau, Raymond R.
Masiello, Carmine A.
McCuen, Wm. D.
McKinstry, Lloyd E., Jr.
Morgan, Leslie E.
Morgensen, Arne C.
Naylar, Francis T.
Nichols, James E.
O'Neal, Wm. E.
Owen, Richar E.
Papia, Louis J.
Paulik, John J.
Perrin, Edward F.
Presser, Joseph
Priest, Willis A.
Prosperi, Amaddio
Raabe, Wm. F.
Readie, Henry
Renzulli, Virgil N.
Richardson, Charley C.
Rogers, Lawrence M.
Roas, Cletus L.
Ryan, John W.
Sacks, James
Schloss, Harry J.
Schultz, Donald R.
Shannon, Paul W.
Sherwood, James L.
Shewmaker, Charles W.
Shipp, William W.
Shreyer, Raymond O.
Sickmiller, Henry M.
Christmann, Henry J.
Clouser, Carl F.
Davis, Earl
DeLoach, Wm. C.
DenOuden, Henry W.
Elsea, Grant
Finn, Raymond J.
Foster, Carl E. O.
Holloway, Wm. W.
Jarni, Theadore W.
Lockhart, Stanley L.
Long, Wm. G.
Marshawsky, Michael
McCuen, Wm. D.
Aberlander, Frank A., Jr.
Paulick, John C.
Payne, Donald D.
Phillips, Henry M.
Redner, Leonard G.
Roche, Thomas R.
Ruiter, Mitchell
Ruiz, Arthur O.
Ryan, John W.
Shaughnessy, Richard A.
Sabeck, Michael A.
Simmons, Wm. J.
Sinkouich, John S.
Slutsky, Charles
Sobeck, Michael A.
Stevens, Robert E.
Stricklin, James L.
Struble, Thomas H.
Svodbada, Joseph E.
Towney, Hugh R.
Tenalio, Joseph A.
Tepper, Herbert
Ulman, Alfred
Venturini, Serio J.
Wagner, Harold D.
Waller, Clarence S.
Walters, Sanford S.
Watzlovick, Steve J.
Westman, Orick E.
Whaley, John T.
Williamson, Chas F.
Zirngibl, Richard C.
Allen, Robert
Brigham, Maurice K.
Brindamour, Agenor H.
Bullard, George F.
Spencer, Dudley D.
Taylor, John B., Jr.
Tenalio,JosephA.
Vandevander, Glennie H.
Van Duyne, Peter J., Jr.
Watzlauick, Steve J.
Whitmore, Edward F.
Winkowski, Leo S.
Zirngibl, Richard C.

COMPANY A

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Ahlness, Noal S.
Anderson, Clifford L.
Anderson, Floyd R.
Ayers, Arthur
Bakken, Theodore O.
Beaulieu, Claude H.
Beaulieu Roland P.
Beck, Curtis
Beckerman, Charles B.
Been, Stuart A.
Bell, Glendon W.
Bell, William J.
Benefield, Bertie C.
Benson, Lawrence N.
Betzer, Earl A.
Bloomfield, Herman L.
Bobo, Carl
Bowen, Wm. V.
Bracewell, Andrew J.
Brooks, George R.
Brown, John B.
Bunce, Allan H.
Caliguiri, John A.
Calvi, Aldo F.
Campbell, Wm. C.
Campos, Antone L.
Carlson, Raymond D.
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Cooper, Harold R.
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Covault, Delmar W.
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Davidson, Wm. F.
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Donofrio, Frank
Dunn, James L.
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Haifen, Henry L.
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Harrill, Forest D.
Harris, Orvilie C.
Hart, Wm. R.
Havenstrite, Arthur H.
Haunes, James R.
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Heil, Arthur J.
Hemenway, Duane D.
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Hile, Russel
Hinton, W. C.
Hollis, Kenneth H.
Hoppes, Fred L.
Horn, Howard J.
Harovat, Benedict F.
Jackson, Elmer C.
Jackson, Walter
Johnson, Andrew L.
Johnson, Jessie A.
Jones, Orvill L.
Kerwin, John J.
King, Alton W.
Klein, Francis L.
Kornstadt, Vernon G.
Kwasniak, Bernard
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Lane, Glen E.
Langle, John M.
Laramie, Robert B.
Larson, Frederick C.
Lauria, Joseph P.
Laughlin, Lloyd L.
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Lemmond, Ora J.
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Lopez, Lot G.
Love, Harding
Lowry, Charles A.
Lowry, Jack T.
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Lutz, Harry A.
Magnoni, Louie F.
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Maire, James W.
Mann, Ralph H.
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Martin, Arnold L.
Matonti, Ralph
McAtee, Paul W.
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McKenney. Henry F.
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Morris, Wm. S.
Mullins, Robert
Nall, Harley C.
Natoli, Anthony
Northway, George
Orteza, Adolph J.
Orton, George B.
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Petrei, Ugo
Pinaha, Theodore
Proper, Fred J.
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Secdelman, Arthur P.
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Williams, Claude P.
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Anderson, Carl E.
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Beam, George H.
Bennett, Howard
Bliss, Clarence C.
Boggs, Donald D.
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Chandler, Fred A.

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Davis, Joe
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Garrett, Gosey V.
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Gibson, Norman C.
Goetz, Raymond W.
Goins, Harry H.
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Grigsby, Farmer
Grines, Wiley J.
Griner, Perry
Gibson, Floyd L.
Godfrey, Peter H.
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Gooch, Hollis
Gregor, Thomas W.
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Harper, George L., Jr.
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Hill, Edward J.
Hockaday, Tasker H.
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Hoover, Manuel W.
Horn, Robert E.
Horton, Hyden G.
Howe, Cleo P., Jr.
Howell, Wm. W.
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Hyman, Norman O.
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Long, Burton L.
Lore, Bartholomew
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Lyle, Marvin D.
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McKenney, John C.
Messer, James W.
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Milewski, John L.
Moran, Wilford M.
Moreland, Cledas O.
Moses, Richard K.
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Noonan, Thomas J.
Oden, Leonard L.
Oliver, Smilev S.
Olsen, Dwight A.
Opolka, Lawrence F.
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Paden, Raymond G.
Parcher, Bobby L.
Peeples, Everette
Pellino, Arthur A.
Peters, Joseph S., Jr.
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Phiester, Fred
Pinnow, Glen L.
Plante, Emile A.
Presswood, W. H.
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Rainey, Francis J.
Robinson, Jesse L.
Roff, Harry C.
Rogers, Ben J.
Bouggly, Eugene L.
Ruda, Joseph M.
Rule, Russel V.
Rupert, Alfred R.
Russo, Posquale J.
Sanders, Melvin C.
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Salo, Walter L.
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Sawyers, Albert J.
Scarpulla, Victor A.
Schaefer, Donald J.
Schakel, Arie
Schavolt, Andrew
Schmidt, Myram
Scott, R. A.
Sellers, Roger W.
Sewell, George R.
Shirah, Robert T.
Silverstrone, Gismonde A.
Sherlock, Dale H.
Skelton, John L.
Smethers, James W.
Smith, Frank
Smith, Frank, Jr.
Smoker, Harry W.
Snyder, Jack S.
Snyder, John W.
Snyder Wayne C.
Spencer, Duane L.
Spitzer, Milton
Stamber, Ruby E.
Stanberry, Leonard, Jr.
Steele, Samuel D.
Stokes, Norman G.
Stolte, Roy E.
Sturdavant Wm. J.
Summers, Floyd
Summey, Raymond A.
Sutcliffe, Charles A., Jr.
Thode, Delbert G.
Thompson Wm. B.
Taylor, Walter R.
Teal, Jesse L., Jr.
Tedesco, Andrew A., Jr.
Thomas, Charles L.
Todd, Herman D.
Tully, Theodore R.
Tyas, Roy S.
Urrutia, Nich
Vanderpluym, Elmer D.
Vehling, Fredrick C.
Venuti, Carl E.
Waggoner, Ira R.
Wagner, Anthony J.
Walker, Durward E.
Warfield, Richard L.
Warren, John W.
Webb, Lester B.
White, Harvey L.
White Thunder, Edward
Wilhoite, Charlie, R.
Williams, Clifton C.
Witzel, Paul E.
Woolworth, Alan R.
Zaccari, Sol F.

Adams, Sydney J.
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Altman, Sam C.
Amato, Salvatore
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Baham, Adolph B.
Baker, Bervel W.
Barby, Wilfrd A.
Barrett, Robert G.
Baumgart, Edward H.
Beardi, Harold W.
Bennett, Lawrence F.
Best, Roy E.
Beilat, Wm. T.
Blackwell, Wm. A.
Blalock, Melvin E.
Blumka, Edward F.
Bradshaw, Wm. W.
Brennan, Roy M.
Brenton, Harold
Brooks, Robert W.
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Burkey, Melvin M.
Burns, George F.
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Burris, Ellis E.
Bytoff, Harry C.
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Celano Cataldo
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Clark, Jesse I.
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Cole, Roy J.
Coleman, Purnell W.
Collier, Martin L.
Comeaux, Joseph A.
Compton, James C.
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Couch, Glendon R.
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Dallies, Delbert S.
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Davis, George D.
Davis, Joe
Davis, Richard
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DelVillar, John F.
Dempsey, Bernard F.
DeMuth, Elmer A.
Desapio, Albert
DeWitt, Robert W.
DeWitt, Vincent
Doohan, Joseph M.
Doolittle, Johnnie P.
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Drucker, Bernard J.
Dunaway, Jack D.
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Eaton, Charles H.
Edwards, Earl B.
Ehrlich, Paul
Elsea, Edward M.
Estrada, Robert A.
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Ferguson, W. C.
Ferranti, Bennie F.
Flanagan, James W.
Flowers, Cletus P.
Fontenot, Merces
Foster, Elmo N.
Frazier, Fred S.
Gallauer, John J.
Gant, Clair S.
Garczynski, Robert J.
Gautreau, Leonce P. Jr
Giles, Fredrick E., Jr.
Gilliam, Harold A.
Gilletly, Harry E.
Goff, Clark W.
Goldenberg, Samuel
Gonzales, Tony
Goodell, Kenneth P.
Goodrich, Lewis T.
Gossett, Ellis A.
Gray, Berlin M.
Grinstead, Kenneth E.
Hale, Roy V.
Harold, Dennis B.
Hart, Alvin R.
Harvey, Lester C.
Helm, Gaylord C.
Herbert, Michael J.
Higbee, Dale B.
Hilton, Floyd E., Jr.
Hilton, Leonard L.
Holt, Leonard B.
Hott, George H.
Hough, Walter C.
Houser, Wayne E.
Huber, Wm. A.
Hudy, Francis E.
Huff, Wm. M.
Huff, Ralph
Hutchens, David B., Jr.
Indellicati, Armand L.
Indyk, John B.
Jeffrey, Thomas G.
Jenkins, Robert L.
Johnson, Bert T.
Johnson, Moses J.
Jordan, Orin B.
Kamby, Louis J.
Kaufman, Harry
Keeney, Robert L.
Keller, Fred M.
Kokowicy, John J.
Kroll, Walter J.
Kyser, Walter
Lance, Clarence R.
Lang, Richard J.
Leslie, John M.
Lester, Wilfred R.
LoCastro Salvadore J.
Lopez, Elmer
Louchart, Chas. J.
Malin, Dave W.
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Mark Antoy, Victor B.
Masciulli, Carlo M.
Matthews, Scott
McGalliaid, Joseph L.
McGraw, Joseph F.
McLaughlin, George F.
Meier, Donald
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Nault, Walter C.
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Ogborn, Chas. P.
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Singer, Guy E.
Sinykin, Gerald B.
Sinsel, Lyle W.
Slagele, Archie J., Jr.
Smith, Adolph E.
Smith, Leroy J.
Snow, James P.
Snyder, Donald N.
Snyder, Harry J.
Sparks, Hugh M.
Specht, John B. F.
Stanley, Freeman E.
Starnes, Gamewell C. J.
Steinfell, Arnold
Stemple, Mike B.
Sturn, John
Sternal, Stanley J.
Stuchliak, Thomas
Sutton Francis O.
Sward, Renel C. E.
Sykes, James H.
Terry, Chas. A.
Torias, Allen B.
Tomory, Gazel
Topham, Edward I.
Townsend, Glenn H.
Travis, George C.
Tyler, Walter F.
Untsundel, Tars. G. W.
Volk, Lawrence F.
Walker, Chas. R.
Walsh, Maxie W.
Waynich, John S.
Werner, Walter S.
Westermeyor, Frank J.
Wheeler, Gordon
Wheeler, LeRoy S.
White, Edward C.
Williamson, Arthur D.
Wood, James R.
Ziegler, Bernard F.
Ziegler, Robt. K.
Kurdy, John R.
Dunnigan, Daniel A.
Mullaney, John A.
Tobias, Allen B.
Sutton, Francis D.
Olsen, Lee M.
Bachman, George E.
Watson, Albert W.
Murphy, James W.
Osterling, Carl J.
Rand, Philip
Resnick, Samuel
Damrauer, Ernest
Ross, Johnny F.
Taylor, David S.
Wagner, Leroy A.
Keppler, Wm. A.
Harrison, Joseph
Kaplan, Philip
Neeley, Elmer I.
Henderson, Vernon L.
Lopez, Frank S.
Capabianco, Liberto A.
Penn, Chas.
Becnel, Felix
Laufman, Harold E.
Coffey, Sidney T.
Davis, William W.
Job, Kenneth M.
Leone, Fiormonte C.
McGenley, Roy
Rothe, Walter B.
Richards, Horace E.
Schwind, Novah L.
Sokolow, Hyman
Steinberg, Irving F.
Wilkins, Lester J.
Adams, Chester M.
Affuso, Erminio J.
Ahl, Roy W.
Aiello, Roger F., Jr.
Alexander, Charles W.
Allen, Eldon E.
Allen, Philp
Anderson, George S.
Arudt, Theodore E.
Ayscue, Alex T.
Babiak, Stanley
Banas, John
Bavakia, Ernest A.
Bealer, Adam J.
Beers, Robert C.
Bell, Dale W.
Bella, Alex R.
Bennett, Ernest L.
Bennett, Joseph M.
Bentz, Emerson E.
Glamike, George F.
Bourski, Alexander
Botts, Lawrence D.
Boyd, Everett J.
Boyles, Richard V.
Bray, Andrew J.
Brehm, William F.
Brewer, Oliver G.
Brewington, William L.
Bright, Henry F.
Brown, Edsel H.
Bruinsma, Carl B.
Canale, Peter W.
Caplin Bernard
Carr, George F., Jr.
Carriker, Myrthin C.
Cartwright, Peter K.
Casey, Joseph P.
Cassell Edward L.
Caul, Richard R.
Cetrano, Peter S.
Cherubin, Joseph
Clay, Roscoe M.
Cleary, John P.
Clifford, William E.
Collins, Francis O.
Collins, Joseph F.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Afton, Paul
Andrzejewski, Michael J.
Armstrong, Luther D.
Baron, Andrew D.
Bell, William L.
Bellito, Ben
Benninger, Leslie G.
Biscotti, Dominick
Black, Jessie W.
Blackwood, John
Bombard, William
Boris, Barney
Bowen, Wayne C.
Brodley, Charles T.
Brackmorin, Myron E.
Briggs, Earl P.
Brodacki, Richard
Brown, Cecil E.
Bruno, Vincent I.
Bucher, Charles F
Burgess, Norman J.
Burkett, Stacy E.
Bryand, Robert J.
Cramer, George R.
Campbell, Stanton
Ceja, Gilbert A.
Collins, Richard A.
Combs, Donald B.
Cozza, John
Culp, Kay K.
Currin, Ora G.
Darmstadter, William J.
D'Aguila, John S.
Decker, Myre N.
Delullo, Samuel J.
Deritis, Samuel F.
Dickson, Robert J.
DiFranco, Clement J.
Donato, Everol
Donovan, James A.
Doyle, John R.
Duddleston, Robert W.
Durmire, Edward A.
Dribnak, Andrew S.
Duke, Joseph P.
Duron, Ralph R.
Eaves, Charles R.
Ellison, Walter H.
Enfinger, Raymond H.
Ferrera, Joseph P.
Fleming, John T.
Frost, Edward L.
Gerner, George J., Jr.
Gerhardt, Wilmer V.
Goldstein, Stanford D.
Gorman, James A.
Green, Glenn P.
Gromen, William F.
Gullo, Angelo J.
Hamelin Edmond C.
Hall, Albert I.
Hanlin, John B., Sr.
Hanson, Waldemar H.
Hawkins, John O.
Hinkle, Ernest L.
Hoffman, George B.
Hollabough, Eugene M.
Johnson, Virgil
Julian, Harold L.
Jones, James D.
Kalus, Herman B.
Kanter, Spencer I.
Kincaid, Wendall R.
King, James H.
Kopel, Stephen F.
Lagarde, Henry A.
Lane, Ranzy B.
Laniewski, Anthony L.
Leap, Lawrence L.
Lichtenstein, Elliott A.
Lindholm, James
Lucia, Gerald R.
Luttrell, Piercie
Lutz, Earl H.
Manasco, Charles R.
Marcial, Herman G.
Martin, Walter G.
Marusci, Americo A.
McGarey, John J., Jr.
McLevmore, Ross
McMillian, John H.
McNeely, Robert W.
Mitchell, Warren M.
Novak, Edwin E.
Olson, Arthur H.

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Owens, Travis C.
Porter, William D.
Purdun, Carroll C.
Raggio, John D.
Richards, Denzil A.
Ricklefs, Alvin G., Jr.
Robrahn, Ronald L.
Robichaux, Joseph P.
Rodriquez, Herbert J.
Romero, Ralph S.
Rogers, Kenneth L.
Rowlands, Howard B.
Root, Gerald K.
Salyer, Woodrow L.
Sabol, Francis R.
Sacks, Philip
Schwartz, Martin
Serafinski, Henry J.
Slater, Robert I.
Smith, Clifford F.
Spiers, Vernon T.
Spong, Frederick E.
Stanley, Robert H.
Sweat, Cecil V.
Swenson, Carl G.
Thomas, Justin .
Thomas, Sylvester F.
Thompson, William A.
Toney, James A.
Tristain, Salvador
Tucker, Owen H.
Washleski, John F.
Waunland. Daniel D.
Wheeler, Edward E.
Wilson, Walter L.
Wines. Ivan J.
Wojtala, Raymond I.
Zygmunt, Chester H.

Alllen, J. R.
Alm, M. E.
Angelakis, E. E.
Anderson, William T.
Austic, John
Ballam, Pete H.
Beavek, Joseph F.
Becker, Russel .
Bella, Luckey L.
Benson, James
Bond, Clarence O.
Bornstein. Henry
Bradley, Charles T.
Breningstall, Arthur C.
Bunce, Darrell G.
Busky, John H.
Campbell, Stanley
Chisholm, Michael J.
Chreitien, Hector H.
Christie, John G.
Clark, James H.
Clousek, Sylvester E.
Coats, Lemuel C.
Curry, Marvin M.
Davis, Lawrence H.
DeCandia, Peter
Decker, Marvin
Dellavolje, Richard R.
Delong, Albert E.
Deritis, Samuel F.
Duez, Alfred J.
Duncon, David
Durdon, Steven J.
Dyer, Floyd F.
Ecton, Ralph
Emery, Leland A.
Falconek, George A.
Falk, John L.
Falso, Samuel J.
Fisher, Ozeman B.
Flores, Adam S.
Ford, Earl O.
Fountain, Floyd H.
Fox, Archie F.
Galvin, A.
Garcia, Edward K.
Gardini, Deno J.
Geetko, George R.
Gibbs, Howard
Gillentine, William A.
Hamelin, Edmond C.
Hartwick, Elwood D.
Herman, Ben
High, Francis W.
Hoffman. Ora W.
Holder, Fletcher L.
Hosier, Edward A.
Johnson, Charlie B.
Jordan, Ross P.
King, Glen R.
Kinyon, Donald J. D.
Kikyk, Walter E.
Kiser, Charles F.
Long, Clarence A.
Levine, Isidore
Livingston, O. C.
Locon, Joseph F.
Mack, George A.
Mancini, Mario
Mangiacotti, Joseph J.
Mapp, Joseph E.
Marks, Ben P.
Mattie, Joseph K.
McLain, K. E.
Miller, Joseph C.
Mills, Kirby
Montgomery, Paul I.
Mullin, Edward, III
Munoz, Arturo M.
Murphu, William H.
Musgrove, George J.
Nickel, Paul J., Jr.
Ottoway, Floyd W.
Pasley, Lee
Payne, Thomas H.
Platt, Bernard
Reasons, Alfred C.
Reed, John H.
Reis, Lee
Riback, Charles K.
Richardson, Robert J.
Roos, Charles M.
Ruday, Harry O.
Rushton, Eulie C.
Ryals, John F.
Sabol, Francis R.
Scarbrough, Charles G.
Seigel, George I.
Simpson, Ben F.
Smith, William A.
Stanley, Robert H.
Stefan, George J.
Storch, Harry
Stratton, Donald L.
Suskin. Emmanuel
Sykes, Walter D.
Tallaksen Robert W.
Thomas, Richard K.
Thompson, Joseph A.
Thukman, Raymond J.
Toney, James A.
Townsend, David
Tylenda, Walter A.
Van Kuken, Rober O.
Venturini, Seriot J.
Villela, William J.
Weigand, James F.
Wester, Alex R., Jr.
White, James S.
Wickery, Peter P.
Wright, Cecil A.
Zeferjohn, Leonard P.

Perlman. Symour W.
Blackwelder, Leon D.
Bolden, Raymond G.
Brannan, John H.
Damrauer, Ernest
Daskaloff, James
Earl, Arthur H.
Evert, Harry E.
Ford, Earl O.
Fowler, John B., Jr.
Fox, Archie T.
Friberg, Elmer M.
Fuhrman, Clinton F.
Gallupe, Glenburn A.
Hill, General M.
Hoak, Charles E.
Kelcher, Albert F.
Kerian, Aram S.
Knapp, Donald F.
Kuiawa. Basil F.
Marro, Frank. Jr.
Meadows, Zollie C.
Norris, Raymond W.
Partak, Frank J.
Reasons, Alfred C.
Sacher, Leo F.
Sanchez, Alfredo
Smith, Roy A.
Swarthout, Robert C.

Nickel, Paul J., Jr.
Porter. William D.
Rowell. Vernon F.
Schockley. George E.
Hoffman. George B.

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

Ahrens, Herman E.
Anderson, Robert J.
Baker, Lyle E.
Barras, Douglas I.
Barnett, Samuel F.
Bartlett. Howard N.
Berry. George W.
Biersdorf. William R.
Blohm, Arthur R.
Bloniarczyk. Leonard
Bogusz, John G.
Bowling. Troy G.
Bowyer. George H.
Boyd. Robert W.
Breslauer, Tom F.
Burke, Joseph J.
Canavera. John A.
Caven, Arthur L.
Cerasa, Joseph S.
Culver. Garry A.
Chandler. Clifford M.
Cheney. Maurice C.
Clark, Dean H.
Colburn, Marin M.
Comean, John F.
Coop, Arthur D.
Conrad, Charles K.
Cravens, Walter L.
De La Garza, Manuel
Derry, Hugh F.
Di Tarando, Roger R.
Dobney, James L.
Doran, John L.
Duckworth, Fred E.
Dunbar, Rodney E.
Easter, Stanton
Ehlers, Dale V.
Ferguson, Morris D.
Fetsko, Raymond
Garmen, Paul O.
Gillis, Robert J.
Glasser, Clarence R.
Glaeser, Harold J.
Glentzer, William E.
Godfrey, Harry F.
Goldsworth, Orval R.
Grazewicz, Zygfryd H.
Gursky, Alphonse
Gyurkovitz, John
Haak, Arthur S.
Haddock, Elbert G.
Hall, Charles S.
Hall, Lewis E.
Harvath, Albert S.
Hettenhouser, Edward
Herhei, George
Hoertz, William J.
Hoffman. Robert L.
Hussar, Joseph Z.
Irby, George W.
Johnson, Robert M.
Jenkins, Marvin W.
Katzman, Joseph
Kalogerou, Van C.
Kane, John
Kazicones. William G.
Keathley. Frank N.
Keefer, Carroll D.
Kellogg. Donald E.
Kline, Robert D.
Koch, Anthony
Koslovich. Marion
Koutnik. Donald G.
Krugler. William H.
Landfather, Frank
Lantz, Kenneth O.
Laporte, Joseph, Jr.
Lundberg Fred E.
Maldanedo. Lecfredo
Mark, Fred, Jr.
Martini, Carlo
Meyers, George T.
Morgan, Robert H.
Moseley, Audis L.
Mottillo. Elmer G.
Nellis. Delbert L.
Nemeth, Joseph
O'Leary. Robert E.
Opdyke. Ivan R.
Page. Albert G.
Pattison. Paul J.
Peabody. James B.
Pellerin William A.
Piette, Armand P.
Poorman. Glenn H.
Potter, Archibald M.
Powers, Harry R.
Radziminski, Ralph E.
Raferty, Martin S.
Robert, Ernest D.
Reeves, William M.
Rickman, Raymond
Robinson, Paul J., Jr.
Rogala, Walter J.
Ruderman, Harry
Ruseckas, Robert J.
Rasnak, Frank J.
Santiago, Reyes G.
Schernitz. Paul M.
Schiltz, Joseph L.
Scott, Leonard C.
Scroggins, William C.
Schwartz, Ralph B.
Seignious, George W., III
Shaver, Vearl .
Sherman, Ralph R., Jr.
Shook, Vaugh F.
Simpson, Herron M.
Smith, Byron L.
Small, George W .
Smith, Frank M.
Smith, Thomas R.
Smith, Wilbur T.
Shell, John W.
Snyder Vicor L.
Soriano, Nunzio A.
Spayd, Leroy H.
Spratlin, Rex D.
Stafford, Donald C.
Stein, Earl W.
St. Laurent, Leonidas A.
Stolfer, Rudolph V.
Stolle, George C.
Stdlzenberger. Harold A.
Story, Robert P.
Sullivan, Elmer H.
Sullivan Ernest E.
Swann, Charles R.
Synkowski Stanley S.
Teall. Gardner F.
Tucholski. Joseph A.
Tillotson. William H.
Tjelde. Leif A.
Trimble, James F.
Triplett, J. C.
Underhill, Thomas M.
Uster, Raymond C.
Vermillion. Richard E.
Vick, James W.
Villegas, Manuel L.
Walker. James E.
Watts, John K.
Weatherford. John V.
Weaver Roleene M.
Weathers. Porter E.
Whaley. David W.
Wheeler. Percy J.
White, William C.
Williams David F.
Wilson Donald C.
Yager, Melvin O.
Yevonishon, Harry
Zehnder. Rudolph R., Jr.
Zoerhoff, Harold
Zohman Chester E.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS

Affeldt, John R.
Allison. Kenneth M.
Amos, Elisha K.
Barnard, Wilfred R.

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Bates, Robert O.
Becker, Eugene E.
Becker, Walter K.
Beers, Robert C.
Berry, Robert K.
Blake, Robert
Burggraf, Homer E.
Burkett, Ray W.
Burson, Earl J.
Callum, Henry D.
Cassidy, Joseph E.
Chandler, Herbert N.
Clarke, William R.
Clore, Theodore U., Jr.
Cone, Montie F.
Conner, Allen H.
Cooper, Keith R.
Coulter, William E.
Cousins, Lawrence E.
Cowdrey, Charles H.
Craven, Harold E.
Cravens, William M.
Cross, William M., Jr.
Crowley, Charles D.
Cunningham, John D.
Curran, Daniel J.
Cunningham, John E., Jr.
Daly, John F.
Davis, James P.
DeBruhl, Paul K.
Deckenbach, John F.
DeLaughter, Austin M.
Diduch, Michael J.
Dilworth, Oland H.
Dockery, Leland B.
Doherty, Claude A.
Donovan, Hugh .
Ddrysdale, James D.
Dunavant, William A.
Dunnigan, Daniel A.
Eadie, Ian M.
Erdmann, Charles W.
Farrior, Charles W.
Freund, Clifford J.
Fierer, Leon E.
Fitzparick, James J.
Flannery, James E.
Gammon, Robert W.
Girt, Russell W.
Glaze, William F.
Goldberg, Bernard
Gorecki, Edward J.
Hager, Ralph
Halliburton, Earl L.
Halligan, Richard B.
Hanny, Elijah
Healy, Jerome J.
Heasley, Joe L.
Heckman, Carl A.
Hickerson, Francis S.
Higby, John B.
Hillier, William H.
Hoge, Arch B., Jr.
Hogoboom, Dale D., Jr.
Holloway, Herbert D.
Howard, William R.
Hoyt, Donald G., Jr.
Huatov, Fred W.
Hubble, Marcellus A.
Huff, Gilmon A.
Hull, David O.
Hunt, Grant J., Jr.
Hurst, Paul A.
Ivanushka, Michael
Jaskolka, Victor Z.
Jackson, Edwin C.
Jess, Raymond E.
Johnson, Howard W.
Johnson, Milton E.
Jung, Walter J., Jr.
Kaiser, Charles J.
Kelmenson, Victor A.
Kernz, John F.
Kirby, Eugene T.
Kirkpatrick, Robert B.
Kniffel, Wilbert F.
Koch, Henry F.
Koenig, John F., Jr.
Kowalsky, Kenneth M.
Kuhn, Chester G.
Lach, Steve G.
Laskey, William M.
Leffler, Martin S.
Lemon, Charles W., Jr.
Lewis, Robert H., Jr.
Lieb, Barney
Liss, Victor T.
Little, Lewin L.
Livingston, Jack L.
Lomac, William J.
Lovelace, William T.
Mahaney, James R.
Mallay, George F.
Malone, Ither D.
McCray, Robert W.
McClure, Woodrow J.
McCrystle, Thomas J.
McElhinney, Benjamin H.,
McGonagle, Joseph C.
McKenna, John N.
McKibben, Benny B.
Mercogliano, Frank .
Messamore, Claude E.
Miliszkiewicz, Chester S.
Miller, Harry B.
Mittler, Charles A.
Moore, Edwin D.
Moore, George J.
Moran, Nelson E.
Morre, Edmund J.
Morrison, Clyde L.
Morton, Richard W.
Muehlman, Albert J.
Mueller, Kenneth P.
Mullaney, John H.
Munkacsy, Alex F.
Murphy, Leonard C.
Murphy, James F.
Murray, Albert C., Jr.
Naylor, Harry R., Jr.
Nellis, Bernard J.
Nisley, John F.
Norman, Daniel P.
Oars, Donald M.
Oberman, Marvin D.
O'Brien, Hugh J., Jr.
Ogden, Carlos C.
O'Gorman, Richard J.
O'Keefe, Paul T.
Olsen, Vergil W.
Olson, Lee N.
Orphan, Richard C.
Orton, Ray
Osman, James A.
Otto, Norman E.
Palmer, Robert E.
Pasternak, Chester J.
Patryk, William A.
Patterson, John P.
Patterson, Charles L.
Paulus, Arthur A.
Payton, Charles F.
Pelletier, James J.
Pence, Theodore R.
Penn, Charles S.
Petras, Joseph W.
Pfeiffer, Paul E.
Pierce, Daniel T.
Pifer, Ferdinand D., Jr.
Pitts, Robert L.
Plymire, Harold N.
Prieste, Jacob J.
Pryor, Harold R.
Purvis, Ernest R.
Ray, Charles R.
Rebert, Ernest D.
Rhedmon, Donald T.
Rhodes, Henry L.
Reynolds, James T.
Reynolds, Joe W.
Rich, John J.
Rider, Paul E.
Robbins, Robert S.
Robinson, Warren A.
Rogers, Fred T.
Rolf, Edward O.
Sabloff, Louis
Sabota, Eugene G.
Sather, Raymond A.
Scalapino, Ralph A.
Savage, John L.
Schatz, Lester
Schulze, Hermann J
Sedlock, John M.
Sellew, Welles H.
Seymour, Hubert E., Jr.
Sigmund, Lawrence M.
Simons, Holmes, Jr.
Skinner, Charles F.
Smith, Harold A.
Stambaugh, Willard E.
Stephens, Frank L.
Stockton, Willie R.
St. John, Joseph A.
Stratton, Floris
Sutton, Francis D.
Talcott, Donald W.
Tallent, James E.
Taylor, Revis L.
Teague, Olin E.
Tierce, Millard L.
Tinker, John G.
Tobias, Allen B.
Toups, Wilson L.
Trickett, Charles P., Jr
VanDerHaghen, Noel D.
VanHorn, Valon
Vaughan, Earl J.
Vest, John E., Jr.
Wagner, Harold N.
Walton, John A.
Ware, Robert E.
Warner, Theodore M.
Watts, James L.
Wax, Stennis D.
Weil, Robert W.
West, Theodore M.
White, Benton B.
White, Paul, Jr.
White, James R., Jr.
Williams, Comer M.
Williams, Marvin A.
Willingham, William F.
Windham, William R.
Wilson, Robert R.
Witmeyer, John J., Jr.
Wolpert, Louis A.
Wright, John H.
Zyla, Frank

DUE TO THE FACT THAT A COMPLETE CASUALTY LIST IS NOT AVAILABLE, ALL NAMES OF CASUALTIES HAVE BEEN OMITTED.

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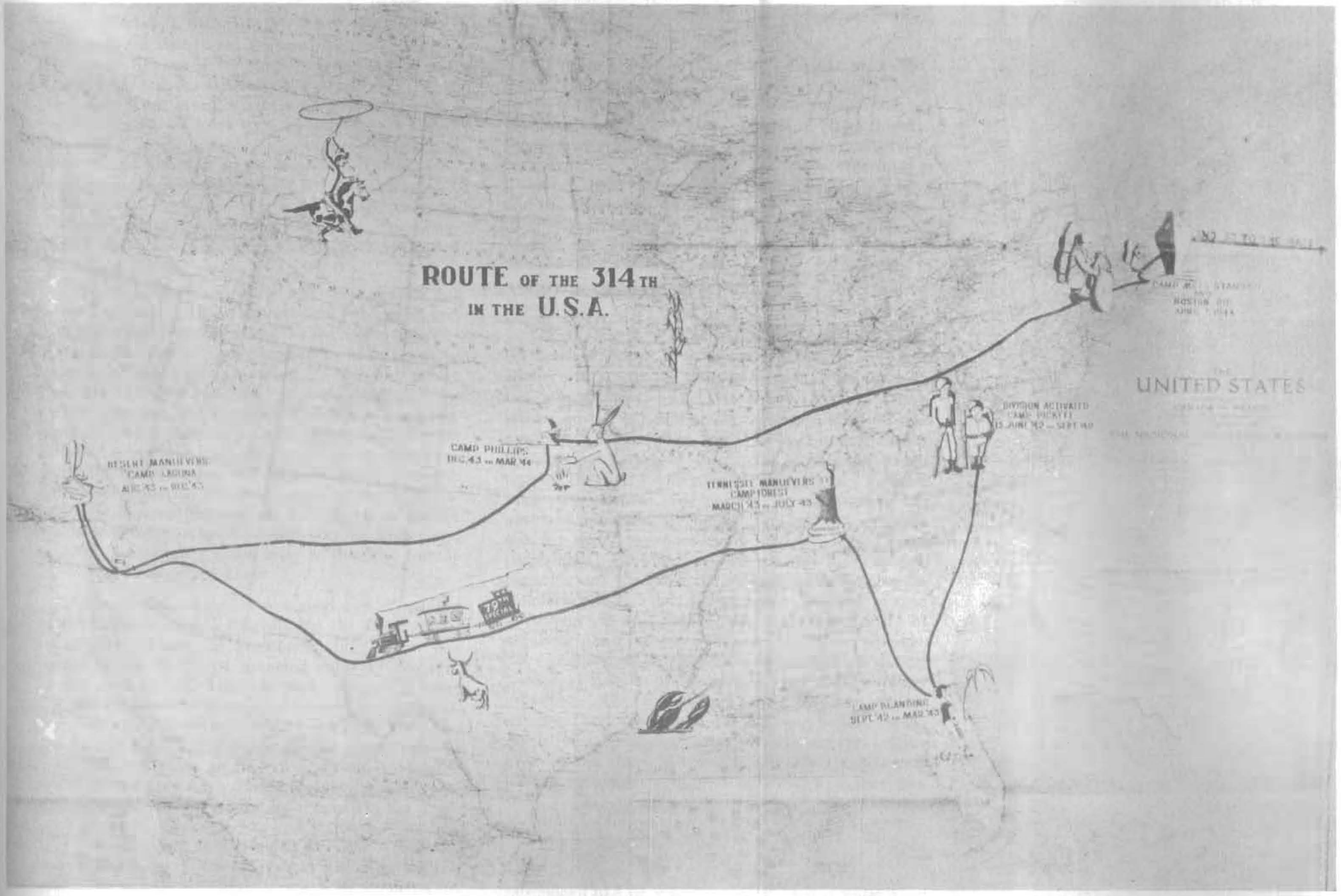

ROUTE OF THE 314TH IN THE U. S. A.

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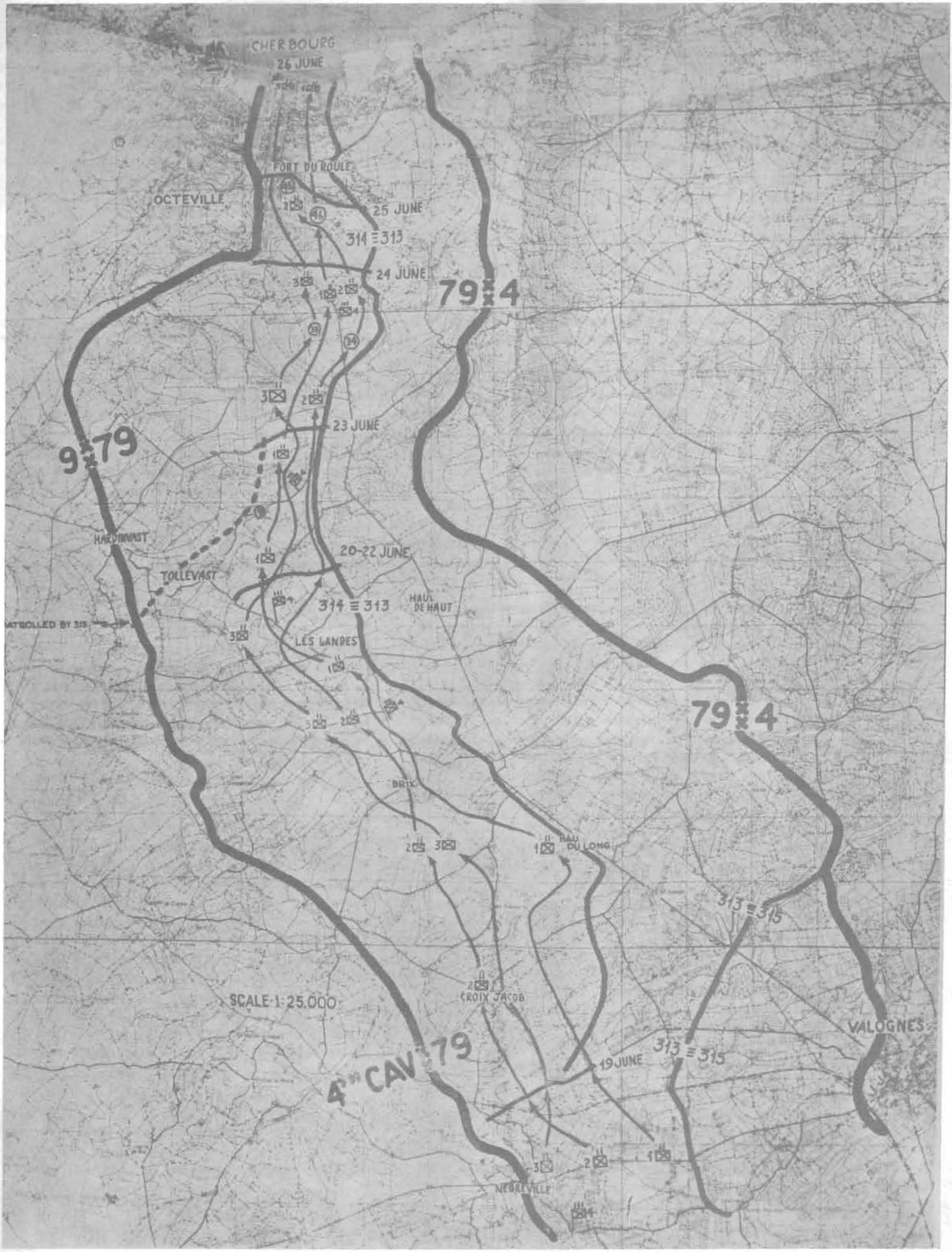
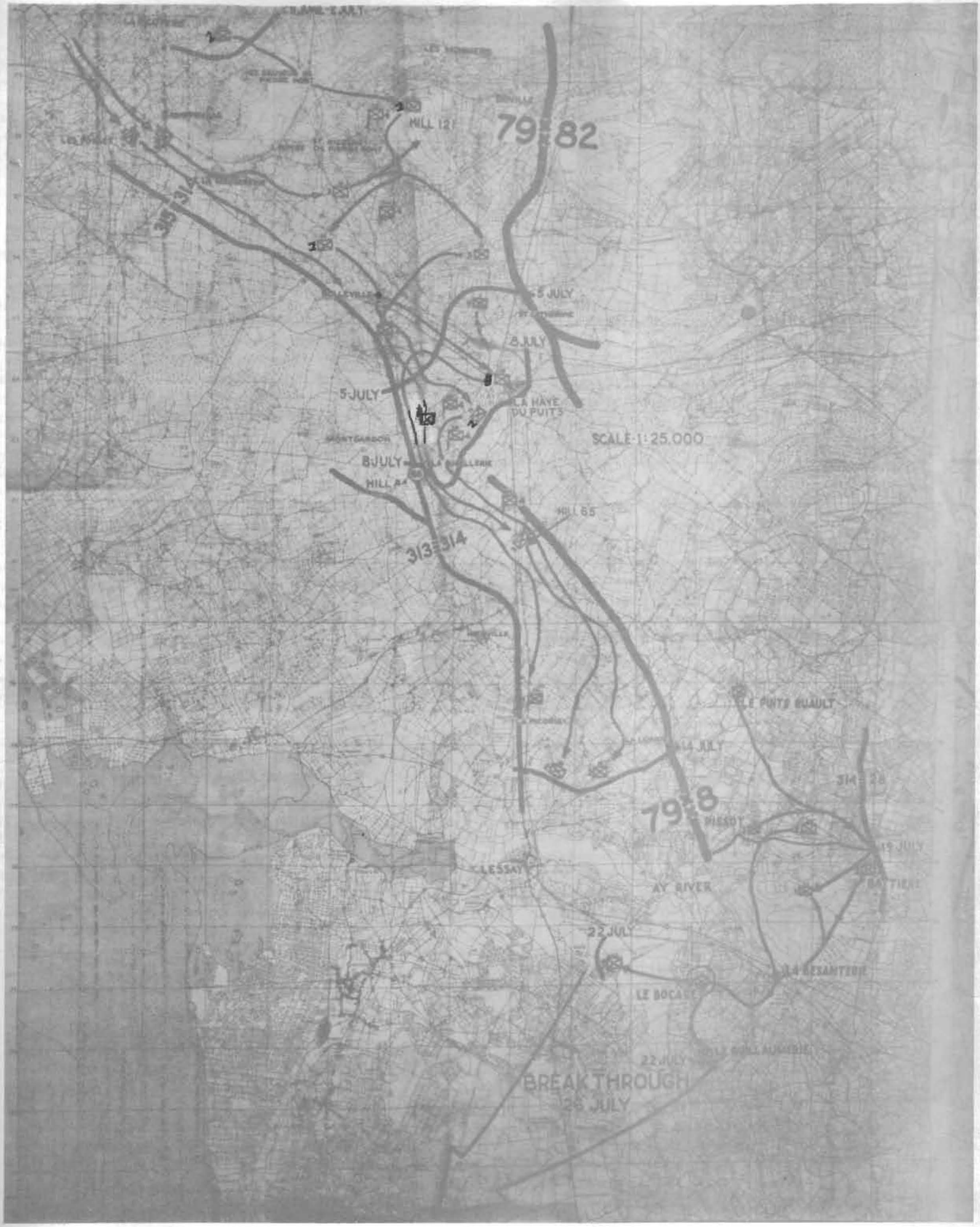

CHERBOURG
26 JUNE
FORT DU ROULE
OCTEVILLE
25 JUNE
314 ≡ 313
24 JUNE
79 ≡ 4
9 ≡ 79
23 JUNE
HARDINVAST
TOLLEVAST
20-22 JUNE
314 ≡ 313
HAUT DE HAUT
LES LANDES
79 ≡ 4
BRIX
RAU DU LONG
313 ≡ 315
SCALE 1:25.000
CROIX JACOB
4th CAV 79
19 JUNE
313 ≡ 315
VALOGNES
NEGREVILLE



LA HAYE DU PUITS AND THE BREAKTHROUGH

THE "RAT RACE"

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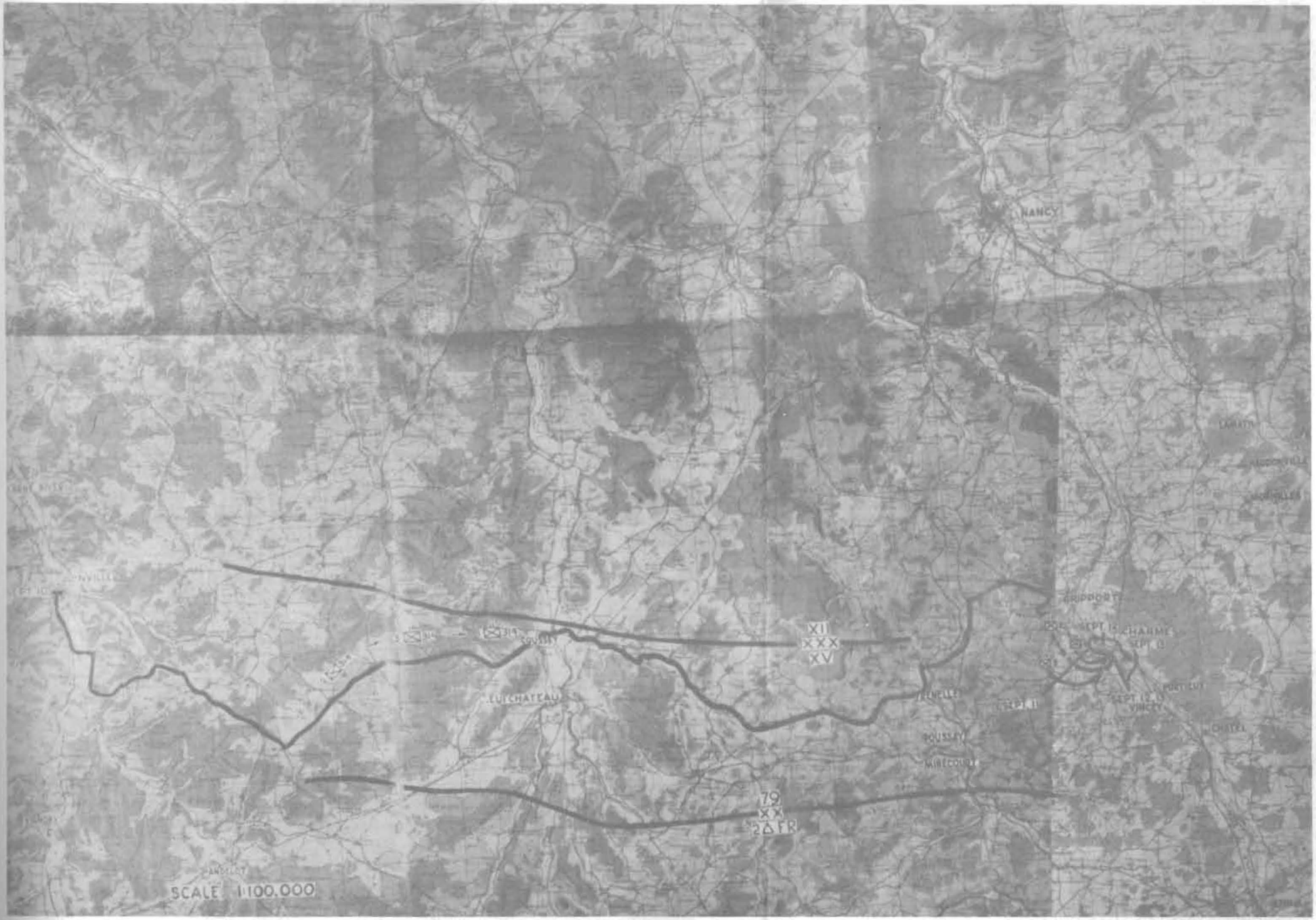
THE SEINE BRIDGEHEAD



JOINEVILLE TO CHARMS

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THE MEURTHE RIVER AND FORET DE PARROY

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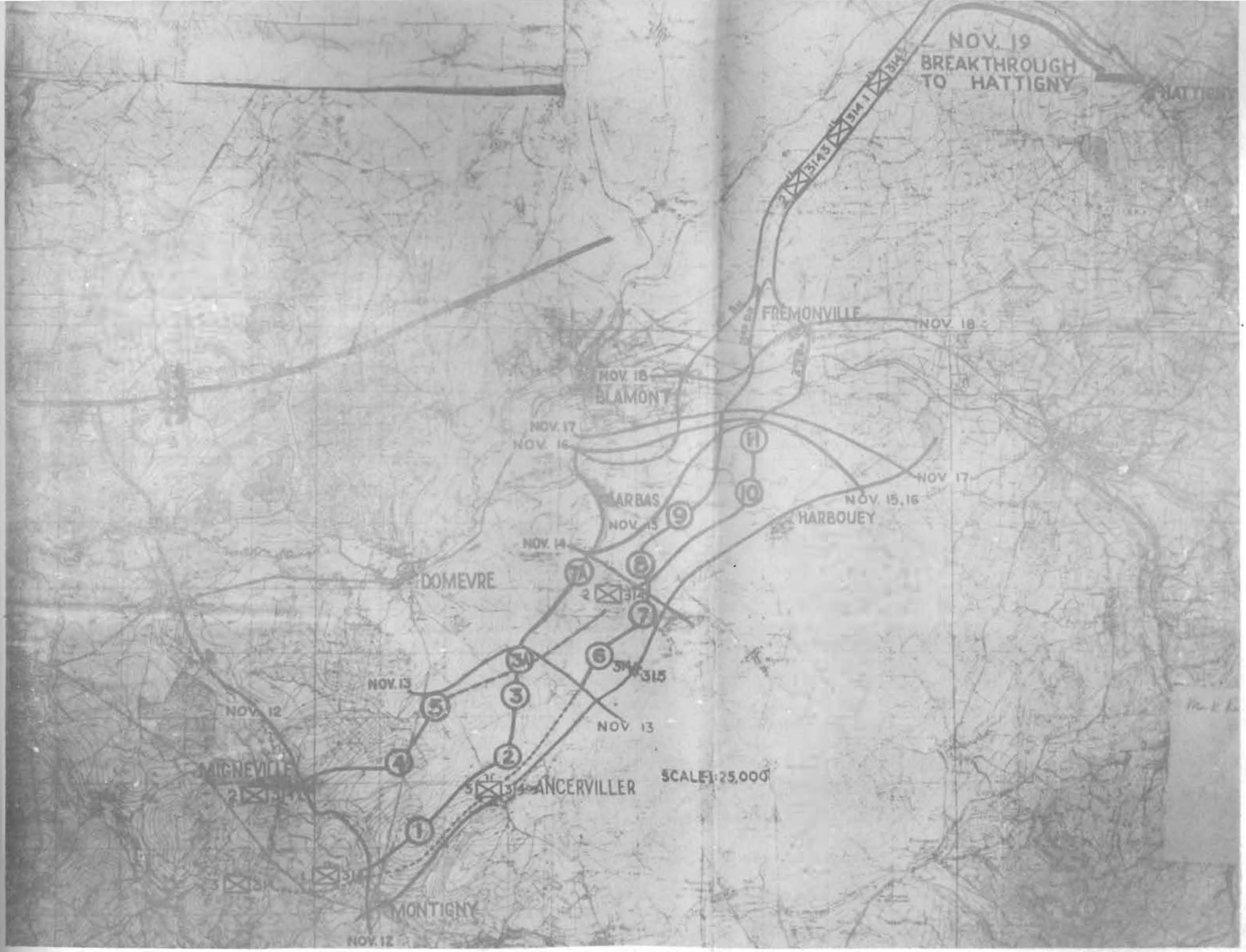

MONTIGNY TO HATTIGNY

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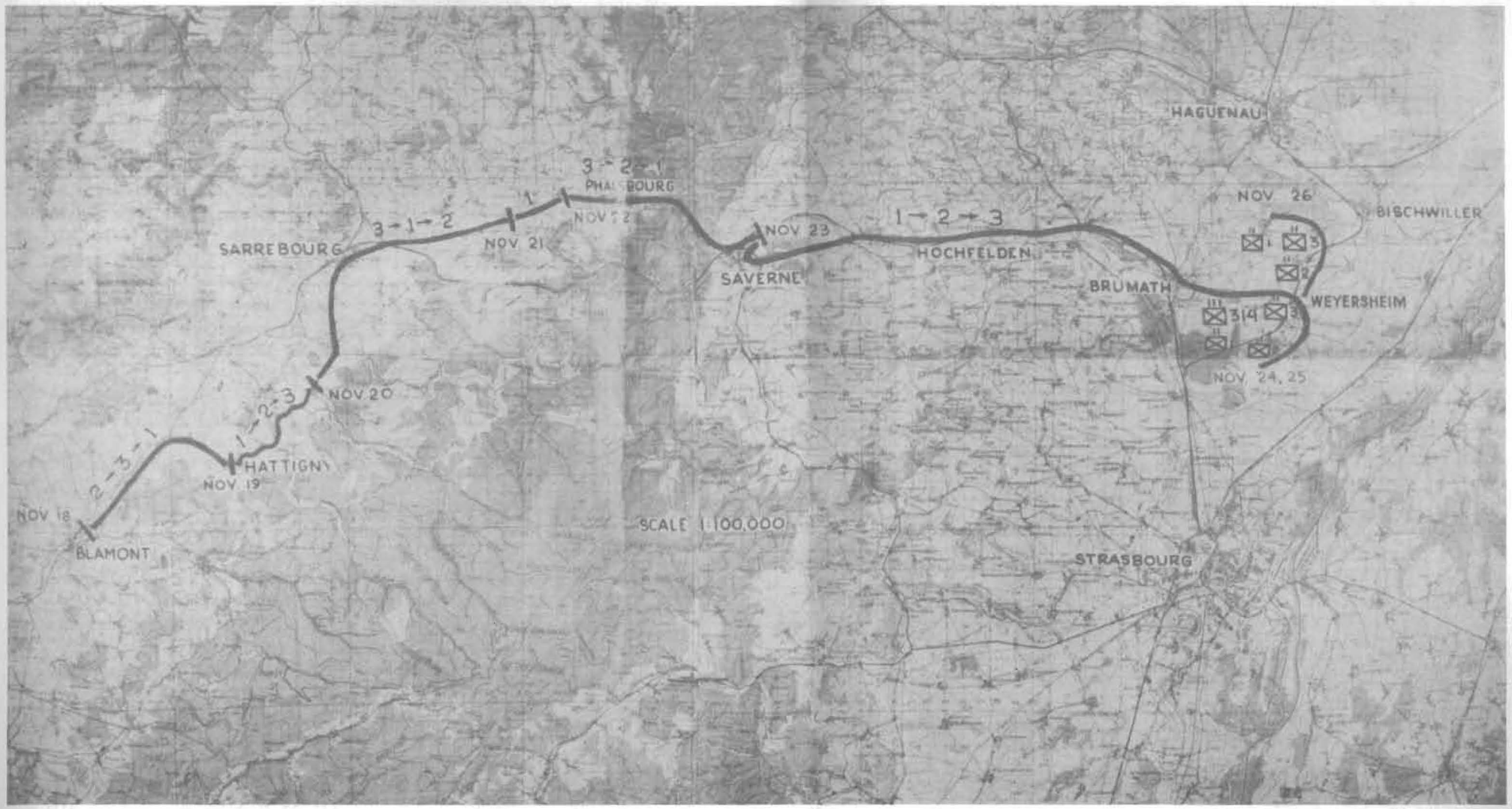

THROUGH THE VOSGES TO ALSACE

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HAGUENA

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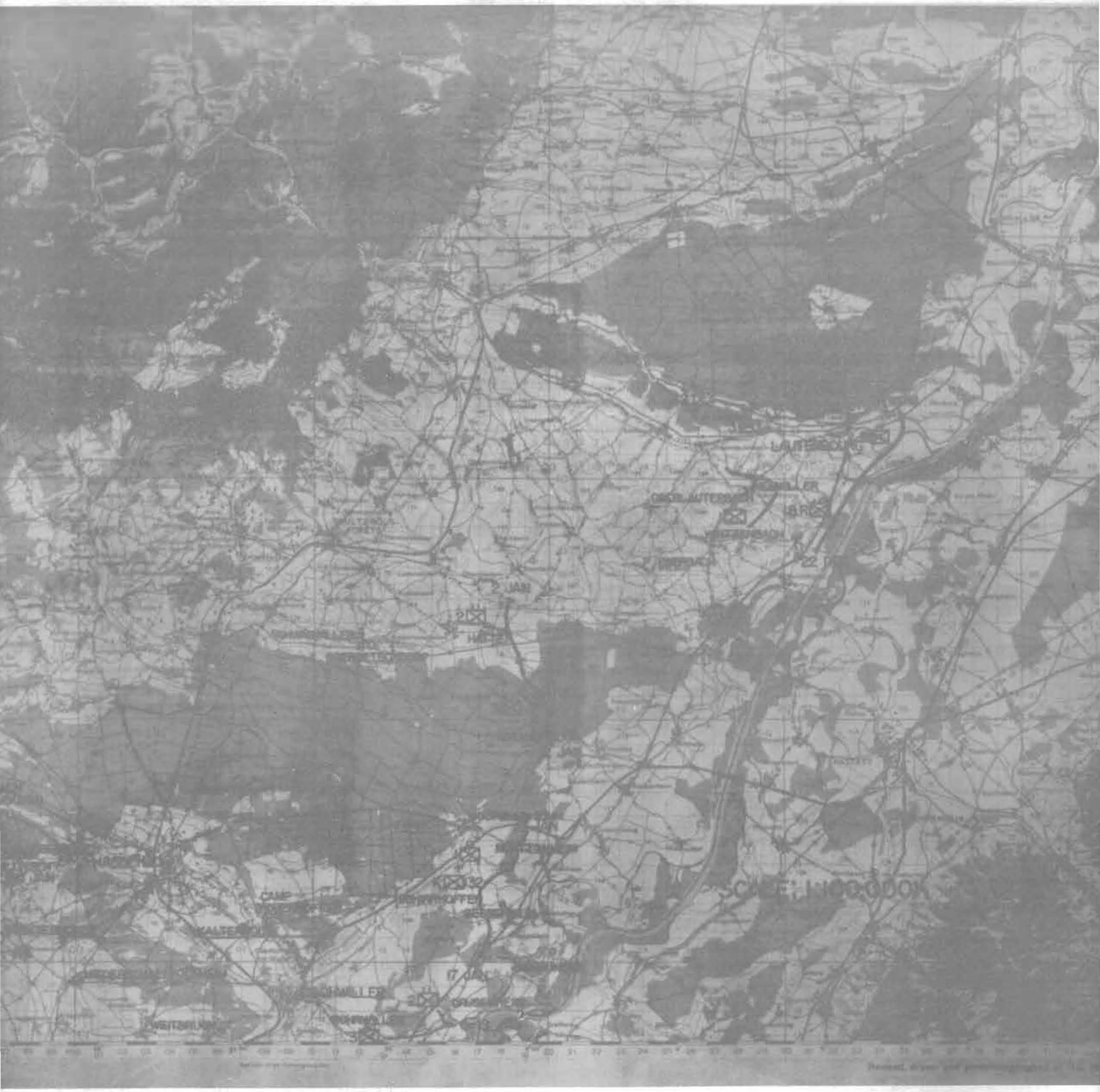

THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BULGE

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THE PUSH TO THE ROER RIVER

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ACROSS THE RHINE

www.MtMestas.com

DEEP IN THE RUHR POCKET

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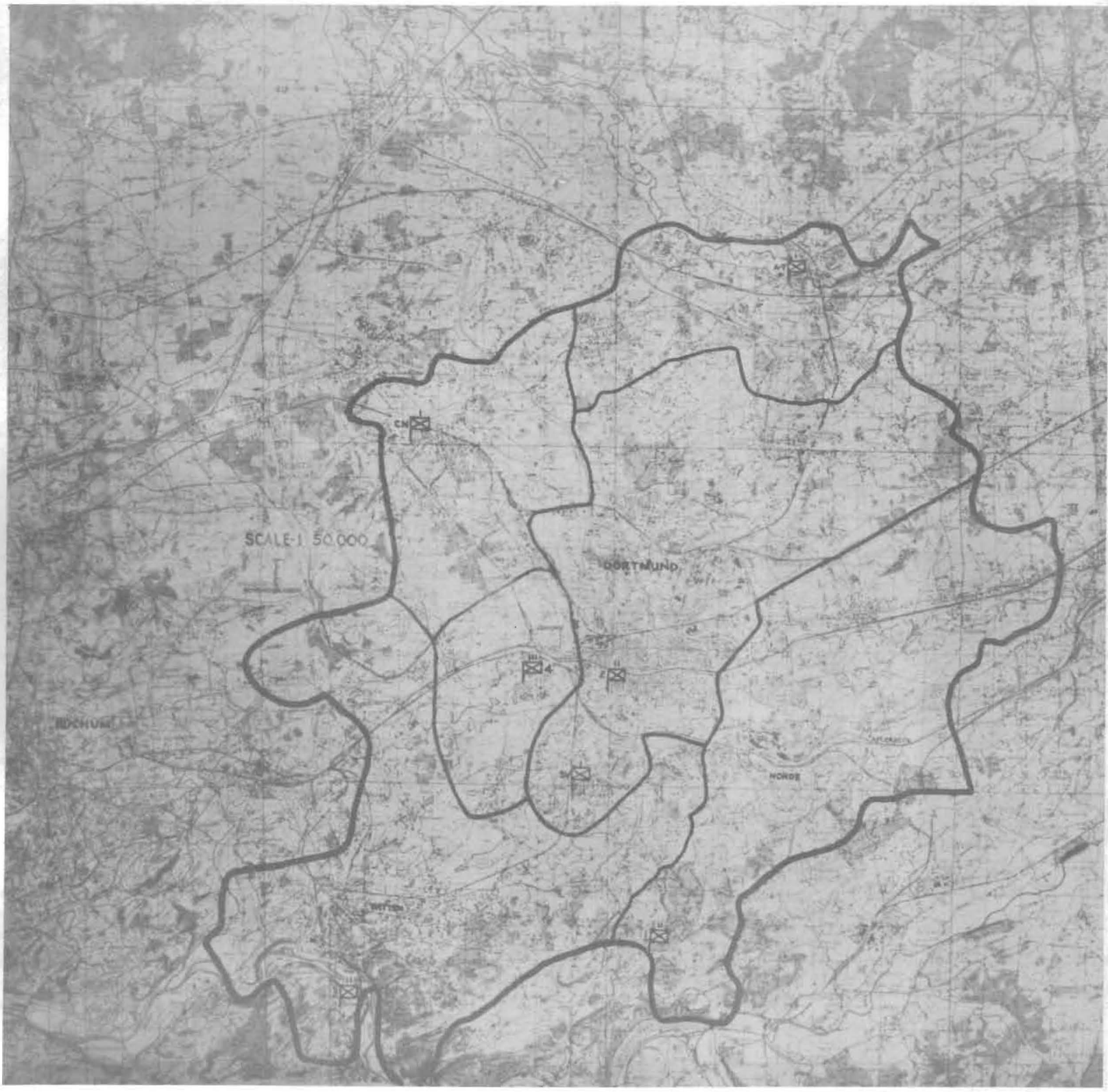

THE 314TH OCCUPIES DORTMUND AND VICINITY

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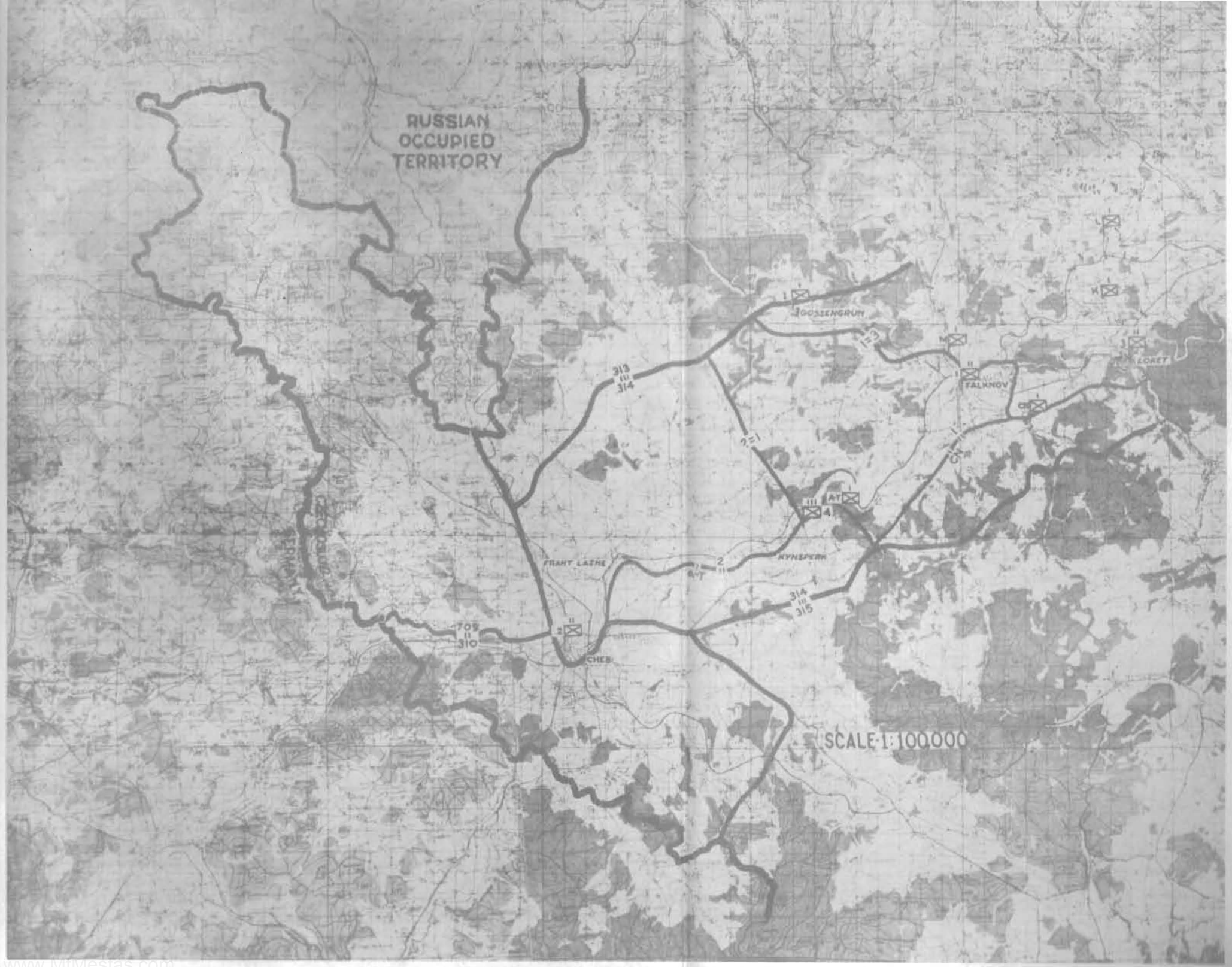

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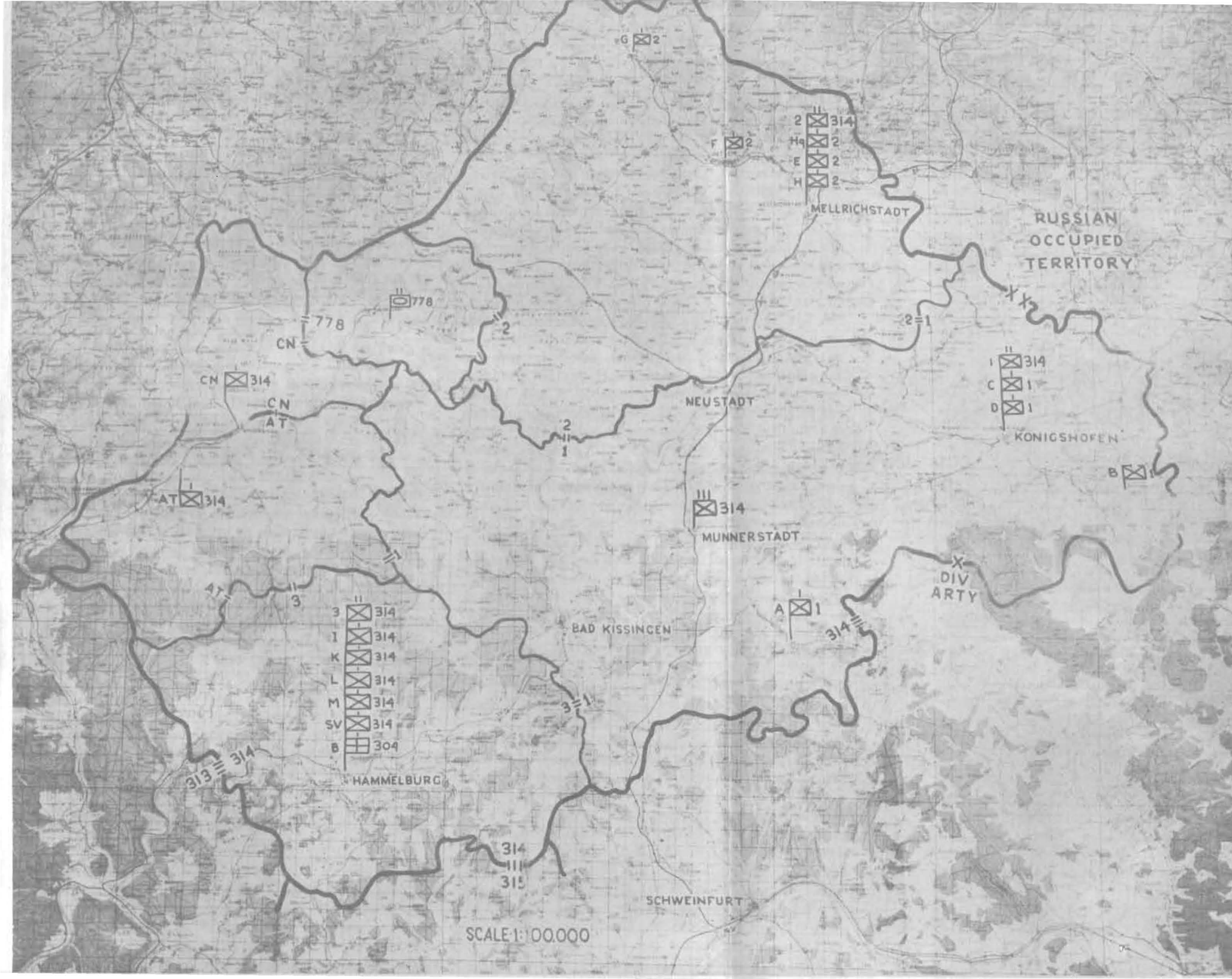
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